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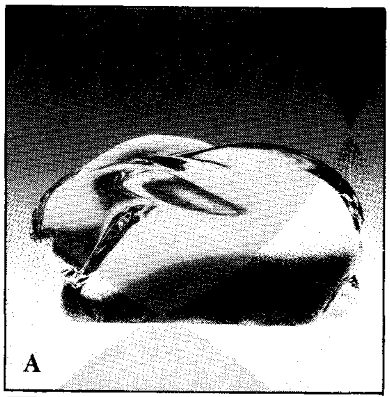
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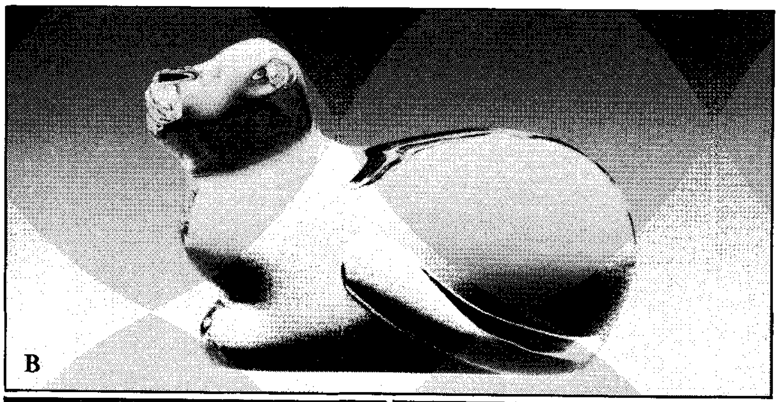
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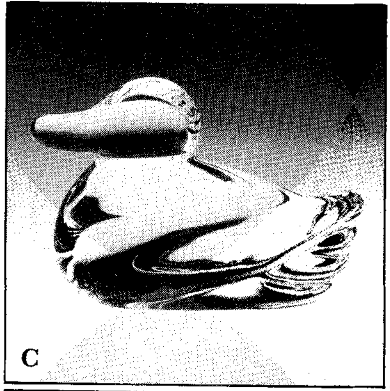
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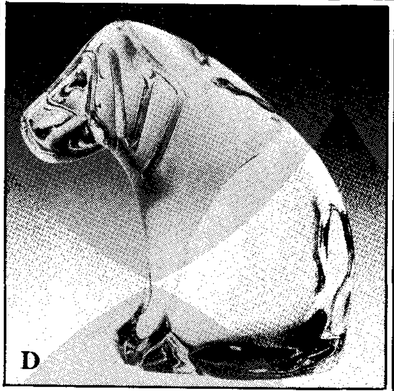
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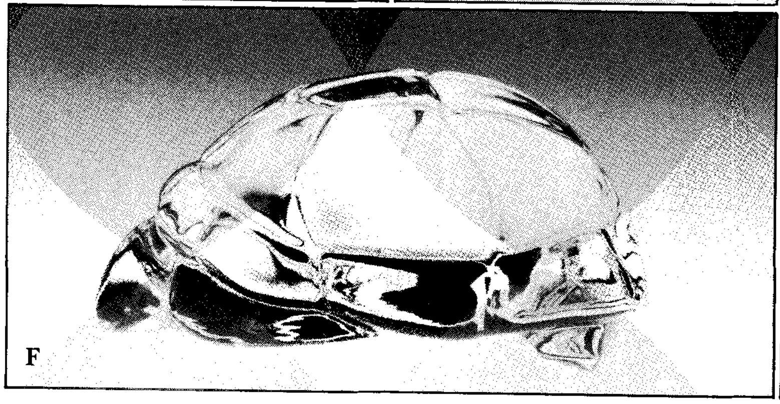
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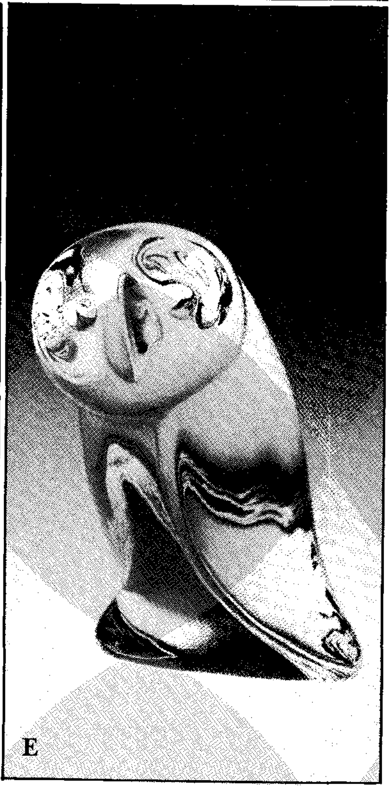
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Charley Bacon and His Family—Jonathan Hadary has the title role in this play by Arthur Giron. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Cliffhanger—A play by James Yaffe, with Henderson Forsythe and Lenka Peterson. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 7. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Coming of Age in SoHo—Albert Innaurato's very funny, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackee Harry. (Reviewed in our issue of (12/31/84.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's **the comedy of errors** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 24. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer, as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner asserts that this is his farewell appearance in the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical, in which he has given more than four thousand performances. Well worth seeing, and not as a historic event alone. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.

Life and Limb—This whimsical comedy by Keith Reddin tells the story of a young veteran who loses an arm in the Korean War and of his movie-struck wife. Much of the action takes place in Hell. With Robert Joy, Elizabeth Perkins, and Robin Bartlett. Thomas Babe directed. (2/4/85) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Feb. 10: **h.m.s. pinafore.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 13: **iolanthe.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—A play by P. J. Gibson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—August Wilson, a poet turned playwright, has written a fine melodrama about a blues singer of the twenties. The excellent cast is under the brisk direction of Lloyd Richards. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first two in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. The opening production is **the madwoman of chaillot:** Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) The second production, Booth Tarkington's **clarence,** begins previews on Thursday, Feb. 7, and opens officially on Wednes-

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"DO NOT GO GENTLE" . . . . *H. F. Ellis* 32
"ANOTHER MARVELLOUS THING" . . . . *Laurie Colwin* 34
"GOING UNDER" (POEM) . . . . *Howard Moss* 36
PERSONAL HISTORY (ARKANSAS—PART I) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 45
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 106
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 112
JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 116
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 118
  OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 118
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 120
  BRIEFLY NOTED 126

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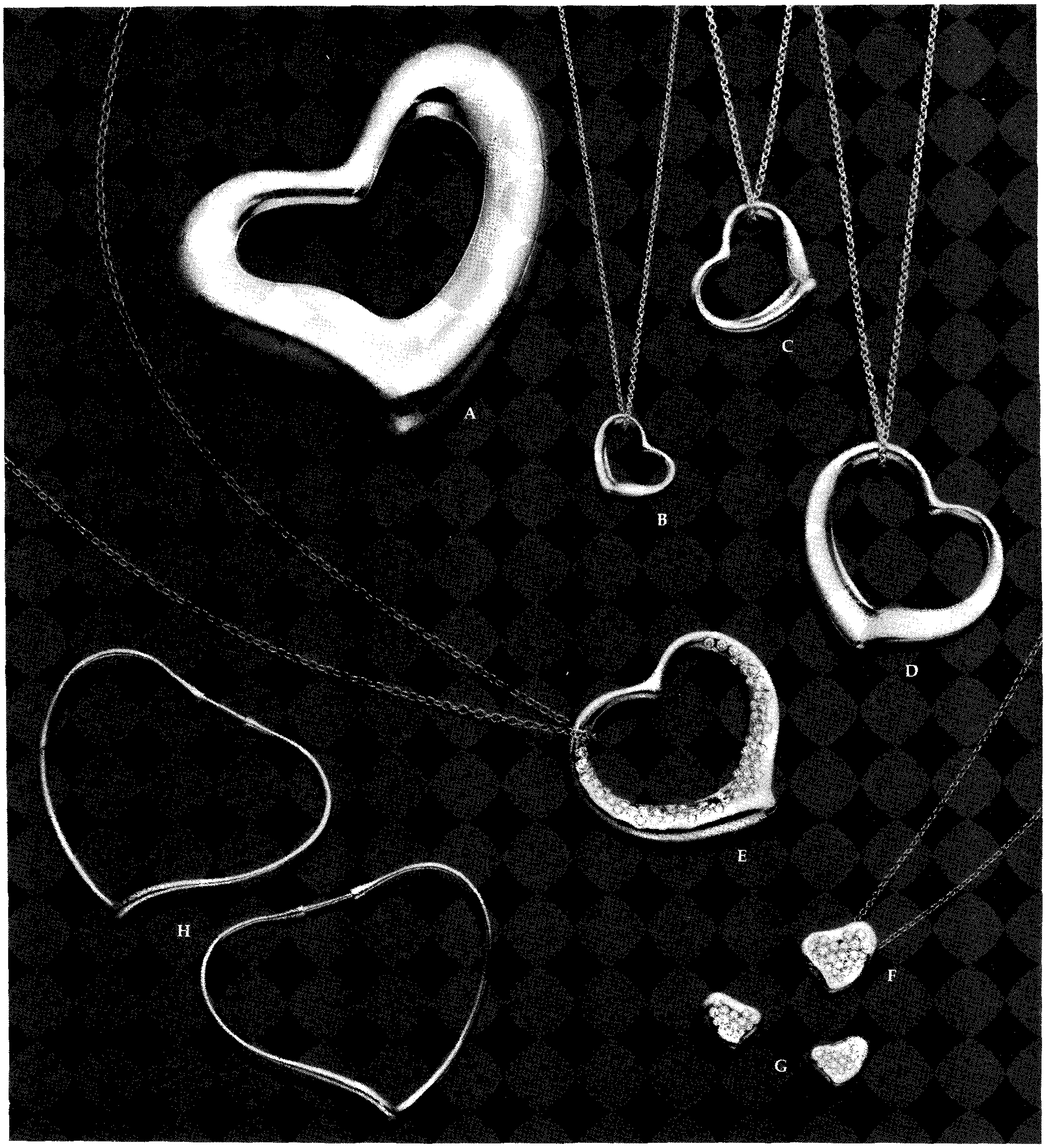

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day, Feb. 13, at 6:30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Frances Foster (a charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in **henrietta,** and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Orinoco—Miriam Colon and Ivonne Coll are a pair of seedy entertainers aboard a boat on the Orinoco River. The play, by Emilio Carballido, is lackadaisical, to say the least, but it has its lively moments. (2/4/85) (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Pack of Lies—A London import by Hugh Whitemore, based on a true story. Rosemary Harris and Patrick McGoohan head the cast, and Clifford Williams is the director. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 7-10. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 11. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

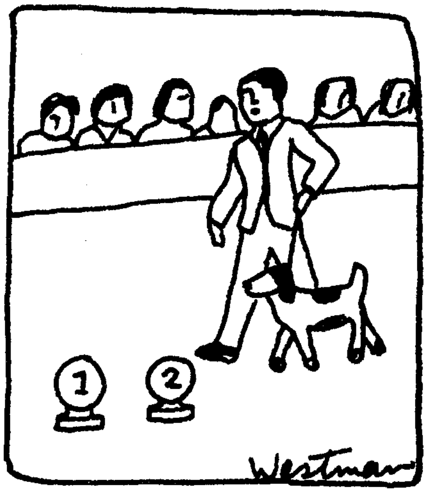
3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—A musical with a score by Michael Rupert and book and lyrics by Jerry Colker. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tom and Viv—London's Royal Court Theatre production of a play by Michael Hastings. With Edward Herrmann and Julie Covington. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 6, and will run through Sunday, March 10. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—A one-person performance, in which Miss Goldberg plays both men and women, blacks and whites, in material of her own composition. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**a . . . my name is alice:** A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,312 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. With Jerry Orbach, Lee Roy Reams, and Millicent Martin. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **glengarry glen ross:** A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **my one and only:** Sandy Duncan and Tommy Tune in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **noises off:** As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** The hero of Tom Stoppard's comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **sunday in the park with george:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by, and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Scott Hamilton, Kitty and Peter Carruthers, and Elaine Zayak. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 6, and Friday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Feb. 10, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Issue? I Don't Even Know You—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Thursdays through Saturdays at 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 6: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 7: "Allegro Brillante," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "In the Night," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 9: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 9: "Rossini Quartets," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Moves," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 10: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Calcium Light Night," "Square Dance," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 10: "Allegro Brillante," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 12: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." . . .

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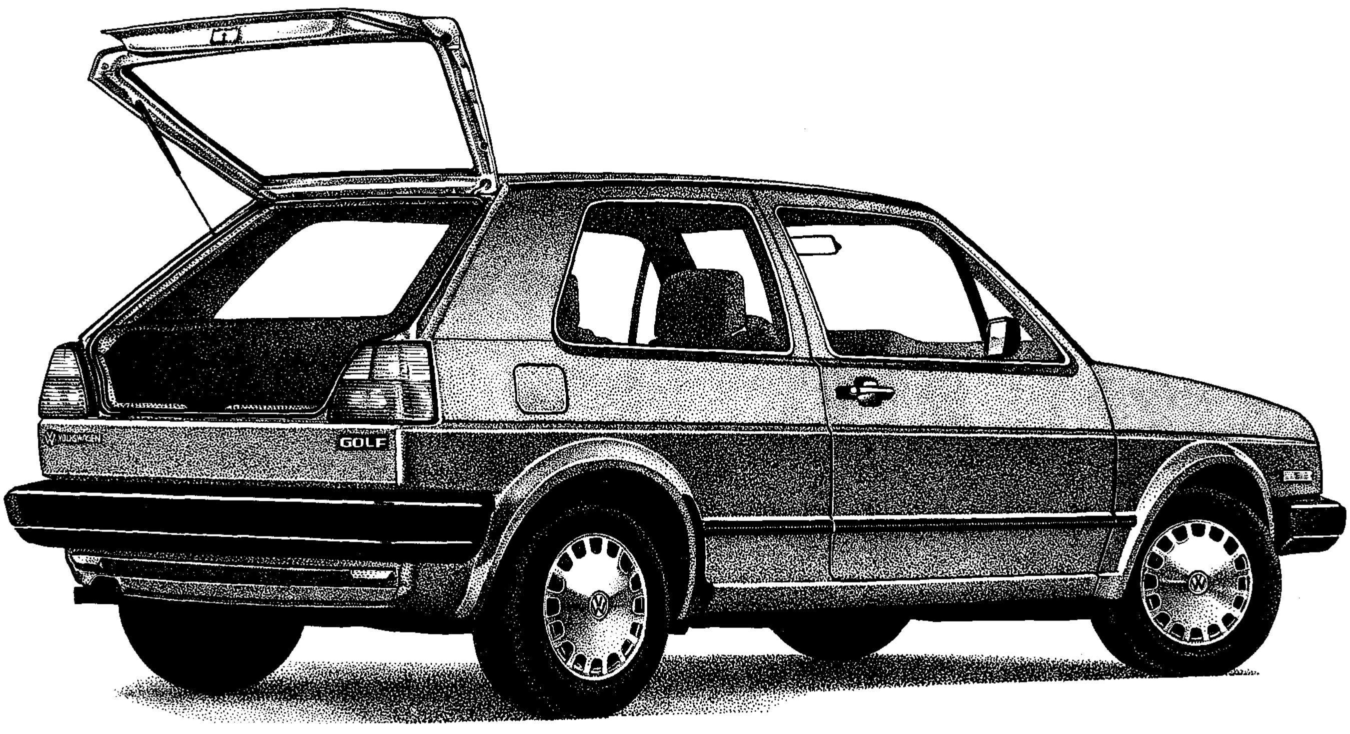

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¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 13: "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Andantino," and "Chaconne. " . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Raymonda Variations," "Eight Lines" (première), and "Liebeslieder Walzer." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Chaconne," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 16: "Concerto Barocco," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 16: "Concerto Barocco," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

Ballet Antonio Gades—"Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—A four-week engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:30; Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8; and Thursday, Feb. 14 at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," two New York premières—"Tarleton's Resurrection" and "What Grows in Huygen's Window"—"Ocellus," and "Day Two." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2; and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Bonsai," "Stabat Mater," "Return to Maria La Baja," "Day Two," and either "Momix" or "Pseudopodia." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, and Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Mirage" (New York première), "Can't Get Started," "Elegy for the Moment" (New York première), "The Empty Suitor," "Untitled," and either "Pseudopodia" or "Miniature." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 3.)

Sweet Saturday Night—A program that traces three hundred years of black dance in America, with tap dancer Bunny Briggs, vocalist Ruth Brown, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 6–8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

New York Baroque Dance Company—With members of Concert Royal. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7–9 at 8; Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Anna Sokolow's Player's Project—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** sings in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Sundays Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room piano from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era), musical (jazz-era) bar and restaurant. Wednesday, Feb. 6, the Ralph Hamperian trio; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, singer **DAKOTA STATON;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, the Richie Vitale quartet. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Singer **BOBBY MC FERRIN** works with a trio that features guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** through Sunday, Feb. 10; saxophonist and composer **JIMMY HEATH** and his quartet will perform Monday, Feb. 11; and starting Thursday, Feb. 14, **CARMEN MC RAE** will sing a tribute to Nat King Cole. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, rock-and-roller **JONATHAN RICHMAN;** Tuesday, Feb. 12, the Eleventh Annual **DAVID BROMBERG**–Bottom Line Anniversary Celebration, for Brombergiacs and other assorted folk-guitar enthusiasts (and probably already sold out); and Wednesday, Feb. 13, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and pianist **MAKOTO OZONE.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **HOD O'BRIEN** and **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Feb. 9; **KENNY BARRON** and **RED MITCHELL** starting Monday, Feb. 11. Music from nine-forty-five.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** is holding forth in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks offer up dance music on Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** sings at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home for traditional small-band jazz on the block (the remains of Jimmy Ryan's sadly waste away nearby). Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** is here through Sunday, Feb. 10, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 12, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** will sing Brazilian-jazz standards in her soft, nondramatic, laid-back voice. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 6, the Raunch Hands, Ted Lyons, and Billy Hancock; Thursday, Feb. 7, blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9, **RICK DANKO** and **RICHARD MANUEL;** Tuesday, Feb. 12, Tom Chapin; Wednesday, Feb. 13, **OTIS BLACKWELL,** the Smithereens, and the A-Bones; Thursday, Feb. 14, Sapphire and Casselberry & Duprée; and Friday, Feb. 15, **JACK ELLIOTT.** Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with a backup crew through Sunday, Feb. 10; Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 13-17, will belong to Kitt & Mike Moran; on Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** is on; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street–veteran guitarist, leads a trio. All this music begins at about ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also on hand on Sundays from five to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant with a view of **ROLAND HANNA,** who is sometimes clipped *and percussive, at other times undulating* and romantic, but at all times a powerhouse of a pianist. Sundays are claimed by pianist Jane Jarvis, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists. The rock, blues, soul: **OTIS BLACKWELL** with the **UPTOWN HORNS** and Billy Bragg, Thursday, Feb. 7; a salute to the Byrds with the Flying Burritos, Monday through Wednesday, Feb. *11-13; and Soul Bro. No. 1,* **JAMES BROWN,** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Trombonist **GROVER MITCHELL** leads his **BIG BAND,** which has an authentic Basie-esque swagger to it, through Sunday, Feb. 10, and on Tuesday, Feb. 12, tenor saxophonist and composer **DAVID MURRAY** will arrive with pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL.** Monday's attraction is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring saxophonist **LEW TABACKIN.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A musical revue, "Offbeats," runs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and is performed by its composer, **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** its writer, **TONY LANG,** and its director, **MIRIAM FOND.** On many Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Feb. 6, singer Kim Parker; Friday, Feb. 8, percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ;** Saturday, Feb. 9, guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Monday, Feb. 11, R. & B.-ists **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Feb. 12, guitarist **BILL CONNORS;** Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his driving, adept sextet; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, pianist **MC COY TYNER.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra perform Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Feb. 6, John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band; Thursday, Feb. 7, Autograph and Mazzarin; Friday, Feb. 8, the Pe-dan-tiks and the Beastie Boys; Saturday, Feb. 9, Section 25 and Quando Quango; and Tuesday, Feb. 12, **AFRIKA BAMBAATAA & SOUL SONIC FORCE** and Shango. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—**WOODY HERMAN** and his Woodchoppers, a sextet, are in residence in the King Cole (as in Old, not Nat) Room. Shows Mondays

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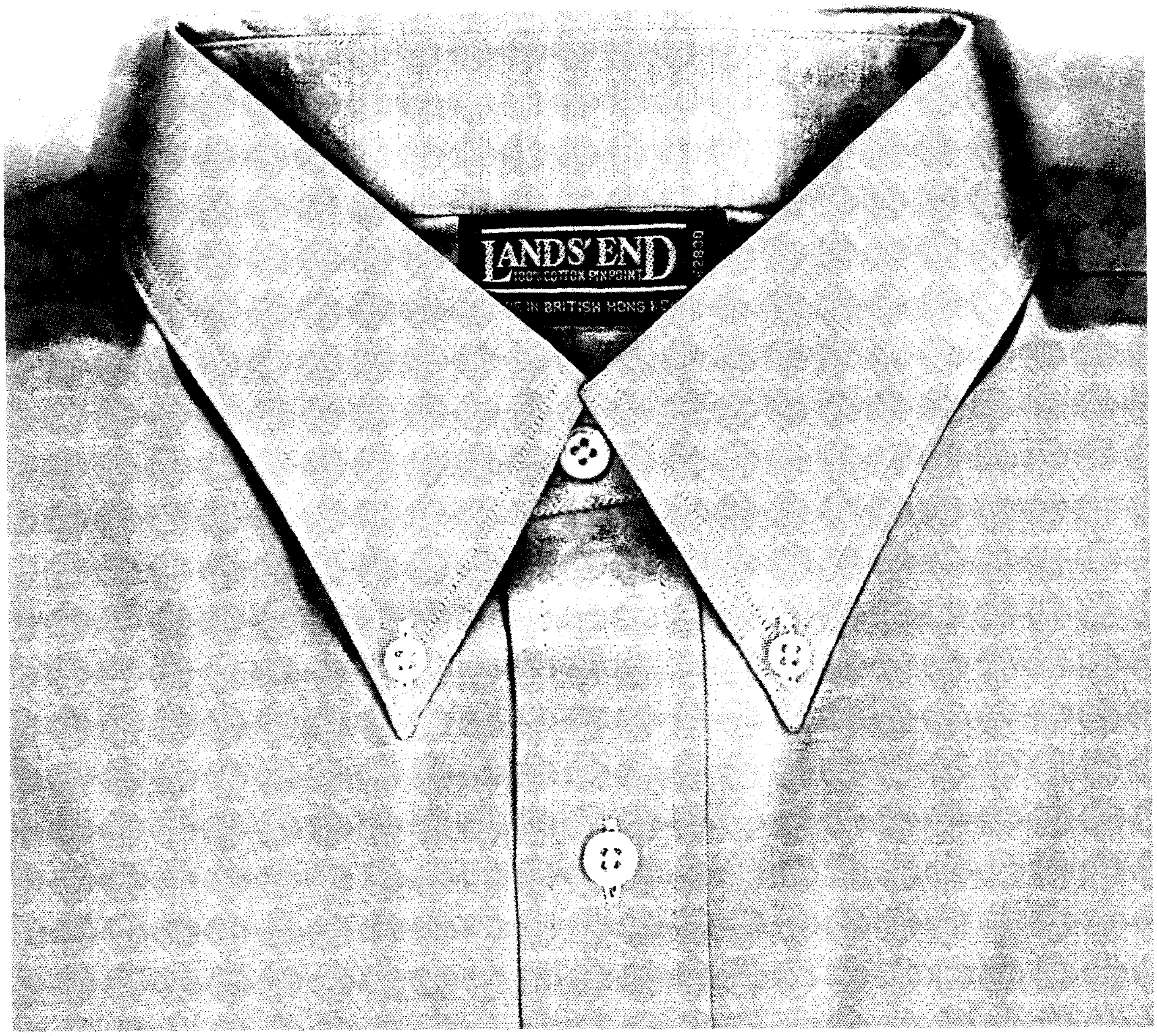

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, saxophonist **DAVE SANBORN,** with **MIKE STERN, LARRY WILLIS,** and **BUDDY WILLIAMS;** Saturday, Feb. 9, pianist **HARRY WHITTAKER,** trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO,** bassist **ALEX BLAKE,** and drummer **BILLY HART;** Sunday, Feb. 10, **KELVYNATOR,** featuring guitarist **KELVYN BELL;** Tuesday, Feb. 12, saxophonist **BOB BERG'S** quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 6, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, Feb. 7, **MIKATA;** Friday, Feb. 8, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, Feb. 9, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Wednesday, Feb. 13, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his avant-reggae band, **JUMP UP.** Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 14-16, there will be an authentic *carnaval* costume ball. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A new-jazz festival through Monday, Feb. 11: Wednesday, Feb. 6, **PETER BROETZMAN;** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 7-8, **LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY;** Saturday, Feb. 9, **OLU DARA & THE OKRA ORCHESTRA;** and Sunday and Monday, Feb. 10-11, the **ANTHONY BRAXTON** quartet. On Tuesday, Feb. 12, pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** will arrive for a week with his band, **EKAYA,** which consists of **CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVID, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic music hangout that is sometimes simply mobbed. The **JOHNNY COPELAND BLUES BAND** will perform on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 8-9. Music from about ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Feb. 11, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ, LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW,** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be onstage. . . . ¶ Out on the Terrace from nine-thirty, **RAY BRYANT** is at the piano every night but Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops in on Tuesdays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. The **ART FARMER–CLIFFORD JORDAN** quintet performs in it through Sunday, Feb. 10; on Tuesday, Feb. 12, onetime Mingus hands saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** will begin co-piloting a quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Pianist Ram Ramirez leads a quartet through Saturday, Feb. 9, and on Tuesday, Feb. 12, saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** and trombonist **BENNY POWELL** will arrive with a bluesy quintet. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Duos in a town-house restaurant: Jane Jarvis and **MILT HINTON** are on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays belong to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE;** and Monday's pairing is pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Patti Labelle—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Friday, Feb. 8, at 7 and 10:30; Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3 and 7.

Ron Carter Quartet—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Johnny Cash and Waylon Jennings—With June Carter and Jessi Colter. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, at 8.)

Grupo Batucada—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950, Ext. 551. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.

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Craig Harris Quintet—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.

A Celebration of Black American Music and Dance—Among the participants will be Dakota Staton, the Hoofers, Bross Townsend, and Jimmy Slyde. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1251. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

Benny Powell Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 6.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of five programs entitled "Great Songwriting Teams Remembered," this one devoted to the music of Harry Warren and Mack Gordon, and featuring Rex Reed (narrator), Mike Renzi, Peggy King, Vicki Belmonte, David Allyn, and Harold Nicholas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:30 and 8, and Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Smokey Robinson—Gershwin Theatre. Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 12-15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3 and 7.

Highlights in Jazz's Gala 12th Anniversary Concert—With Doc Cheatham, Phil Bodner, Major Holley, Carrie Smith, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Keisha St. Joan—With the Phil Young trio, in a benefit concert. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave. at 28th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 807-6799.)

American Folk Roots—The fourth in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the gospel tradition. With Daniel Womack, the Fairfield Four, and the Carolyn Bryant Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Irving Plaza—Thursday, Feb. 7: Albert Collins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16: John Cale. (17 Irving Pl. at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday, Feb. 8, at 9 and 10:30: Horacee Arnold quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 9 and 10:30: Ricky Ford sextet. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 11, at 9: Tom Pierson big band. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Edward Avedisian—Recent paintings and polychrome sculptures. Through Feb. 21. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Power Boothe—New paintings by a colorist. Through Feb. 28. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Robert Cumming—Large works in acrylic, charcoal, and ink, depicting, for instance, a group of geometric forms, a landscape, and thick slices of watermelon. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

GLOVES
Anne Burgess

Thomas George—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Marcel Jean—Paintings and works on paper by a French Surrealist. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Lessing, 130 E. 82nd St.)

Kikuo Saito / Morgan Russell (1886-1953)—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and drawings of figures and abstractions. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

J. J. Sempé—Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Frank Stella—Cones and classical columns are prominent in these outsize relief paintings incorporating oil, urethane enamel, fluorescent alkyd, acrylic and printing ink on canvas, etched magnesium, aluminum, and fibre glass. Through Feb. 23. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Eleven pastel self-portraits. Through March 2. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American still-life paintings by Thomas Hart Benton, George Cope, Helen Torr, and others. Through March 2. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the first half of the twentieth century, in an exhibit that compares European artists with American artists. Picasso is shown with John Marin, Gino Severini with Morgan Russell, and so on. Through March 9.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Anne Abrons / Judith Linhares—Paintings of a narrative bent, usually showing comfortable-looking female nudes in settings decorated with folk art. / Large paintings and gouaches of mythical figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Alexander—Large oils and pastels densely populated with predatory birds and fish, witch doctors, demons, and assorted bugbears. Through Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barton Lidicé Beneš—A collection of singular objects—pre-Columbian ceramic dolls, for instance, or a two-thousand-year-old mummified fish from Egypt—displayed in extravagantly baroque frames. Through March 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Biederman—Fourteen reliefs, principally from the thirties (when his choice of material was painted wood) and the eighties (painted aluminum). Through Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Paintings of landscapes and objects seen from the perspective of Fantastic Realism. Through Feb. 27. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Warren Brandt / Merrill Mahaffey—Still-life and landscape paintings. / Paintings of Chinle Valley, Arizona, and other Western landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ainslie Burke—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil, plus works on paper. Through March 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Irene Buszko—Realist paintings of residential areas in Richmond Hill, Queens. Through Feb. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Paul Cadmus—An eightieth-birthday show of works by a painter known for his figure studies. Through March 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Cavallon—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through March 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

James Coignard—Mostly works on crusty handmade paper, by a French artist who employs Roman numerals, Greek letters, and Persian script in his compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Conlon—Nonobjective paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Deutsch—New paintings. Through March 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Dillon—Misty abstractions. First one-

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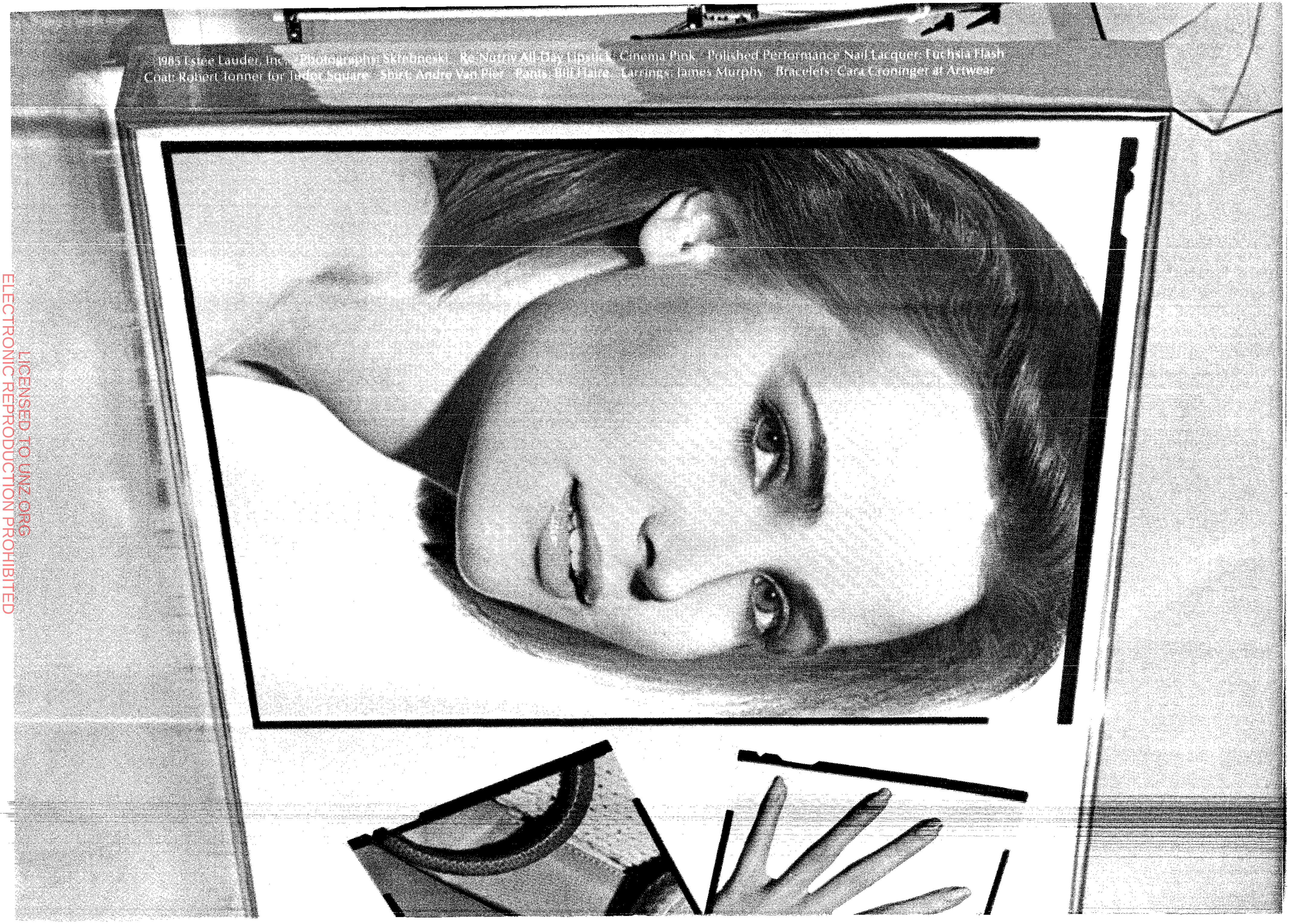

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Coat: Robert Tonner for Tudor Square Shirt: Andre Van Pier Pants: Bill Haire Earrings: James Murphy Bracelets: Cara Croninger at Artwear

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man show in New York. Through Feb. 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—New paintings. Through March 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Elias Friedensohn—More than thirty paintings and a few sculptures that reflect his themes of the past twenty-five years. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hennessy—Small abstract oils on canvas board. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maryan (1927-77)—Expressionist paintings, most of them centered on a single figure (called "personnage" by the artist), which was his trademark; a two-gallery exhibit. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Donn Moulton—Enlarged toy airplanes, boats, cap pistols, soldiers, and so on, cut out of plywood, painted, and mounted on the walls. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

George Negroponte—Abstract oils. Through March 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—Natural forms (a cast-bronze tree wrapped in painted canvas and rooted in a pot) by a sculptor who mixes leaves and earth in his pigment. Through March 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A large exhibition of some of the manic treasures devised by this Dada artist—a spiked flatiron, for instance, or a mobile consisting of sixty-three coat hangers, or an electric lamp made from the head of a bass viol. Through Feb. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings, mostly of two studio interiors, one with a view across the Hudson to Jersey, the other looking out on Long Island greenery. Through March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sean Scully—Stripe paintings in which small canvases are superimposed on larger ones. Through March 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joe Shannon—Drawings, paintings, and a couple of sculptures, most of them based on the Actaeon legend. The literary world is also represented, with John Cheever seen at a cocktail party and John Updike depicted as a centaur. Through Thursday, Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg / Agnes Martin—Etchings and handworked lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. / New oils, each measuring six feet by six, and watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Roller Wilson—Realist paintings of a world invented by the artist, in which (for example) a well-dressed dog eats supper sitting in a high chair. Through Feb. 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Forty-odd drawings for architectural projects, both realized and unrealized. Through Feb. 23. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **schoelkopf,** 50 W. 57th St.: Portraits by contemporary practitioners, notably Martha Mayer Erlebacher (her oil is of C. Wanton Balis), Alice Neel (Raphael Soyer posed for this painting), and Robert Arneson (a ceramic bust of Jack Beal). Through Feb. 27. . . . **wunderlich,** 41 E. 57th St.: Currier & Ives prints. Through March 16.

Sculpture—Three-dimensional pieces by ten artists envisioning microcosms, including a four-square United States post office by Saul Steinberg; and, in a departure from the show's central theme, a maquette by George Segal (his first) for a twenty-four-foot sculpture of high-steel construction workers. Through March 2. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Alexander—Works by an artist who uses mixed mediums on black velvet to convey underwater scenes. Through Feb. 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Artschwager—New work. Through Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosemarie Beck—Paintings inspired by Ovid's "Metamorphoses," plus self-portraits.

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Through March 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Harry Borgman—Acrylic paintings of rolling countryside in which certain areas are marked off, as if by an engineer with designs on the property. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Allen-Wincor, 110 Greene St.)

Troy Brauntuch—Paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Denise Corley / Jeanette Fintz—Drawings and paintings of figures, some seen through a steel screen. / Abstract paintings centered on a spiral. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Arturo Di Modica and Joan Sherman—Sculptures. Abstract pieces mainly, in bronze with marble and stainless steel by the former; and rhythmic figures, also bronzes, by the latter. Through Feb. 23. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Les Frères Ripoulin—Seven Parisian *graffitistes* have banded together under this name, taken from a brand of paint, and are showing their billboard-size works, which bring Keith Haring to mind. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Aristodimos Kaldis (1899-1979)—A retrospective that highlights his larger, late-career paintings. Through Sunday, Feb. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.)

Mike Kelley / John Miller—Words-and-pictures rendered in pen and ink. / Large paintings combining flat washes and bright commercial oils. Through Feb. 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Margaret Miller / Les LeVeque—"Rent a Forest" is the name of a portable installation of "trees" set in the frame of an antique carriage. / Sculptures of granite and marble embedded in cement or combined with hammered lead. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Milo Reice—"Rites for the Birth of Rock and Roll," a large painting that borrows African motifs, plus another large work, and two dozen preparatory studies. Through Feb. 23. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Robert Smithson (1938-73)—Early paintings and drawings, dating from 1959 to 1962. Through March 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

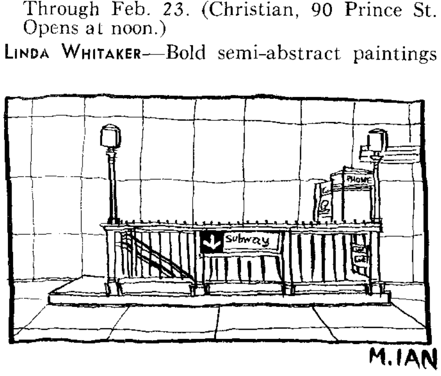
Ken Tisa—Paintings, works on paper, and bead-ed-and-sequinned wall hangings. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Stellweg Séguy, 169 Mercer St.)

Susana Torre / Allan Wexler—An installation by an architect based on an idea for an African consulate and involving a large, semicircular red silk curtain and a row of structural columns which extends onto the sidewalk outside the Feldman Gallery. / Models by another architect for dozens of small buildings, plus a full-scale bathhouse. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

David Weinrib—Paintings executed from a palette of copper, silver, gold, gunmetal, and pewter. Through Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jay Weiss—Paintings in vivid acrylic colors and, in most cases, with a surrealist touch. Through Feb. 23. (Christian, 90 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Linda Whitaker—Bold semi-abstract paintings based on the forms of huge trees. Through Feb. 23. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)



Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Charcoal landscapes, by Elaine L. Smollin, are among the works by ten emerging artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **wooster gallery:** Paintings and drawings by Pratt Institute graduates from the past decade. Through Feb. 21. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Gary Kuehn—Drawings (1963-64) for sculptures, some of which are also on view, and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

George Peck—Abstract paintings, including diptychs contrasting the city and the country. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Small Works—Allan Stone, jury of one, selected the more than four hundred exhibitors in the ninth annual competition, which specifies a size limitation of twelve inches. Through March 1. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Cartoonists Association—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Starts Thursday, Feb. 7. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

P.S. 1—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorff and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty. Through March 10. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Paul Caponigro—Two hundred prints spanning his thirty-year career, including photographs of New England woods, Southwestern deserts, and Stonehenge. Through Feb. 17. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from original negatives. Through March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Close—This artist is having his first New York show of photographs, which are as mammoth as his paintings; two are seven feet by twenty-two. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Irene Fay / Clarence John Laughlin (1905-84)—Black-and-white photographs, mostly landscapes. / Representative photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Holly Roberts—Paintings on paper and painted photographs. Through Friday, Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

August Sander (1876-1964) / **Helmar Lerski** (1871-1956)—Photographs of hands from his series documenting German workers. / Of two series included, one, "Metamorphosis Through Light," consists of fifteen prints (out of an original hundred and seventy-five) of a single man photographed in Tel Aviv during a three-month period in 1936. Through Feb. 23. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Doris Ulmann (1882-1934)—Platinum portraits of Appalachian artisans, and of blacks on the Lang Syne Plantation in South Carolina. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: A hundred works by nineteen Cuban photographers who captured historical events and daily life in Cuba from 1959 to the present. Through Feb. 24. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **light,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Portraits of couples by Diane Arbus, Brassaï, August Sander, and others. Through March 2.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that highlights Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty works attributed to Caravaggio and as many more by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Starts Saturday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese paintings and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings, except Lincoln's Birthday, until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of Abstract Expressionist paintings and collages by Lee Krasner, who died last June. Through Tuesday, Feb. 12. Complementary shows are at the Brooklyn Museum and at Cooper Union's Great Hall lobby, Third Ave. at 7th St. (The Modern is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Fourteen paintings by Ree Morton (1936-77) from "Manipulations of the Organic," a series based on leaf shapes and mounted as a single frieze. Starts Friday, Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty-plus works on paper by Lee Krasner which complements the retrospective (ending Tuesday, Feb. 12) at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—The Rare Book and Manuscript Library has opened its newly built facility, on the sixth floor of Butler Library, with a show of more than a hundred and fifty of its most prized documents. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A. D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid pieces on hand. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. The motifs of these fabrics, completed between 1850 and 1940, and made into wall hangings, turbans, sarongs, and so forth, range from calligraphic notations to Art Nouveau designs, a reflection of Java's commerce with spice traders from the Middle East, Europe, and China. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Board games enjoyed by New Yorkers over the past hundred years, in a show that includes "The Mansion of Happiness" (1843), stressing moral values; "Post Office Game" (1932), where players set about the task of delivering mail; and an early edition of "Monopoly" (now celebrating its fiftieth year), autographed by its inventor, Charles Darrow. Starts Thursday, Feb. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and graphics represent this year's annual exhibition of National Academy members. Among those awarded prizes were Gregory Gillespie, Jerome Witkin, and Marshall Fredericks. Starts Friday, Feb. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of fifty works from the collection, including a photograph by James Van DerZee and a watercolor by Romare Bearden. Through April 5. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—Bob Goldberg and Jennifer Monson (performance), Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Programs of feature-length videos: Michael Klier, Friday, Feb. 8, at 7:30; Alan & Susan Raymond, Friday, Feb. 8, at 9:30; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; Ed Bowes, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 9:30; Annabella Miscuglio, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 7:30; Vito Acconci, Sunday, Feb. 10, at 9.

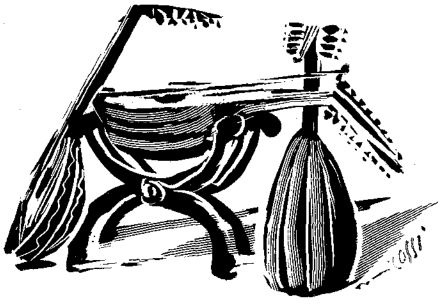
P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Joseph Pupello's "Stomach Trouble," Friday through Sunday, Feb. 8-10, at 9; Karen Finley & Harry Kipper (performance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 15-17, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30: The company's première of George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; conducted by James Levine. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Otello," with Margaret Price, Jean Kraft, Plácido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Wozzeck," with Hildegard Behrens, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Christian Boesch; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 11, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Natalia Rom, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi.



After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting "Evangeline," an opera by Otto Luening, based on the Longfellow poem. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Feb. 11, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Handel's opera "Agrippina" in concert form, with Susan Belling, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and an orchestra performing on period instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a Mozart-Berg program Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 7-9, at 8 (all with Jessye Norman, soprano). . . . ¶ Kurt Masur conducting a Bartók-Beethoven-Schumann program Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano).

Minnesota Orchestra—Neville Marriner directing, with Frederica von Stade and Claudine Carlson, mezzo-sopranos; Arleen Auger and Lorna Haywood, sopranos; John Aler, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the St. Olaf Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—Claudio Abbado conducting, with Hildegard Behrens, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia—Marc Mostovoy conducting, with Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6 at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Edward Carroll, trumpet, and Robert Aitken, flute. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Orpheus—A Beethoven-Wuorinen-Tchaikovsky program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

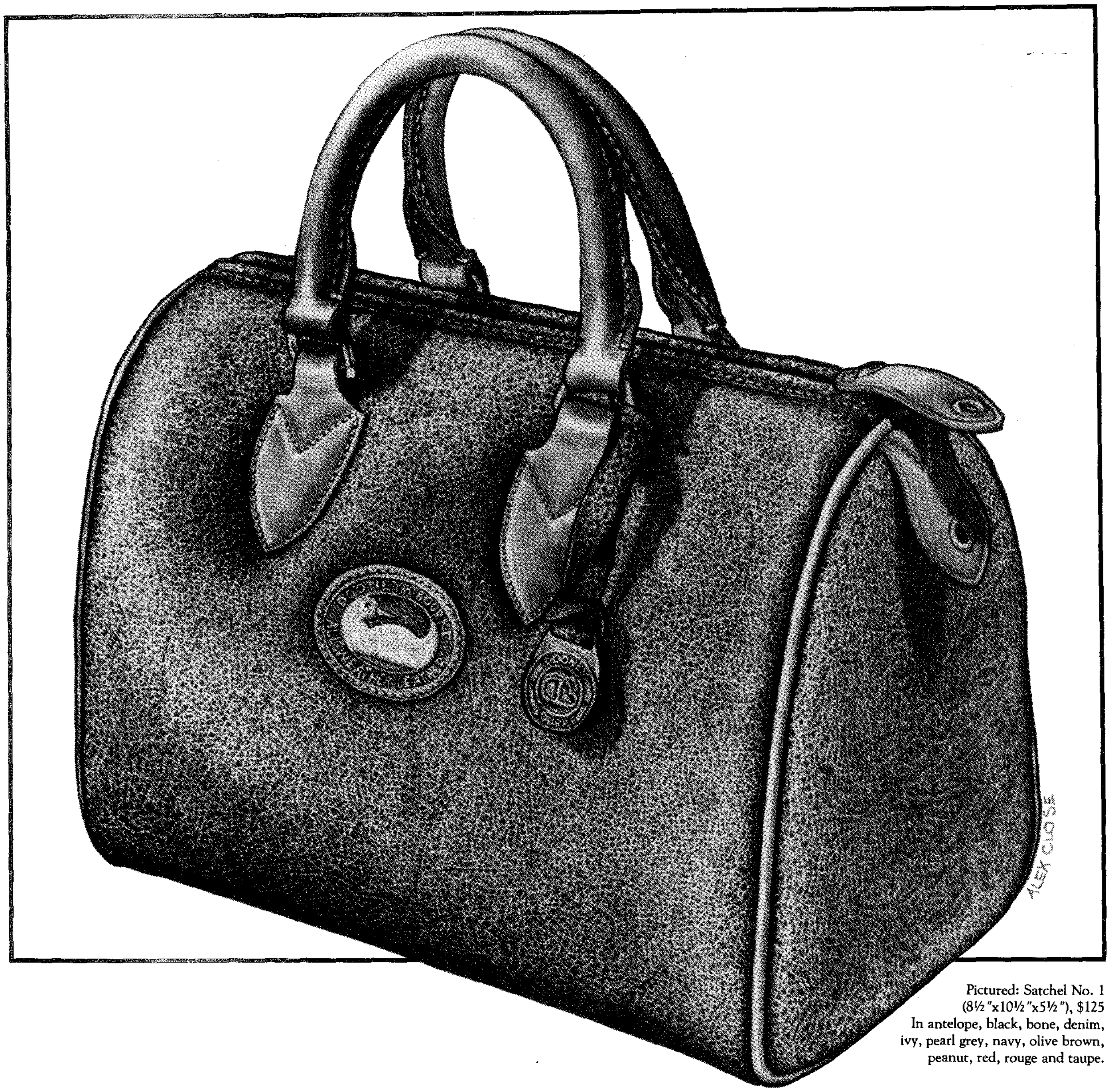
Music from Japan—Tadaaki Otaka conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello; Michiko Akao, Japanese flute; and the Baruchian Choraleers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Gunther Schuller conducting a Gershwin-Barber-Copland program, with Russell Sherman, piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Meredith Monk—Miss Monk, her vocal ensemble and a twenty-member chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk conducting an all-Bach program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a program that will include the New York première of Brahms' Mass. (St. Thomas



Pictured: Satchel No. 1
(8½"x10½"x5½"), $125
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ivy, pearl grey, navy, olive brown,
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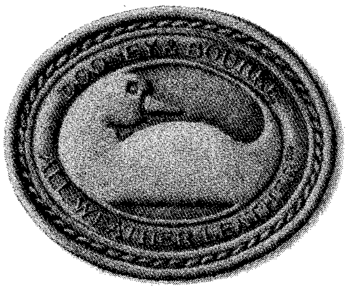

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Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

St. Olaf Choir—Kenneth Jennings directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Belshazzar," with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Richard Anderson, baritone; and a baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program called "An Evening of Secular Song." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

American Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Timothy Eddy and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Feb. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Abbey Simon—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Leslie Howard—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Bernard Greenhouse, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Bach Chamber Soloists—The second in a series of concerts, this one with David Gordon, tenor. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

New and Newer Music—A program of music by Douglas Anderson, Robert Cucinotta, and Jerold Ordansky, performed by Carolyn Clark, horn; David Starobin, guitar; and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Omega Ensemble—A Beethoven-Messiaen program. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Robert Aitken—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The seventh in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Trio Sonnerie, a group from London making its first appearance here. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Michael Parloff—Flute, with assisting artists. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Jubal Trio—Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Church of the Good Shepherd, 240 E. 31st St. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Edwin Barker—Contrabass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Margaret Price—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Charles Rosen—Piano, playing Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

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On Original Instruments—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by the Trio Mozart. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Jessye Norman and Phillip Moll—Soprano and piano, with Ransom Wilson, flute; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Guillermo Rios—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Musica Camerit—The first in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Performances of "Mistral" (première), by Roger Reynolds, and "Kalhperr," by Iannis Xenakis. Mr. Reynolds will be present. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—With Cipa Dichter, in a program of music for two pianos. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano, performing and discussing music by Schumann. The second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, at 8.)

Steven Lubin—Keyboard. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Josephine Mongiardo—Soprano, with Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Pincus, tenor; and Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers' Forum—A program of music by John Downey, with Daniel Nelson, tenor; Mr. Downey, piano; the Woodwind Arts Quintet; and the Eder Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Kyung-Wha Chung, Myung-Wha Chung, and Myung-Whun Chung—Violin, cello, and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Tchaikovsky Trio—A program of piano trios by Beethoven, Ravel, and Shostakovich. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Douglas Perry—Tenor, in a one-hour program of art songs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Martha Caplin, violin; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Edward Flower and Stanley Silverman, guitar; Elaine Comparone, harpischord; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Joseph Swensen—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—With the Gleemen and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, in a program honoring the four-hundredth birthday of Heinrich Schütz. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Note—The Chilingirian String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 24, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 15. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Friday, Feb. 15, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 16.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 9, at 7.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Amiri and Amina Baraka reading from their own poetry, plus jazz music played by Herbie Morgan, Grachan Moncur, and Rudi Walker. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Thursday, Feb. 7, at 8.) . . . ¶ Charles Wright and Vicki Hearne reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 11, at 8.) . . . ¶ Susan Cheever reading from her book "Home Before Dark." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Feb. 12, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Howard Da Silva, Harris Yulin, and Eli Wallach reading short stories by James Thurber, S. J. Perelman, Groucho Marx, and Calvin Trillin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery and Anne Lauterbach reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, at 10:15 and 2: A benefit auction of works of art from the Fowler Museum in Los Angeles. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 9.

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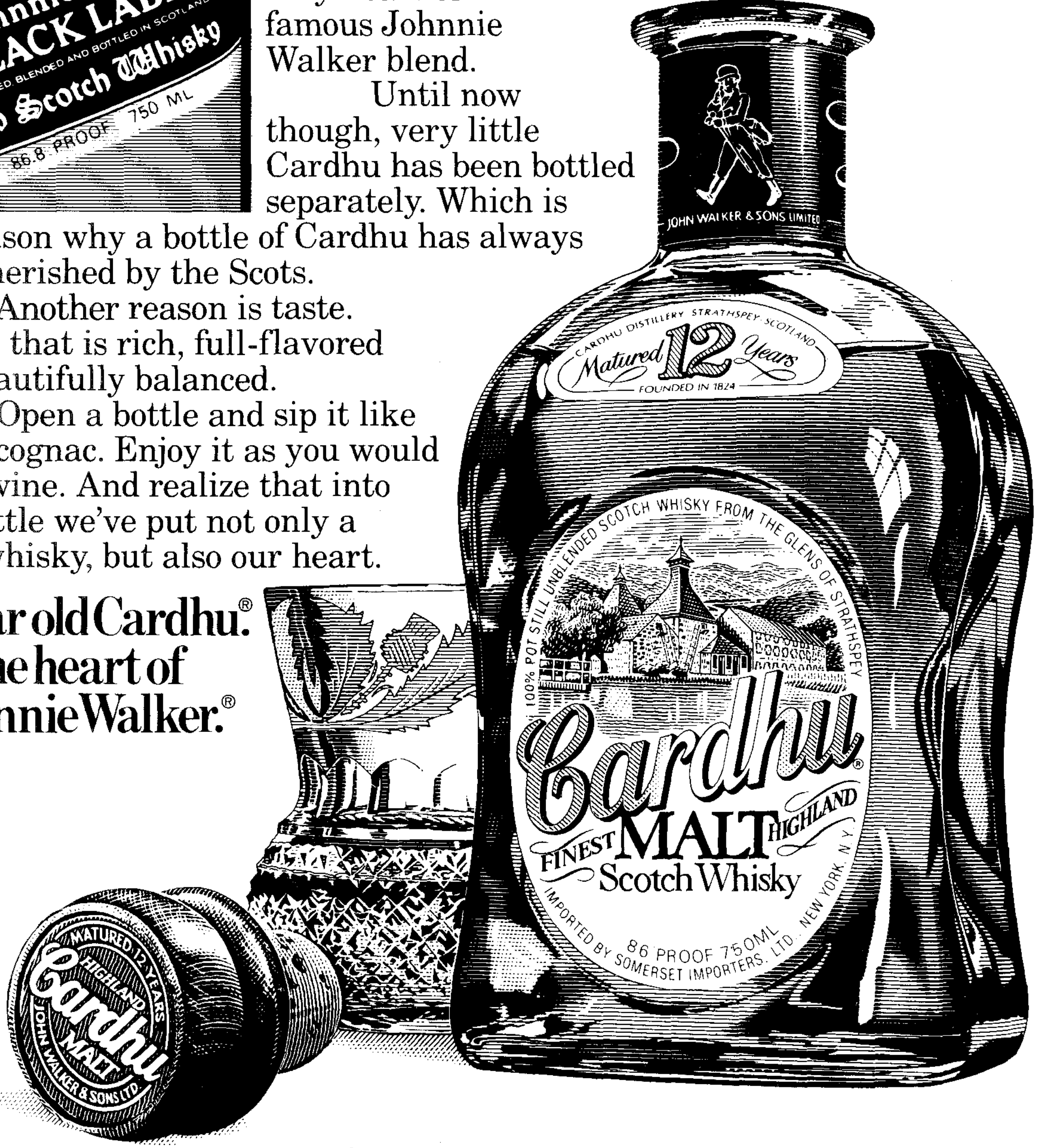
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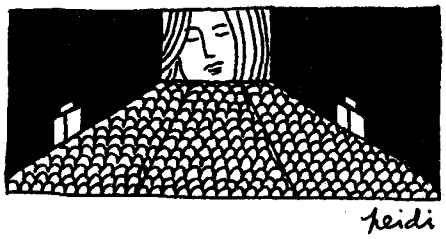
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Shivers" (1981; directed by Wojciech Marczewski; *in Polish*).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Feb. 7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.
Feb. 8-14: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Feb. 15: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 7: "Dune" (David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan; and "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn).
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 14: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).
From Feb. 15: "Mass Appeal" *(Glenn Jordan)*, with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†).
From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 7: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale.
Feb. 8-14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.
From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

34th St. East, *241 E. 34th. (683-0255).*
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 14: "The Killing Fields" (†).
From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 13: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. Feb. 8-14: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning. From Feb. 15: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†). From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Feb. 6: "Moving Out" (Michael Patinson; an Australian film).
Feb. 7-13: "Squizzy Taylor" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with David Atkins.
From Feb. 14: "Freedom" (Scott Hicks; an Australian film), with Jon Blake.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz. From Feb. 14: "The Return of the Soldier" (Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates and Julie Christie.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Birdy" (†). From Feb. 15: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Fandango" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Cotton Club" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 7: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).
From Feb. 8: "Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 7: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).
From Feb. 8: "Mischief" *(Mel Damski), with* Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback.
Feb. 8-14: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "The Killing Fields" (†). From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale. Feb. 8-14: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Seventeen" (1982; directed by Joel DeMott and Jeff Kreines), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Feb. 6: "São Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Colonel Delmiro Gouveia" (1977; Geraldo Sarno; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 7: "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 8-9: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. Feb. 10: "Lucia" (†). Feb. 11: "Blood of the Condor" (1969; Jorge Sanjines; a Bolivian film, in Spanish and Quechua); and "Chuquiago" (1979; Antonio Eguino; a Bolivian film, in Spanish). Feb. 12: "Ganga Zumba" (†); and "The Other Francisco" (1977; Sergio Giral; a Cuban film, in Spanish). Feb. 13: "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Amulet of Ogum" (1975; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 14: "The Jackal of Nahueltoro" (1969; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish); and "The Promised Land" (1974; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish). Feb. 15-16: "Pixote" (†); and "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (1983; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chéreau; in French). From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From Feb. 15: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "A Soldier's Story" (†). *From Feb. 15:* "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 15 (tentative): "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 7: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault. *From Feb. 8:* "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.). From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 7: "Starman" (†). From Feb. 8: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Passage to India" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 12: A festival of Romy Schneider films.
From Feb. 13: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 14: "Stop Making Sense" (†).
From Feb. 15: "The Bay Boy" (Daniel Petrie), with Liv Ullmann and Kiefer Sutherland.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault. From Feb. 8: "Favorites of the Moon" (Otar Iosseliani; in French).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "Man of Flowers"

(Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Norman Kaye. From Feb. 8: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Man Under Suspicion" (Norbert Kückelmann; in German), with Maximilian Schell. From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 7: "The Cotton Club" (†). From Feb. 8: "Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 7: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy Spacek, and Scott Glenn. From Feb. 8: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.). From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: A festival of David Lean films.
Feb. 8-14: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale. From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†). From Feb. 15 (tentative): "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 7: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From Feb. 8: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Johnny Dangerously" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "Heavenly Bodies" (Lawrence Dane), with Cynthia Dale. From Feb. 8: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Runaway" (Michael Crichton), with Tom Selleck. From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 7: "City Heat" (Richard Benjamin), with Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds. From Feb. 8: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Cotton Club" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 7: "Starman" (†).
From Feb. 8: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 3: "Micki & Maude" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 7: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles. From Feb. 8: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 7: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.
From Feb. 8: "Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards.
Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Feb. 7: "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney animated film.
From Feb. 8: "Starman" (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi. (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 13.) From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 7: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 8: "Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "House on the Edge of the Park." From Feb. 8: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 7: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen. From Feb. 8: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (1983; directed by Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary.

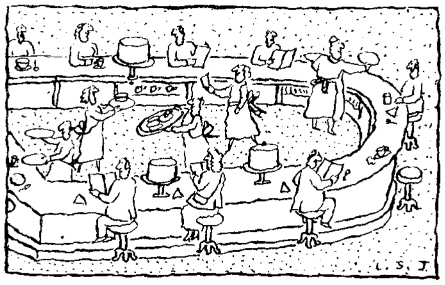
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Feb. 12: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Feb. 13: A program of French films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 7: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic); and "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Irene Papas, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Feb. 8-9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
Feb. 10-12: "Never Say Never Again" (1983; Irvin Kershner) and "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.
Feb. 13-14: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (†); and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman).
Feb. 15-16: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

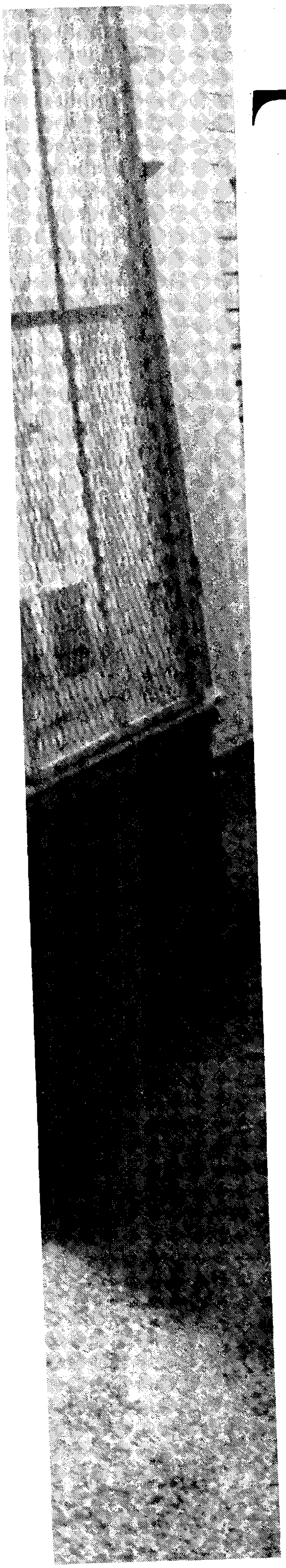
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 6: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950; Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr and Stewart Granger; and "Zulu" (1964; Cy Endfield), with Stanley Baker, Jack Hawkins, and Michael Caine.
Feb. 7-9: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Feb. 10-11: "Daniel" (1983; Sidney Lumet), with Timothy Hutton; and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.
Feb. 12-13: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon and Brooke Shields.
Feb. 14-16: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 7: "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
Feb. 8-9: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole.
Feb. 10: "The Fall of the Roman Empire" (1964; Anthony Mann), with Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, and James Mason.
Feb. 11-12: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones).
Feb. 13-14: "Breakin' " (1984; Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey; and "Beat Street" (1984; Stan Lathan).
Feb. 15-16: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Feb. 7: "Parsifal" (1983; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.
Feb. 8-9: "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière; "Le Beau Mariage" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand; and "Pauline at the Beach" (1982; Eric Rohmer; in French).
Feb. 10: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Jules Munshin; and "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine.
Feb. 11: "After the Rehearsal" (1984; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin; and "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980; Ingmar Bergman; in German), with Robert Atzorn, Christine Buchegger, and Martin Benrath.
Feb. 12: "Educating Rita" (1983; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.
Feb. 13: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.
Feb. 14: "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog), a documentary about Walter Steiner; "How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck Chuck" (1977; Werner Herzog), a documentary; and "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978; Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch).
From Feb. 15: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 9: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker.
Feb. 10-11: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Number Seventeen" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock).
Feb. 12-13: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitch-



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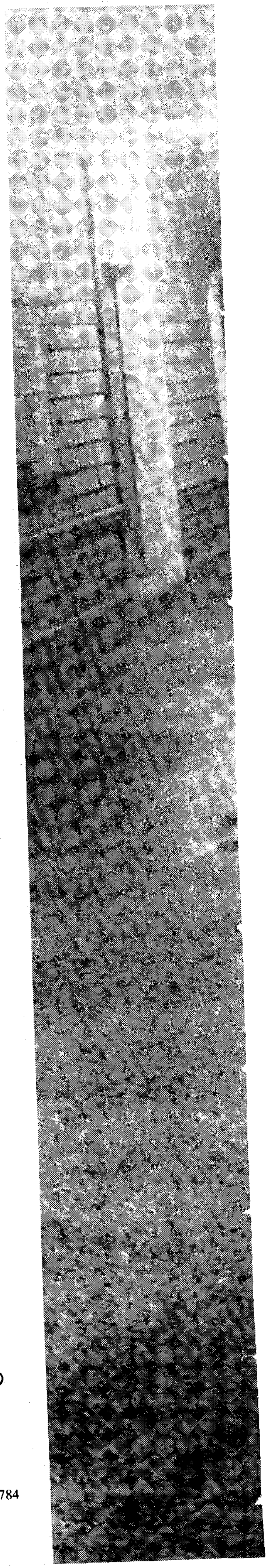

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cock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (†).

Feb, 14-16: "Rebecca" (†) and "Under Capricorn" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Feb. 6: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.

Feb. 7: "Therese and Isabelle" (1968; Radley Metzger; in French), with Essy Persson; and "The Nun" ("La Religieuse;" 1965; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Anna Karina.

Feb. 8: "The French They Are a Funny Race" (1957; Preston Sturges), with Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan, and Noël-Noël; and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell.

Feb. 9: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Feb. 10: "Das Boot" (†).

Feb. 11: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "Night and Fog" (1955; Alain Resnais), a short documentary.

Feb. 12: "The Girl from Chicago" (1936; Oscar Micheaux); "Go Down Death" (1944; Spencer Williams); and "Blood of Jesus" (1941; Spencer Williams).

Feb. 13: "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Bad Sleep Well" (†).

Feb. 14: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (1981; Marco Ferreri), with Ben Gazzara.

Feb. 15: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Feb. 16: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 6: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Feb. 7: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

Feb. 8-9: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

Feb. 10: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

Feb. 11: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Feb. 12: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

Feb. 13: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan) and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King), both with John Howard as Drummond.

Feb. 14: "Electra" (1962; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Papas; and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Feb. 15-16: "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 7 at 2:30 and 6: A program called "A History of Camera Movement: Short Films from Europe." . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Holiday" (1930; directed by Edward H. Griffith), with Ann Harding, Mary Astor, and Edward Everett Horton. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "Arizona" (1940; Wesley Ruggles), with Jean Arthur and William Holden. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5: "Holiday." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2: "Miracle Woman." . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5 and Feb. 11 at 2:30: "Craig's Wife" (1935; Dorothy Arzner), with Rosalind Russell and John Boles. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6 and Feb. 12 at 2:30: "The Woman I Stole" (1933; Irving Cummings), with Jack Holt and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "Arizona." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Traffic in Souls" (1913; George Loane Tucker; a silent film) and "The Knockout" (1914; Mack Sennett; a silent film). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Ladies in Retirement" (1941; Charles Vidor), with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester, and Evelyn Keyes. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "Tonight and Every Night" (1945; Victor Saville), with Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, and Janet Blair.

Theatre 2: Feb. 7 at 3 and 6:30: "Los Sures" (1984; Diego Echeverria), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor, and David Niven. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Side Street Story" (1951; Eduardo De Filippo; in Italian, with English subtitles), with De Filippo, Totó, and Leda Gloria. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30: "Jules and Jim" (1961; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles), with Oskar Werner, Jeanne Moreau, and Henri Serre. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "Bluebottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu; a silent film) and "Day Dreams" (1928; Ivor Montagu; a silent film), both with Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5:30: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, and Jason Robards, Jr. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6:30: A program of films by Roberta Cantow, who will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1938; Norman Taurog). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Jozef" (1979; Jerzy Zbigniew Kaszubowski) and "Szare" (1983; Jerzy Zbigniew Kaszubowski), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 3: "Carmen" (1918; Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 6:30: "Scampolo, a Child of the Streets" (1932; Hans Steinhoff; a German film, with no English subtitles), with Dolly Haas and Karl Ludwig Diehl. Miss Haas will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Farewell" (1930; Robert Siodmak; in German, with no English subtitles), with Brigitte Horney and Aribert Mog. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: "Viktor-Viktoria" (1933; Reinhold Schuenzel; in German, with no English subtitles), with Renate Müller, Hermann Thimig, and Adolf Wohlbrueck.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A showing of more than twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, Tuesdays from 1:15 to 7:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays from 11:15 to 4:45; and Sundays from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays. On Saturday, Feb. 9, at 2, a live "Paper Tiger Television" program will be presented, on the subject of youth and the media. Seating will be on a first-come, first-served basis.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. Directed by Carl Reiner. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/17/84.) (Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 8.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (10/29/84) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Bad Sleep Well (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (Thalia; Feb. 13.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Birdy—With Matthew Modine and Nicolas Cage, directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II; through Feb. 14.)

Das Boot (1982; "The Boat")—You're trapped for two and a half hours in a Second World War U-boat that's ten feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long. And with men who have the same kind of anti-war nobility that the men had in American submarine epics of the fifties. It even has the same kind of heroic man-of-few-words-but-strong-deep-feelings captain (Jurgen Prochnow). The camera keeps moving, yet the whole feeling is claustrophobic—the movement of the camera (deliberately) calls *more* attention to how cramped everything is. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, did the adaptation of the best-selling autobiographical novel by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, a former war correspondent. In German. (Thalia; Feb. 10.)

Choose Me—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean (1982)—It's doubtful if a major film director has ever before voluntarily taken on as thoroughgoing a piece of drivel as this one—a play set in a Texas small-town 5 & Dime and centering on the reunion of a James Dean fan club on the twentieth anniversary of his death. The movie version shouldn't work; but it does. When Robert Altman gives a project everything he's got, he can make poetry out of fake poetry and magic out of fake magic. The principal actresses—Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black—go at their roles so creatively that they find some kind of acting truth in what they're doing. Also with Marta Heflin, Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates, and, in the only male role, Mark Patton. (Cinema Village; Feb. 13-14.)

The Cotton Club—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 7.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—With Timothy Hutton and Sean Penn, directed by John Schlesinger. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Movieland.)

The Flamingo Kid—It's the summer of 1963, and Matt Dillon is the Brooklyn kid who gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. He plans to go to Columbia in the fall, but when he's taken up by the club's gin-rummy champ, Brody (Richard Crenna), a foreign-car dealer who wears silk shirts and sports a sapphire on his pinkie, he begins to think college would be a waste of time. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out: he sees through Brody's flash, and learns to appreciate the fact that his own father (Hector Elizondo) is an honest man—a hardworking plumber who gives value for money. The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. The director, Garry Marshall, pushes you around, but in an amiable way, and he gets his laughs, though nothing carries over and the gags (along with the pop songs on the track) turn into a blur. Watching this slapped-together comedy, a viewer may begin to feel that Brody directed it. Some of the film's junkiness is enjoyable, but there's also an unenjoyable cultural fundamentalism at work. Marshall is telling us that the complications of the last two decades are unimportant. He's saying that what matters is: Listen to your honest old man and don't sell out. And he squeezes the good plumber's scenes so that they show "humanity." The moviemakers must have wanted to take advantage of the ripe possibility for caricature in a Long Island Jewish club, but not wanted to limit their "universal" theme—so the characters' names don't provide much clue to their backgrounds. Marshall (whose work in television has given him a big reputation as a creator) gives us ethnic humor without ethnics. He creates a ruckus for a synthetic community (which is what a TV audience is). With Jessica Walter, Janet Jones, Carole R. Davis, and Bronson Pinchot. (1/28/85) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ U. A. 85th St. East, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and New Yorker; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Manhattan; Feb. 8-14.)

Ganga Zumba (1963)—The Brazilian director Carlos Diegues made this artlessly eloquent movie about the struggle of sugarcane-plantation slaves in the seventeenth century. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; Feb. 12.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this geno-

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cidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Sutton, and R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Feb. 15.)

LUCIA (1974)—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred felt for the dictatorial President Machado, is intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironic fable about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (Film Forum; Feb. 10.)

MICKI & MAUDE—A light screwball farce with Dudley Moore as a TV reporter who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for the feelings of two pregnant women—the blazing Ann Reinking and the pearly Amy Irving. The director, Blake Edwards, working from a screenplay by Jonathan Reynolds, brings out the bigamist's living-in-the-moment hopefulness. He's convinced that everything will come out all right because he doesn't feel he's done anything wrong. And the audience is put in the position of sharing his loony optimism. The movie may seem insipid to people who want something substantial, but there's a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. He's romantic in the silken, self-effacing manner of Cary Grant, and her acting is a form of heavenly flirtation. There are a couple of slapstick sequences in which Edwards shows some of his love of free-for-all lunacy, and Moore turns into a comic projectile hurtling into walls. With deep-voiced Richard Mulligan, Lu Leonard, H. B. Haggerty, George Gaynes, Wallace Shawn, and John Pleshette. (1/28/85) (Embassy.)

MR. AND MRS. SMITH (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

MRS. SOFFEL—This love story with a Victorian madwoman heroine is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 8.)

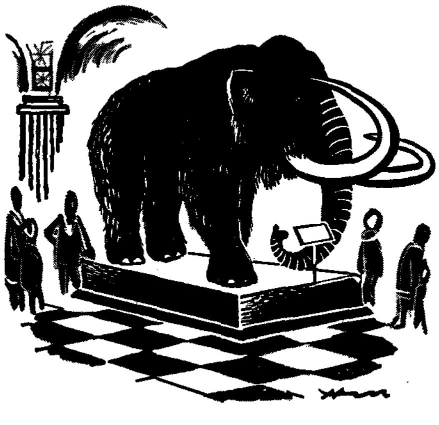
A PASSAGE TO INDIA—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

PIXOTE (1980)—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote breaks out, and he and three other boys snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. The kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the whore Sueli, dusky and aquiline-faced Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen, and in her scenes the movie achieves a garish splendor. With Jorge Julião. Directed by Hector Babenco. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; Feb. 15-16.)

PLACES IN THE HEART—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Olympia Quad; Feb. 8-14.)

REBECCA (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances—he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes the character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. Also with Gladys Cooper, Nigel Bruce, Leo G. Carroll, Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, and Melville Cooper. (Regency; Feb. 14-16.)

A SOLDIER'S STORY—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; Feb. 8-14.)

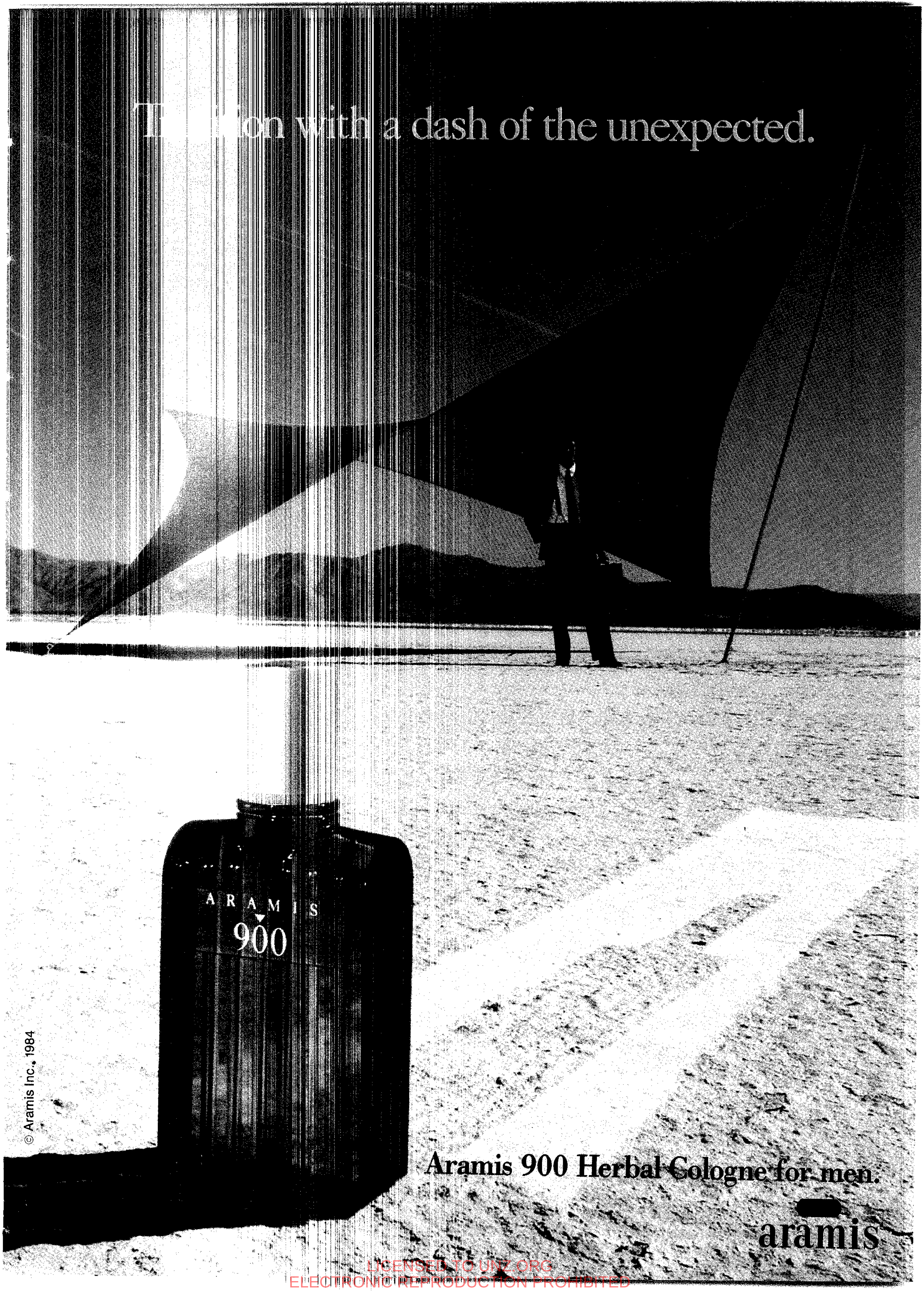


STARMAN—This sci-fi romance, directed by John Carpenter, has something of the sentimental paranoia of "Easy Rider" transposed to the eighties. With Karen Allen as a young widow with sad, glazed eyes and Jeff Bridges as a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns, the picture has a melancholy gooeyness. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. And we experience some of Carpenter's idea of tenderness: when the two are in a roadside restaurant, he asks her to define "love," and she tries helplessly, wet-eyed, thinking of her dead husband, while a synthesized heavenly choir in the distance makes wistful, whimpering sounds. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard as a friendly waitress, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Feb. 8.)

STOP MAKING SENSE—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 14.)

STRANGER THAN PARADISE—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)

UNDER CAPRICORN (1949)—A Hitchcock stinker, set in Australia in the early nineteenth century. Highborn English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant, and Cecil Parker, Denis O'Dea, and Jack Watling. (Regency; Feb. 14-16.)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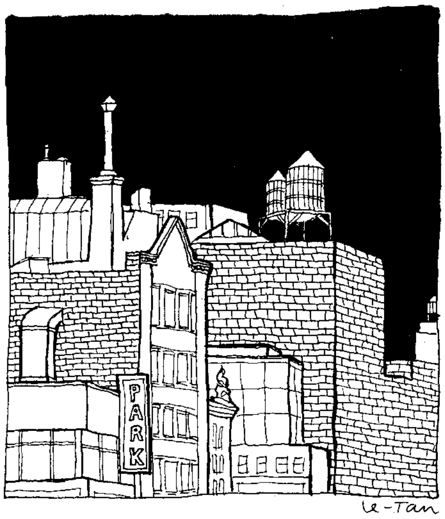
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the first few weeks after the kidnapping and assassination of the Reverend Jerzy Popieluszko, Poland's Jaruzelski regime seemed to move quickly and decisively in investigating the crime, apprehending at least some of the perpetrators, and launching their prosecution. The public trial of four security policemen accused in the crime was itself an unprecedented event in a Communist country, and it afforded an unprecedented view of some of the inner workings of the security apparatus upon which this particular regime relies for much of its stability. It was not a pretty picture, but there was a certain moral authority to be claimed from the regime's decision to expose it at all, and especially in such a public fashion. Whatever moral capital the regime might be said to have amassed through its initial conduct of the investigation, however, it seemed hellbent on squandering last week during the final days of the trial.

For one thing, it became increasingly unclear just who was on trial, the assassins or their victim. Again and again, the judges allowed testimony blackening the memory of the young priest. As perhaps the most popular of the group of parish priests who used their sermons as occasions for ongoing moral witness throughout the period following the imposition of martial law, Father Popieluszko had been subject to repeated police harassment. At one point, in a sudden search of his modest flat the police claimed to have uncovered a cache of explosive devices—an obviously bogus claim, based on a fairly transparent planting of evidence. Armed resistance and violent hatred were exactly the responses that Popieluszko repeatedly counselled against in his monthly "Masses for the Homeland." For example, on August 26, 1984, less than two months before his assassination, he said, "The Polish nation does not know hatred, and because of this it is capable of forgiveness. But it will forgive only in exchange for truth. Only the truth can be a condition for our trust." The regime eventually abandoned its misguided attempt to frame Popieluszko for the explosives, or on other charges, dealing with alleged pilfering of Solidarity funds; the entire case against him was dropped as part of the general amnesty declared in July, 1984. But here they were once again, the unproved, unsubstantiated, sordid charges, resurfacing at the trial of the priest's murderers, right alongside the harrowing details of his autopsy—as if these were equivalent bits of data. By the end of the trial, the chief prosecutor, while demanding the death penalty for one of the defendants and long prison sentences for the three others, was virtually insisting that the priest had had his murder coming. "The extremist attitude of Popieluszko gave birth to an equally harmful extremism which produced the crime," he said. The imputation of equivalence between the calm authority of Popieluszko's witness-bearing and the frenzied, feverish violence of his murderers' actions ended up draining the trial of the last vestiges of moral authority.



According to the Washington *Post's* reporter on the scene, many Poles "suspect that the attacks [on Popieluszko's memory] reflect an attempt by the communist leadership to balance the humiliation that the security apparatus is undergoing in the . . . public prosecution of four of its own." This may indeed be the case, but then the Jaruzelski regime has to make up its mind: either it is trying to overcome and reform the most blatant recidivist tendencies of its security apparatus or it is pandering to those very tendencies for fear of alienating that apparatus. If the latter is what it is doing, the regime is well on its way to sacrificing any distance it might like to claim from the most thuggish methods of the security police, no matter what the immediate outcome of the trial in terms of sentences for the perpetrators. For in the final analysis it is neither Popieluszko nor his assassins who are in the docket in this case but, rather, the Jaruzelski regime itself.

In this context, the bankruptcy of the proceedings was emphasized by the judges' persistent refusal to follow up any of the threads of conspiracy beyond the four initial defendants. The basic scenario advanced by the prosecutors and accepted by the judges consisted of two subordinates blaming their captain, the captain blaming his immediate superior, and that superior denying blame and turning it back onto the captain: a nice closed system, with no one else involved. And so everybody should get a twenty-year prison term except the captain, who, after all, was being blamed by all three of his co-defendants; he should be given a death sentence. (Interestingly, it was the lawyers for Popieluszko's family who pleaded for leniency for the condemned captain, noting that, contrary to the portrait being painted by the prosecutors, the murdered priest would himself have abhorred the taking of a human life.) The trouble with that neat, clean version was that the testimony in the trial kept threatening to break free of its arbitrary contours—there were all kinds of loose ends pointing further up the chain of command. To give but one example, a secretary in the Interior Ministry testified to having had coffee with the captain shortly after the priest's abduction and before the captain's arrest, and quoted him as saying, "I will tell you the truth, I had a hand in it but I didn't kill him. I tell you, though, I would not do it again. I don't like inconsequential superiors who when things are going well say 'Do it, boys,' but when things start to turn bad say 'You are on your own.'" Note the plural "superiors." Several superiors were in fact referred to in the initial depositions of at least three of the defendants, but each retracted those specific references during the trial—a move that led some Poles to wonder if a backstage deal had been struck with the defendants before the trial started. One mustn't be surprised if these prisoners find themselves released as part of a magnanimous general amnesty on the far side of the next series of uprisings and suppressions. As for the probable death sentence, Dawid Warszawski, one of the most perceptive of the columnists for the underground journal *KOS*, has noted that "there will be no way of knowing whether the sentence has been executed or secretly exchanged for exile to the East." Various government spokesmen have insisted all along that the verdict in this trial would not constitute an end to the investigation of the case, but these claims were mocked in the chief prosecutor's summation last week when he suggested that ongoing investigation might yet implicate Western "centers of subversion" in the priest's death. He observed that such groups had benefitted from the tragedy, which had rocked Poland like no other event since the imposition of martial law. (The indictment of the four defendants had included some far-fetched conjectures along these lines. Thus, the captain was said to have once assisted in the procuring of passports for one man who ended up in West Germany and for a family that was related to someone who *sixteen years ago* had emigrated to Israel, although that émigré now lives in Sweden. This sort of innuendo, summoning up the perversely linked twin bogeymen of German revanchism and Zionist cosmopolitanism, has been a standard, somewhat bizarre, and decidedly ugly recurring theme in Polish Communist propaganda over the past forty years.) Western centers of subversion were not the kind of further link in the conspiracy which most Poles were waiting to hear about. But detailed information concerning the relations of the four defendants with their superiors in the security apparatus or their patrons among hard-liners in the Polish Communist Party was precisely the sort of revelation that the trial was designed to *prevent* from seeping out.

So for the time being, at any rate, Jaruzelski's regime may have succeeded in closing the books on this matter. The spreading stain of corruption has been stemmed. In some ways, Jaruzelski's associates in the trial faced a version of the dilemma that President Nixon and his aides faced when the Watergate burglars were first brought to trial, back in January, 1973. In both cases, government officials worked furiously to control the damage—to limit the scandal to its lowest possible reaches. The Polish crime was, of course, more serious, but there were other differences as well. One of them is embodied in the extraordinary rectitude and stubborn independence of Judge John Sirica, as compared with the abject subservience evinced by his Polish counterparts. (According to a piece in this week's *Der Spiegel*, closed-circuit live television monitoring of the ongoing proceedings at the Polish trial was being piped into the nearby town hall, and then on to Party headquarters in Warsaw, with specific instructions on the conduct of the case being relayed back to the judges at each lunch break.) Another major difference lies in the existence in the United States of an independent press with the capacity (if not always the will) for fierce, dogged investigative reporting—the kind of reporting that was championed at the time by the Washington *Post*. That paper's reporters picked up just the sort of loose ends that this Polish trial has now generated in such quantity, followed those threads, and were eventually led all the way to the highest seats of power. Such an independent and inquiring press is, naturally, absent in Poland today, but a great and troubling irony for us here in the United States is that it is just this kind of press initiative which we currently find under attack in the various libel suits—notably Sharon's and Westmoreland's—filling our federal dockets. The farcically outrageous dénouement of the trial now concluding in Poland should not only alert us to the mendacity of certain claims advanced by Polish leaders but also warn us of the sort of stultification we could witness in our own system of justice if we choose to chill and hobble the investigative initiative of our press.

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DARRELL CABEY, nineteen, paralyzed from the waist down, and in a coma, is connected to life by a respirator. Even before he was shot by Bernhard Goetz, Darrell Cabey's connections to life were tenuous at best—so tenuous that when reports about the shooting appeared and reappeared in the immediate aftermath of the shooting, Darrell Cabey, like each of his three confederates, who were shot at the same time, though were not so critically wounded, existed only as a grim statistic. All that one could find out about the four was that they were eighteen and nineteen years old, that they were high-school dropouts, unemployed, that they all lived near each other in public housing in the South Bronx, and that each had a history of minor crimes, one of which—breaking into video games for the change—probably explained the screwdrivers that the police found before the four young men were taken to hospitals to be treated for their bullet wounds. Darrell Cabey had the most serious offense pending against him when he was shot—a charge that he had committed armed robbery. A charge and a plea of not guilty, but no disposition of the case.

The public learned a lot about Bernhard Goetz: about his troubled childhood after his wealthy father pleaded guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct following the overturn of his conviction in a case involving child molesting; about his first mugging in New York City, in which he was thrown against a glass door and suffered torn cartilage and tissue in his chest; about his efforts to rid his Greenwich Village neighborhood of dope dealers, junkies, and assorted other criminals. Everything that helps support the notion that Bernhard Goetz was a human being who had been victimized in one way or another all his life.

The four young men he shot never really emerged as human beings, yet from the scanty information available one can infer that they, too, were victimized. High-school dropouts. Unemployed. For the most part, petty crimes. Headed for trouble of one kind or another. At least, that's the impression that one is left with.

Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, who, like the four young men, is black, and who himself has lately been fending off critics, also did some inferring, based on his own life experience. "Having come out of the same neighborhoods that they came out of—and perhaps worse, since I think most of them live in housing projects, and I lived in tenement houses, and maybe in tougher neighborhoods than theirs—now that I understand it, I don't condone it, or excuse it, either, but I can understand the frustration," he recently said to us in an interview. "I can understand having to be in school with large numbers of disruptive kids and maybe running into occasional teachers who have given up and feel that the large part of their student body is unteachable, and therefore do not teach. And even when they try to teach, with the great number of disruptive students they can't get their message across. All of the social problems that exist in the areas where they live. Mainly the lack of jobs, and particularly the lack of jobs for teen-agers. I was a shoeshine boy after school and worked on trucks as a delivery boy for a dollar a day. Those kinds of jobs are not available for teen-agers today. A dollar—maybe that's twenty dollars in today's dollars. Maybe even more."

We asked if such things constituted the difference between somebody like him, growing up in the same circumstances and becoming Police Commissioner, and somebody like these kids, becoming perpetually involved in crime.

"I think it's more than that—and probably the TV camera, you know," he said. "I was poor and didn't know I was poor. Everybody around me was poor. And I was never hopeless. My mother always worked. She was a domestic, but she always had work. There was always a job available to me after school. And everybody was in the same condition. Today, I think that what we have is— particularly in the last four years, under this Administration in Washington, we have people who if they're doing well probably are doing better in the last four years. And those who are doing bad—they're probably doing worse. And when they look ahead they don't see any signs of doing better. I didn't have a TV camera to know that you were doing O.K. uptown or someplace else. I guess I thought the whole world was like me. We didn't have cars. We played stickball in the street, because the cars weren't lined up in the street. We weren't as mobile as the youth are today. Today, a young man can turn on the TV camera and he can see that, gee, a lot of people are doing fine. They're doin' real good. And me—look at me: I got nothin'. And they're on the street. And if you go to the Harlems and the East New Yorks and Bed-Stuys and Bushwicks and the inner-city areas of this city, and the South Bronx, you see these young men standing on the street. Tell you another place to go and to get a shock is to go to a state prison and look down into the yard in Attica, and you see the prime of America inside of prison yards, as many as thirty-four thousand strong. Most of them under thirty years of age. Well, they've committed crimes, and we deal with them; we're dealing with our social problems, with increased prison space. I opened ten prisons in the state of New York, and I think you have to have them. But it has to be a balanced approach. It's a terrible waste to have a person go to a state prison that we might have caught at an early age and put into a training program that would have funnelled him into a job."

Darrell Cabey won't be funnelled into anything now, since he is connected to life only by a respirator. And the others—their connections to life remain as tenuous as ever, if not more so.

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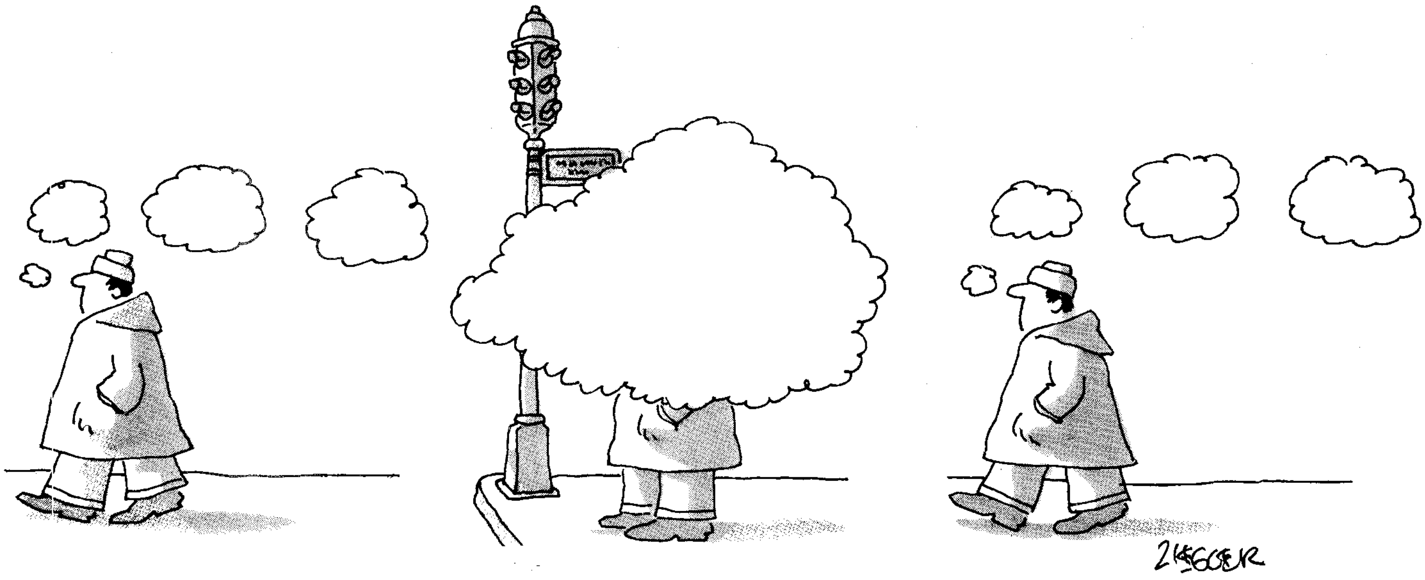
Pageant

OUR Special Inauguration Correspondent, back from several frigid days of pomp and circumstance in the nation's capital, and now thoroughly thawed, has filed the following dispatch:

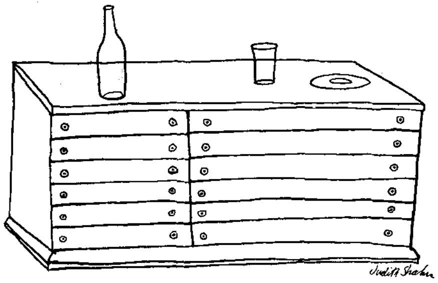
Must have heard "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" at least forty-seven times. Deeply love the piece, and always get a lump in my throat (visions of Honest Abe), but wish it were played with somewhat more discretion. Arrived on Friday (two days before private swearing-in at the White



House, three days before official swearing-in at the Capitol) and settled into hotel room overlooking White House and Lafayette Park. Stunning view of the grand old house, gleaming brightly in snowy grounds, with Washington Monument behind. Lafayette Park another matter: chockablock with huge motor vans containing television equipment and temporary offices for broadcasting people; a truck marked "Pepsi;" a truck marked "Gourmet Productions—The Rolling Feast;" and signs reading "Live by the Bomb, Die by the Bomb," "Love Is the Way to Win," and "Wanted: Wisdom and Honesty." Brief walk through eerily quiet streets. Gridlock worse than in New York. Impossible for anything to move in any direction. Heimlich maneuver obviously required. Stood for a moment at dusk outside Russian Embassy and watched stolid-looking man in dark suit sticking head out of first one Embassy window and then another, methodically closing metal shutters on windows. Embassy a huge mansion, but great metal gate in front gives one the feeling it's an impenetrable fortress. Strange sensation, heightened by fact that Polish Solidarity flag flies directly across from Embassy, in front of headquarters of International Union of Electronic, Electrical, Technical, Salaried and Machine Workers, A.F.L.-C.I.O.

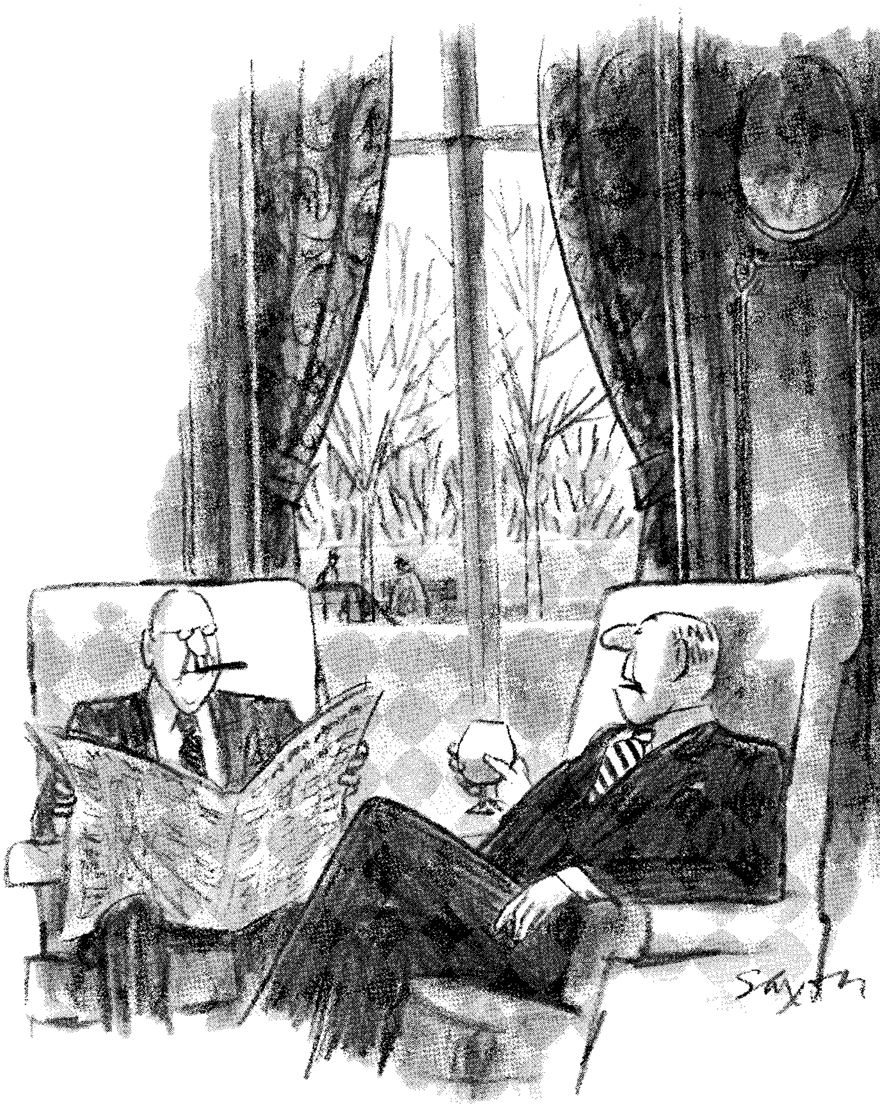
Getting dark now, and much colder, and time to head for Ellipse and the first official Inauguration function—a Prelude Pageant set in the packed snow of icy park behind White House. Rigid security. Had to pass through airport-type detectors; nearby woman's handbag subjected to intense scrutiny—every item removed and examined. Bitter, biting winds as a hardy band of spectators faced a garish stage topped by an immense red-white-and-blue eagle that bore an unkind resemblance to a Thanksgiving turkey. Many police with dogs on leashes. Sudden stir behind stage as long, dark motor cavalcade, punctuated by red motorcycle lights, swept up, having silently wheeled around from the White House. Vice-President and Mrs. Bush appeared, waved briefly, and entered glass booth to one side of stage. A moment later, President and Mrs. Reagan walked out onto stage, he bundled up in long, dark greatcoat, with white scarf, she in vivid-red coat. He has a distinctive walk—a rolling lope of great vigor—and an easy wave of the hand. He entered glass booth and, I hope, was warm. I was cold, but I'm not President. Reagan and company listened to pageant narration delivered by Fess Parker (Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett of television), who left few notes in American history untouched, with heavy emphasis on Valley Forge, Bull Run, Gettysburg, settling of the West ("Trappers and traders. Much like the films we used to make, Mr. President"). Clichés danced in the bone-chilling night: "Storm clouds were gathering on the horizon" (this was the Civil War), "The country was looking for a man in shining armor" (this was the Depression, and the man, who has become an anomalous folk hero to the incumbent, was Franklin Delano Roosevelt). Songs and dancing by courageous young performers jumping up and down in red-white-and-blue costumes. Then fireworks, an immense display of sound and light, completely illuminating capital's sky, and the President and his party, silently, almost mysteriously, were gone. Brown clouds of acrid smoke settled over frozen Ellipse.

On Saturday, hotel took on air of almost imperial importance. Security people everywhere, presumably guarding unidentified prominent guests. I noticed outside several rooms along my corridor men's knee-length embroidered alligator boots, Texas-style, waiting to be shined. Buzz in lobby became noticeably higher. Many tall, well-turned-out, tanned men and tall, well-turned-out women waiting for stretch limousines to appear in hotel driveway. Many women garnished with wide variety of deceased animals, often floor length. Down to Capitol for vital credentials, past more of same intense security, and into cozy office of Roy L. McGhee, genial superintendent of Senate Periodical Press Gallery. Splendid credentials issued for prime seat facing Inaugural stand at west end of Capitol. Had afternoon to wander through beauties of horizontal Washington (low buildings, vast spaces, sense of history). The National Gallery an extraordinary spot: so many mothers wheeling children in strollers, atmosphere of accessibility so much stronger than in many museums I will not mention. Saw stunning portrait by Edward Savage of first First Family. The only one of Washington, Martha, and his stepgrandchildren painted from life, it also included, in the background, his hunting companion and Revolutionary War attendant, William (Billy) Lee, a black man. Washington is seated at a table examining a map of the city of Washington, and is elegant, composed, and utterly superior in appearance. Out again into cold, and followed my instinct to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, not far from the Lincoln Memorial. My first experience of this, and a sobering, shattering one. Memorial is a triumph of abstract art, one polished black granite wall of vertical slabs sloping gently downward to form an angle with another wall, which slopes gently up again. The walls (designed by Maya Ying Lin, of Athens, Ohio, a Yale student) are inscribed with fifty-eight thousand and seven names of those killed in the war, and the cumulative effect of the tiny, neat etched names—each slab reflecting the living observers with mirror-like clarity—becomes overwhelming. Hundreds of people here, extremely silent, many placing small floral arrangements or American flags in front of a name here, a name there. Quiet National Park Rangers and volunteers holding thick paperbound directories of the names, to facilitate locating particular persons. Many young people, bundled up against the cold, and many older people, most of them simply dressed, and always that strange silence of questing people, seeking comfort in the snow.



On Sunday, President and Vice-President sworn in at private ceremony in White House. Gave me a neighborly feeling to watch ceremony on a set in my room and, at the same time, look out upon White House itself. Distinctive feeling of reality intermingled with make-believe. President and Vice-President were to make a brief appearance outside, on North Portico (the one I was facing), a moment after the swearing-in, but a large white wall had been erected in front of portico, so there were the two men on the portico on the set, but no sight of them when I glanced out the window. Snow now swirling through streets in circular formations, temperature in low teens.

Streets deserted. Down to National Air and Space Museum to hear Red Clay Ramblers in an Inaugural concert. Ramblers an Appalachian string band with banjo, guitar, harmonica, fiddle, bass, piano. Museum totally jammed (over ten million visit it each year), mostly with young people carrying packs, many of whom were curled in corners, their packs beside them. Outside, through huge windows, snow swirling madly across Mall. Almost every young person's jacket had a legend on the back: "Avengers," "Crusaders," "Percussion." To one side of Ramblers, stretching vertically into upper reaches of museum, rose grim reminders of past, Hitler's V-1 flying bomb and V-2 rocket; next to them were two space capsules joined nose to nose—the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project, common docking system of 1975 exchange in space between the two superpowers (quiet symbols of hope). "Oh, how I wish I was back in Peoria, Oh, how I miss the girls in Peoria," sang Ramblers.



"Every bubblehead with a buck is back speculating in the market again, thank God."

MONDAY, day of official outdoor swearing-in. Early-morning temperature four degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. All outdoor tickets declared invalid. Disappointing. Went outside hotel to watch President Reagan arrive for prayer service at St. John's Church, across from Lafayette Park. *Most* elaborate security. Hand-held metal detector pressed against my coat and under my arms as I stood and watched Presidential party arrive: motorcycles, police cars, long black limousines, then limousine with Presidential seal, then open Secret Service car, then more motorcycles and police, and an ambulance. The President, hatless, strode into church. "I'm glad he's praying," said man next to me. Sudden word from friend McGhee that a ticket available for me in the Rotunda. Wild taxi ride to Capitol. Was stopped by police and Secret Service near foot of Capitol Hill, stopped by police and Secret Service at top of Capitol Hill, but tightly clutched tickets previously issued got me inside building, where I was escorted by kindly McGhee to Rotunda. Truly a sight. Rotunda is *enormous*—nearly a hundred feet across, more than a hundred and eighty feet high—with sandstone walls, sandstone floor, classic frieze circling entire room high up, and, higher still, at tip-top, an allegorical painting depicting General Washington (dim in the distance) seated between Liberty and Victory and in close proximity to Arts, Sciences, Commerce, and Agriculture. Sun streamed in through windows in huge dome. Floor of Rotunda solidly packed with members of Congress, diplomats, Supreme Court, Marine Band (blazing-red jackets), Cabinet members. A small platform had been erected near center of Rotunda, with a lectern for use of the President. At very center of Rotunda, over a white marble disc in the floor, twenty-six Americans have lain in state, including Abraham Lincoln, the Unknown Soldier, John F. Kennedy, and Hubert H. Humphrey. Didn't have much chance to think about past, although past was everywhere. Hand of Marine Band's leader was poised in midair, awaiting cue. Suddenly, his hand moved, and "Hail to the Chief" boomed through the hall. The acoustics were perfect, the moment solemn. The President entered with his usual brisk walk. Dressed in a dark-blue suit, the inevitable white handkerchief in his jacket pocket. The oath of office was quietly administered by a dark-robed and intensely white-maned Chief Justice Burger. The President, without a teleprompter, and in subdued, almost intimate tones, began his address. Behind him were his family and Cabinet, before him the representatives of the people. Facing him were huge murals of Washington resigning his commission, Cornwallis surrendering at Yorktown. The President seemed deeply affected by the unexpected indoor surroundings. He spoke conversationally, unpretentiously. He talked of "the American sound—hopeful, bighearted, idealistic, daring, decent, and fair." Prayers, "Hail to the Chief," and the President was gone—to lunch and four more years. I, too, said a small prayer—for daring, for decency, for fairness.

DO NOT GO GENTLE

NO indeed. Old age, as the poet says, should burn and rave at close of day, and Dylan Thomas's recommended rage is my constant companion as I sit here at my desk this gloomy evening reading of the threat to what remains of my well-being from alternating electromagnetic fields. "All alternating electrical fields, even the wiring in our houses," writes a correspondent in the London *Guardian*, "have some effect on the physical and mental health of most of us; the sensitivity threshold is a personal function and we are totally ignorant of its level." A great deal of current is alternating away through the ceiling lights and the desk light in my study—has been for years, though I never gave it a thought until now—not to mention some pretty powerful fields down there in the boiler room and elsewhere, from which I may not be immune. This *Guardian* man talks of "malignant effects," and says he would not be surprised if in five years' time alternating electricity had the same status as white bread and smoking today. This is fine, invigorating stuff to be read at nightfall by a septuagenarian who eats a lot of white bread between pipes.

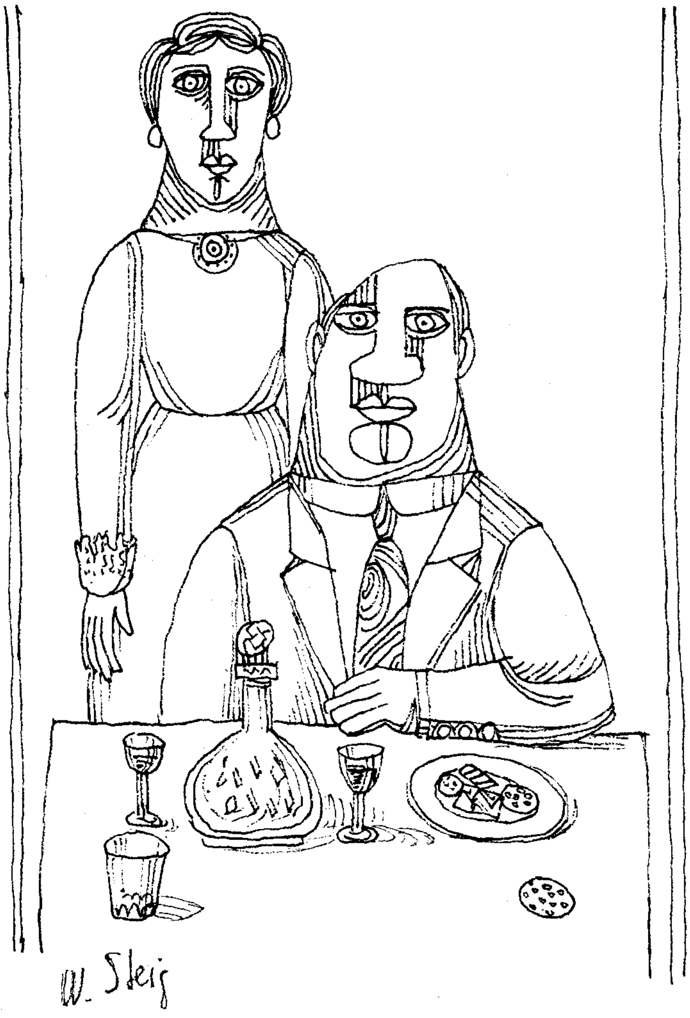
That is not the whole of it, either. There has been a plague of fruit flies this autumn and early winter in my bit of England. That may not be the correct name for these pests; they belong to the order Diptera, have six legs, and measure 3 mm. from end to end—advantages that enable them to sidle through sash windows even when the latter are shut. They dance about in the sunlight outside, determined to get in, which in myriads they do. Once inside, some hundreds assemble on the ceiling, while thousands of others crawl aimlessly about on the glass. These numbers are no product of an overheated imagination; every day, I sweep their corpses off windowsills and other surfaces, for they die within a few hours of arrival, and every day the dustpan is about one-third full. That is a great many Diptera.

I see no point in these goings on. Why this ferocious determination to come indoors if, when in, all they can do is to turn the place into a charnel house? I should like a word with Charles Darwin on the subject. If, after millions of years of evolution (and I have no reason to believe them to be comparative newcomers on earth), those who have most successfully adapted to their environment can dream up no better plan for survival than this, they are a disgrace to their order. Nor if, as post-Darwinians aver, it is the survival of their genes, rather than themselves or their families, that they are after, am I the more impressed. Their genes, as far as I know, go into the dustpan along with the rest of them.

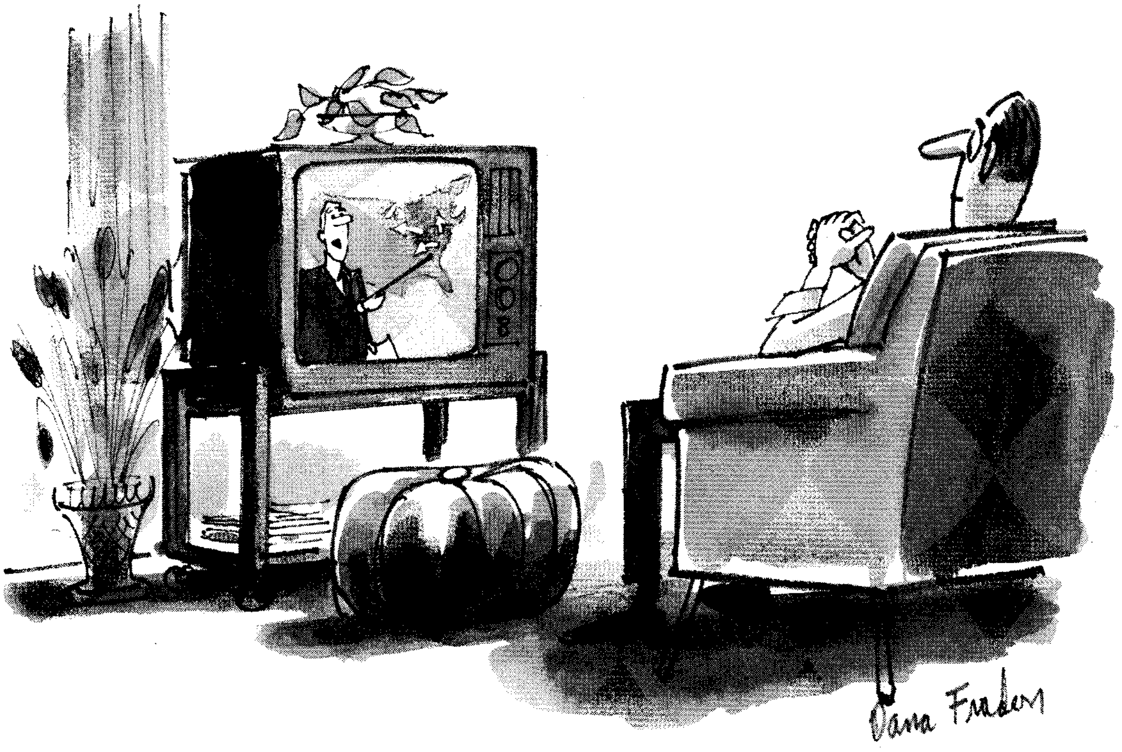
Those on the ceiling (and this is the nub of the matter, as far as Dylan Thomas and I are concerned) patter down continually, either directly or via the suspended lampshade, on my desk and its paraphernalia or, more particularly, on my head, which is to an extent unprotected by hair owing to my own failure to adapt in time to my environment. There are seven of them, all in extremis, on the sheet of paper on which I am typing these words.

This is vexing. Nobody likes to dwell under a perpetual drizzle of Diptera, dead or alive. So remarkable is the ability of a philosophical mind to pursue its speculations, even when its scalp is itching and the pitter-patter of tiny feet, six at a time, on typing paper is almost unendurable, that I begin to wonder whether these tiny flies perhaps die so readily in here because they have unwittingly got themselves into this alternating electromagnetic field of mine. I can well believe that their sensitivity threshold is way below mine, low as that is at this moment, and that their cellular membranes (another term I borrow without much relish from that *Guardian* man) are ill adapted to resist the onslaughts of electricity whizzing now this way, now that about their fragile bodies. If this be so, evolution has had no chance as yet to armor them against so typically human an intrusion into their natural environment. In another million years we shall see what we shall see.

What the philosophical mind requires *now*, of course, is a properly conducted inquiry into the indoor life expectancy of fruit flies when oil lamps or candles were the normal means of illumination in houses. The evidence, though largely negative—an absence of complaints from eighteenth-century writers, for instance—might be suggestive. I do not recall that Dr. Johnson, no sluggard at expressing his displeasure, ever told Boswell that his habitual state of irritability had been increased by a downfall of small flies. His wig would help, I suppose, but even So. (That capital "S" is no printer's error. I used it deliberately, an instant ago, because I reckoned it would just about obliterate the latest fly to arrive on my typing paper; and so it did, the capital



Formal Portrait



"Across-the-board pain, caused by across-the-board budget cuts, has now spread westward out of Washington to the Appalachian range, northward as far as Philadelphia, and as far south as Pea Ridge, North Carolina."

• •

keys on my typewriter being near enough to 3 mm. in height to serve a man in a temper. The resulting smear will not show up in the printed version now before the reader, which is the kind of thing that makes an author's original ms.—or ts., for that matter—so much more valuable than any copy.)

Well, listen to this, which I take without permission from an introductory piece on "English Literary Manuscripts" in Sotheby's November/December, 1984, *International Preview*, a most handsomely illustrated account of mss. and art treasures shortly to be on offer here and there across the world:

> In collecting literary manuscripts, one is after all collecting something written in the artist's chosen medium of expression, a product of Keats's "this warm scribe my hand," and through studying the revisions, one can observe something of the writer's creative processes. Thus one could say that the more untidy the manuscript the more pleasure it gives to the beholder.

Exactly. A squashed fly on the paper can be a more moving indicator of a writer's state of mind—his destructive processes, if you like—than a whole string of expletives. That smeary "S" gives a lot of pleasure to at least one beholder, and Sotheby's are certainly at liberty, as far as I am concerned, to include the present typescript in some forthcoming *Preview*.

IT may seem ungenerous of me, after lifting so handily supportive a quotation from their pages, to say that Sotheby's *Previews* exasperate me almost as much as fruit flies, though they fall on my desk less frequently. I ought to be grateful, for they come to me free and unsolicited. Somehow or other, the idea must have got abroad in London either that I am a man of limitless riches, apt at any moment now to put in a bid for a Corot (estimate: £40,000-60,000) or perhaps "a pair of ebony veneered gilt-bronze and hardstone pier cabinets . . . (£80,000-120,000)," or else that I have a couple of Rembrandts biding their time in the attic. This idea is without foundation; but not on that account do these *Previews* add to my rapidly accumulating store of rage. Envy is not at the root of the matter, either; I never expected to be in the market for Daumier's "Un Wagon de Troisième Classe" ($400,000-600,000), which I see was available to be snapped up in New York on November 14th last, at 7 P.M., and I can do without it now.

No, what upsets me about these catalogues is their relentless accumulation. The treasures of four years' sales that they enshrine are long ago scattered throughout the world—here a Degas in some Brazilian gallery, there a Louis XVI commode fondled by a sheikh in his Surrey mansion. The catalogues remain, pile ever higher on my study windowsill, massive, glossy, and un-get-riddable-of. A man with a sensitivity threshold as low as mine cannot bring himself to throw out seriatim a storehouse of art such as the Getty Museum itself can scarcely boast. What, consign to the dust "a Tournai soup tureen, cover and stand, by Marc Lefèvre, 1776, 52 cm. wide overall"—admittedly reduced in reproduction to 19 cm. overall, but even so! It can't be done.

All the same, a man must have living space, and I begin to ask myself whether, given a fair offer—and, after all, there are people about with more money than they know what to do with, as anybody can tell who has lived with these *Previews* for a year or two— What I am trying to say is, how would this do:

> Set of forty-eight Catalogues Raisonnés, 29.5 cm. x 22.5 cm., covering many of the world's finest art treasures, from 6th-century Attic hydria to slumbering piggy trinket box, 1914, and including Ming blue-and-white vase, 27 cm., with genuine squashed fly, 3 mm., on rim and vendor's original comment alongside. Handsomely illustrated in full color, where appropriate ($500-16,000).

No good. I am not in a mood to make up so formidable a parcel, and anyway I have a more immediate preoccupation. Another fruit fly, this time with just strength enough left to half open its tiny wings, has alighted ahead of me on the paper, and I calculate that I could just about put it out of its misery with an uppercase "W." This I propose to do—noW.

—H. F. ELLIS

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> Kate and Joe Pellham are not very well at all. Some of their children were visiting them this weekend.—*Forsyth (Mo.) Taney County Republican.*

That'll do it.

ANOTHER MARVELLOUS THING

ON a cold, rainy morning in February, Freddie Delielle stood by the window of her hospital room looking out over Central Park. She was a week and a half from the time her baby was due to be born, and she had been put into the hospital because her blood pressure had suddenly gone up and her doctor wanted her constantly monitored and on bed rest.

A solitary jogger in bright-red foul-weather gear ran slowly down the glistening path. The trees were black and the branches were bare. There was not another soul out. Freddie had been in the hospital for five days. The first morning she had woken to the sound of squawking. Since her room was next door to the nursery, she assumed this was a sound some newborns made. The next day she got out of bed at dawn and saw that the meadow was full of seagulls who congregated each morning before the sun came up.

The nursery was an enormous room painted soft yellow. When Freddie went to take the one short walk a day allowed her, she would avert her eyes from the neat rows of babies in their little plastic bins, but once in a while she found herself hungry for the sight of them. Taped to each crib was a blue (I'M A BOY) or pink (I'M A GIRL) card telling mother's name, the time of birth, and birth weight. Freddie was impressed by the surprising range of noises the babies made: mewing, squawking, bleating, piping, and squealing. The fact that she was about to have one of these creatures herself filled her with a combination of bafflement, dread, and longing.

For the past two months her chief entertainment had been to lie in bed and observe her unborn child moving under her skin. It had knocked a paperback book off her stomach and caused the saucer of her coffee cup to jiggle and dance.

Freddie's husband, Grey, was by profession a lawyer, but by temperament and inclination he was a naturalist. Having a baby was right up his street. Books on neonatology and infant psychology replaced the astronomy and bird books on his night table. He gave up reading mysteries for texts on childbirth. One of these books had informed him that babies can hear in the womb, so each night he sang "I'm an Old Cowhand" directly into Freddie's stomach. Another suggested that the educational process could begin before birth. Grey thought he might try to teach the unborn to count.

"Why stop there?" Freddie said. "Teach it fractions."

MIDTOWN CUISINE
VICTOR

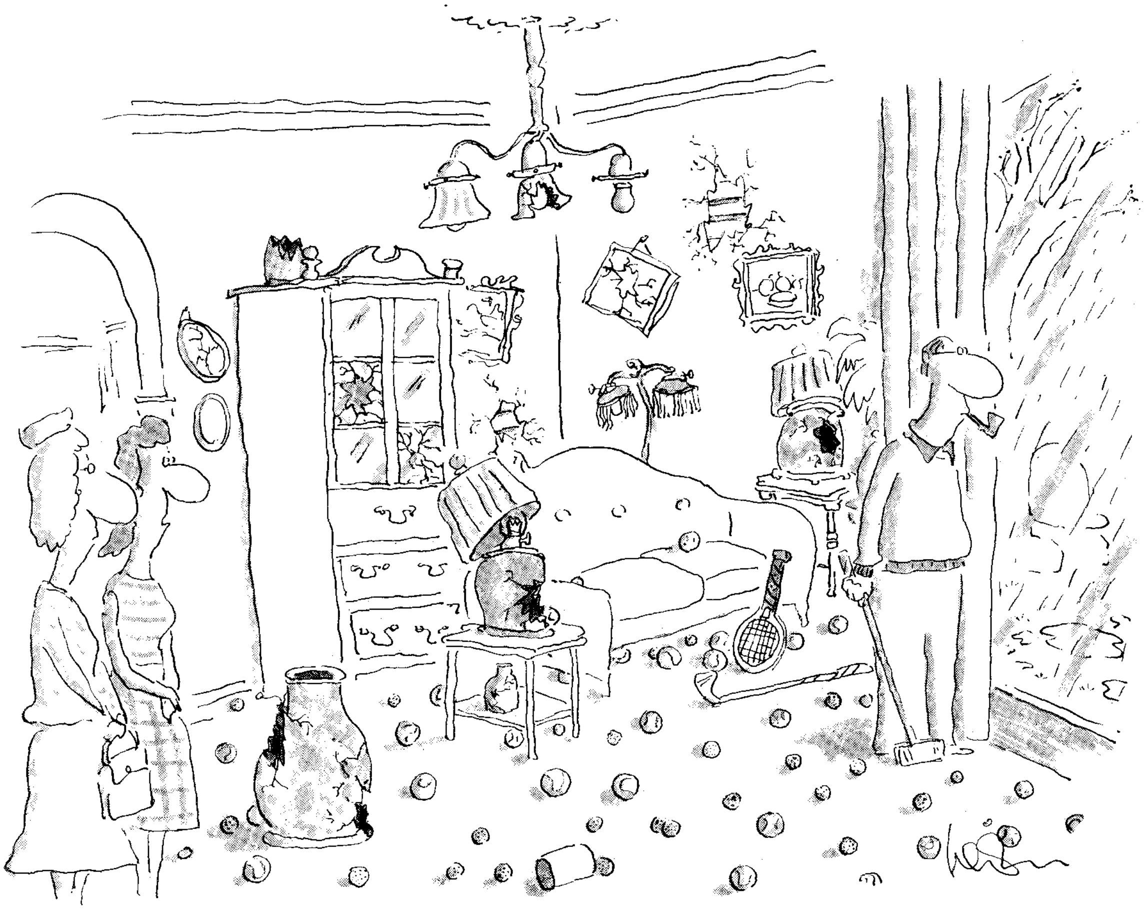
Freddie was an economic historian. She had a horror of the sentimental. In secret—for she would rather have died than show it—the thought of her own baby brought her to tears. Her dreams were full of infants. Babies appeared everywhere. The buses abounded with pregnant women. The whole process seemed to her one half miraculous and the other half preposterous. She looked around her on a crowded street and said to herself, "Every single one of these people was *born*."

Her oldest friend, Penny Stern, said to her, "We all hope that this pregnancy will force you to wear maternity clothes, because they will be so much nicer than what you usually wear." Freddie usually wore her younger brother's castoff shirts, Grey's worn-out sweaters, and a couple of very old skirts. She went shopping for maternity clothes and came home empty-handed. She said, "I don't wear puffed sleeves and frilly bibs and ribbons around my neck when I'm not pregnant, so I don't see why I should have to just because I am pregnant." In the end, she wore Grey's sweaters, and two shapeless skirts with elastic waistbands. Penny forced her to buy one nice black dress, which she wore to teach her weekly class in economic history at the business school.

Grey set about renovating a small spare room that had been used for storage. He scraped and polished the floor, built shelves, and painted the walls pale pink, with the ceiling and moldings glossy white. They had once called this room the lumber room. Now they referred to it as the nursery. On one of the top shelves Grey put his collection of glass-encased bird's nests. He already had in mind a child who would go on nature hikes with him.

As for Freddie, she grimly and without expression submitted herself to the number of advances science had come up with in the field of obstetrics. It was possible to have amniotic fluid withdrawn and analyzed to find out the genetic health of the unborn and, if you wanted to know, its sex. It was possible to lie on a table and with the aid of an ultrasonic scanner see your unborn child in the womb, and to have a photograph of this view. As for Grey, he wished Freddie could have had a sonogram every week, and he watched avidly while Freddie's doctor, a handsome, rather melancholy South African named Jordan Bell, identified a series of blobs and clouds as head, shoulders, and back. Every month in Jordan Bell's office, Freddie heard the amplified sound of her child's heart, and what she heard sounded like galloping horses in the distance.

Freddie went about her business outwardly unflapped. She continued to teach, and she worked on her dissertation. In between, when she was not napping, she made lists of baby things: crib sheets, a stroller, T-shirts, diapers, blankets. Two months before the baby was due, she and Penny went out and bought what was needed. She was glad she had not saved this until the last minute, because after an uneventful pregnancy she was put in the hospital at the beginning of her ninth month. She was monitored constantly. The sense of isolation she had cherished—just herself, Grey, and the unborn baby—was gone. She was in the hands of nurses she had never seen before and she found herself having long conversations with them. She was exhausted, uncertain, and lonely in her hospital room.



"I can hardly wait till the nice weather finally rolls around again."

• •

FREDDIE was admitted wearing the nice black dress Penny had made her buy, and taken to a private room that overlooked the Park. At the bottom of her bed were two towels and a hospital gown that tied up the back. Getting undressed to go to bed in the afternoon made her feel like a child banished for a nap. She did not put on the hospital gown. Instead, she put on the plaid flannel nightshirt of Grey's that she had packed in her bag weeks before in case she went into labor in the middle of the night.

"I hate it here already," Freddie said.

"It's an awfully nice view," Grey said. "If it were a little further along in the season, I could bring my field glasses and see what's nesting."

"I'll never get out of here," Freddie said.

"Not only will you get out of here," said Grey, "you will be released a totally transformed woman. You have heard Jordan say many times, 'All babies get born, one way or another.' "

Grey and Freddie had met as children at school in London, where they, along with Penny Stern, were members of a small band of Americans. They knew each other practically by heart. When Freddie was exasperated, she pushed her lank, brown hair out of her eyes. When tired, she rubbed her face. When upset, she tightened her jaw. But Grey had never seen her so upset before. He held her hand. "Don't worry," he said. "Jordan said this isn't serious. It's just a complication. The baby will be fine and you'll be fine. Besides, it won't know how to be a baby and we won't know how to be parents."

Grey had taken off his jacket and he felt a wet place where Freddie had laid her cheek. He did not know how to comfort her.

"I thought nature was supposed to take over and do all this for us," Freddie said into his arm.

"It will," Grey said.

Visiting hours began at seven o'clock. Even with the door closed Freddie could hear shrieks and coos and laughter. With her door open she could hear champagne corks being popped.

Grey closed the door. "You didn't eat much dinner," he said. "Why don't I go around the corner to the delicatessen and get you something?"

"I'm not hungry," Freddie said. She did not know what was in front of her, or how long she would be in this room, or how and when the baby would be born.

"I'll call Penny and have her bring something," Grey said.

"I already talked to her," Freddie said. "She and David are taking you out to dinner." David was Penny's husband, David Hooks.

"You're trying to get rid of me," Grey said.

"I'm not," Freddie said. "You've been here all day, practically. I just want the comfort of knowing that you're being fed and looked after. I think you should go soon."

"It's too early," said Grey. "Fathers don't have to leave when visiting hours are over."

"You're not a father yet," Freddie said. "Go."

After he left, she stood by the window to watch him cross the street and wait for the bus. It was dark and cold and it had begun to sleet. When she saw him, she felt pierced with desolation. He was wearing his old camel's-hair coat, and the wind blew through his wavy hair. He stood back on his heels as he had as a boy. He turned around and scanned the building for her window. When he saw her, he waved and smiled. Freddie waved back. A taxi, thinking it was being hailed, stopped. Grey got in, and was driven off.

EVERY three hours a nurse appeared to take Freddie's temperature, blood pressure, and pulse. After Grey had gone, the night nurse appeared. She was a tall, middle-aged black woman named Mrs. Perch. In her hand she carried what looked like a suitcase full of dials and wires.

"Don't be alarmed," Mrs. Perch said. She had a soft West Indian accent. "It is only a portable fetal-heart monitor. You get to say good morning and good evening to your child." She squirted a blob of cold blue jelly on Freddie's stomach and pushed a transducer around in it, listening for the beat. At once Freddie heard the sound of galloping hooves. Mrs. Perch timed the beats against her watch.

"Nice and healthy," Mrs. Perch said.

"Which part of this baby is where?" Freddie said.

"Well, his head is back here, and his back is there, and here is the rump, and the feet are near your ribs. Or hers, of course."

"I wondered if that was a foot kicking me," Freddie said.

"My second boy got his foot under my ribs and kicked with all his might," Mrs. Perch said.

Freddie sat up in bed. She grabbed Mrs. Perch's hand. "Is this baby going to be all right?" she said.

"Oh my, yes," Mrs. Perch said. "You're not a very interesting case. Many others much more complicated than you have come out fine, and you'll be fine, too."

At four in the morning, another nurse appeared—a florid Englishwoman. Freddie had spent a restless night, her heart pounding, her throat dry.

"Your pressure's up, dear," said the nurse, whose tag read "M. Whitely." "Dr. Bell has written orders that if your pressure goes up you're to have a shot of hydrolozine. It doesn't hurt baby—did he explain that to you?"

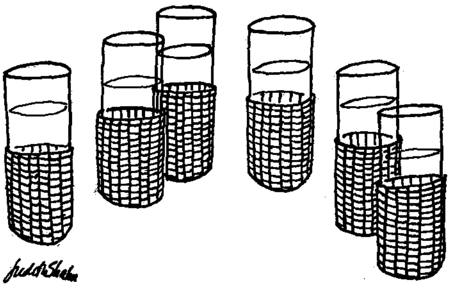
"Yes," said Freddie groggily.

"It may give you a little headache."

"What else?"

"That's all," Miss Whitely said.

The shot put Freddie to sleep, and she woke with a pounding headache. When she rang the bell, the nurse who had admitted her appeared. Her name was Bonnie Near, and she was Freddie's day nurse. She gave Freddie a pill and then taped a tongue depressor wrapped in gauze over her bed.



GOING UNDER

Out here the scavengers work the kitchens
Of the sea and the cormorant's bragging wings
Look like the cheapest stage effects,
And we see what we do not want to see—
The drowned struggling at their labors far
Below, their breathless bodies striving
To be again what once they were:
Machines for making it to shore.

Benevolence won't save this scene the way
Work saves madmen from the bottom drawer
Of categories, the way words throw
Meaning against the pursuing chaos.
The drowned stay drowned, and are gradually erased;
Buried in sand, they reappear or vanish.

Out on this sandbar even the tallest
Eventually go under, their last glimpse
A skyline of seaside houses leaning
Against each other, enduring once more
The sunset's lessons in oils. Is this
Where our dear ones have fallen, one by one?

The shoreline is farther and farther away.
The houses are toppling into sticks, the sand
Refusing to mound into dunes to save them.
Still, it is the human that makes demands—
The headlights grommets in the dark, the men
Climbing out of fishing boats, heading for home
To the faraway sounds of shouts and horns.

Not all of the drowned are in the sea.
I have seen you sullen with remorse, defeat,
Crying for the light never to go out,
Crying, "I don't know if I can bear it . . ."

I think of you . . .

Surely you will have coasted in now, on the waves.

—HOWARD MOSS

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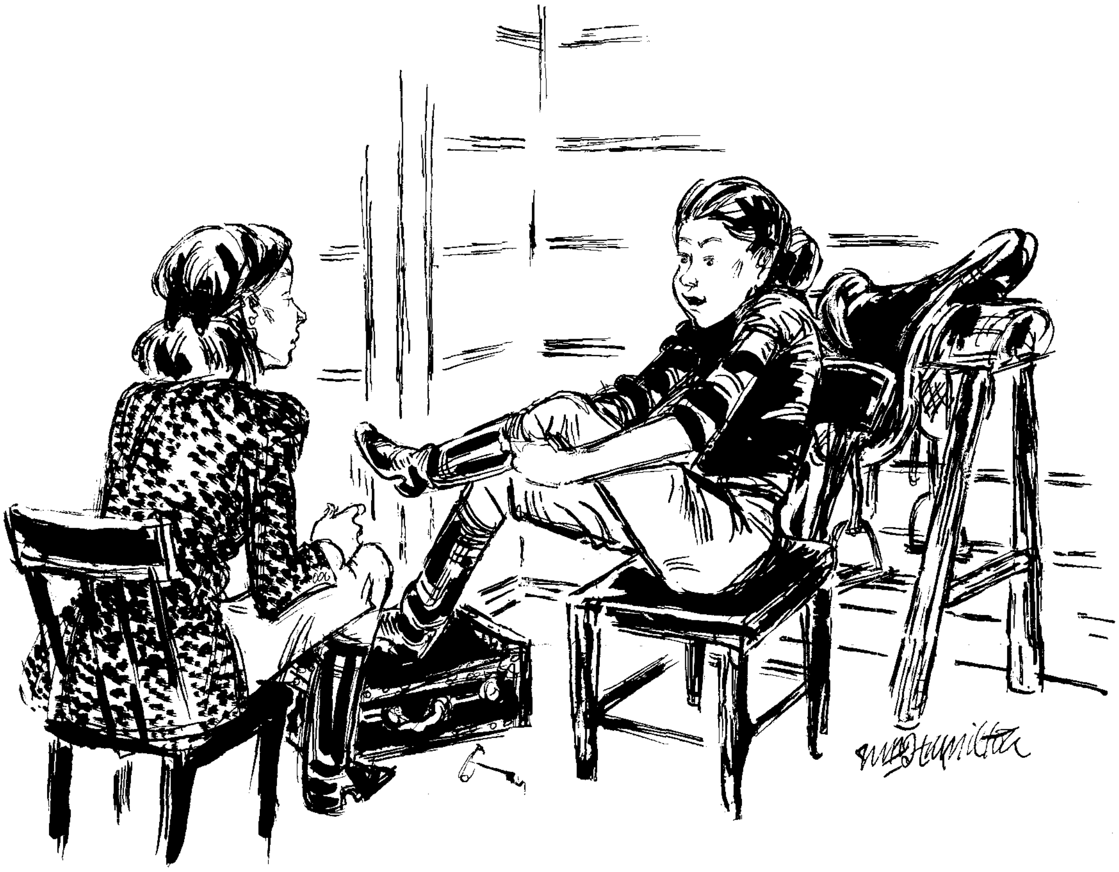


"We're all pretty tense. My father is a takeover target."

"What's that for?" Freddie said.

"Don't ask."

"I want to know."

Bonnie Near sat down on the end of the bed. She was a few years older than Freddie, trim and wiry, with short hair and tiny diamond earrings.

"It's hospital policy," she said. "The hydrolozine gives you a headache, right? You ring to get something to make it go away, and because you have high blood pressure everyone assumes that the blood pressure caused it, not the drug. So this thing gets taped above your bed in case of the one chance in about fifty-five million you have a convulsion."

Freddie turned her face away and stared out the window.

"Hey, hey," said Bonnie Near. "None of this. I noticed yesterday that you're quite a worrier. Are you like this when you're not in the hospital? I would tell you if I was worried about you. I'm not. You're just the common garden variety."

• •

EVERY morning Grey appeared with two cups of coffee and the morning paper. He sat in a chair and he and Freddie read the paper together as they did at home.

"Is the house still standing?" Freddie asked after several days. "Are the banks open? Did you bring the mail? I feel I've been here ten months, instead of a week."

"The mail was very boring," Grey said. "Except for this booklet from the Minnesota Loon Society. You'll be happy to know that you can order a record called 'Loon Music.' Would you like a copy?"

"If I moved over," Freddie said, "would you take off your jacket and come next to me?"

Grey took off his jacket and shoes and curled up next to Freddie. He pressed his nose into her hair and looked as if he could drift off to sleep in a second. "Child World called about the crib," he said sleepily. "They want to know if we want white paint or natural pine. I said natural."

"That's what I think I ordered," Freddie said. "They let the husbands stay over in this place. They call them 'dads.' "

"I'm not a dad yet, as you pointed out," Grey said. "Maybe they'll just let me take naps here."

There was a knock on the door. Grey sprang to his feet, and Jordan Bell appeared. "Don't look so nervous, Freddie," he said. "I have good news. I think we want to get this baby born if your pressure isn't going to go down. I think we ought to induce you."

Freddie and Grey were silent.

"The way it works is that we put you on a drip of pitocin, which is a synthetic of the chemical your brain produces when you go into labor."

"We know," said Freddie. "Katherine went over it in childbirth class." Katherine Walden was Jordan Bell's nurse. "When do you want to do this?"

"Tomorrow," Jordan Bell said.

"And if it doesn't work?"

"It usually does," said Jordan Bell. "If it doesn't, we do a second-day induction."

"And if that doesn't work?"

"It generally does. If it doesn't, we do a cesarean section, but you'll be awake and Grey can hold your hand."

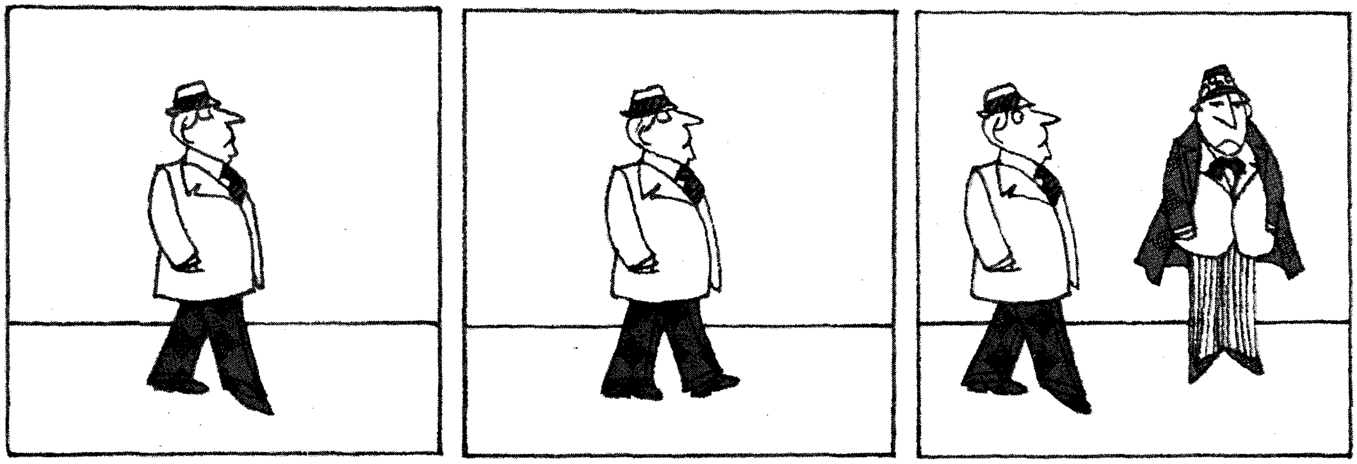
"Oh, what fun," said Freddie.

When Jordan Bell left, Freddie burst into tears. "Why isn't anything normal?" she said. "Why do I have to lie here day after day listening to other people's babies crying? Why is my body betraying me like this?"

Grey kissed her and then took her hands. "There is no such thing as normal," he said. "Everyone we've talked to has some story or other—heads that are too big, babies that won't budge, thirty-hour labors. A cesarean is a perfectly respectable way of getting born."

"What about me? What about me getting all stuck up with tubes and cut up into little pieces?" Freddie said, and she was instantly ashamed. "I hate being like this. I feel I've lost myself and some horrible, whimpering, whining person has taken me over."

"Think about how in two months



we'll have a two-month-old baby to take to the Park."

"Do you really think everything is going to be all right?" Freddie said.

"Yes," said Grey. "I do. In six months we'll all be in Maine."

Freddie lay in bed with her door closed reading her brochure from the Loon Society. She thought about the cottage she and Grey rented every August in Jewell Neck, Maine, on a lagoon. There at night, with blackness all around them and not a light to be seen, they heard great horned owls and loons calling their night cries to one another. Loon mothers carried their chicks on their backs, Freddie knew. The last time she had heard those cries she had been just three months pregnant. The next time she heard them, she would have a child.

She thought about the baby shower Penny had given her—a lunch party for ten women. At the end of it, Freddie and Grey's unborn child had received cotton and wool blankets, little sweaters, tiny garments with feet, and two splendid Teddy bears. The Teddy bears had sat on the coffee table. Freddie remembered the strange, light feeling in her chest as she looked at them. She had picked them both up and laughed with astonishment.

At a red light on the way home in a taxi, surrounded by boxes and bags of baby presents, she saw something that made her heart stop: a man in a familiar tweed coat and a long paisley scarf walking down the street. It was James Clemens, who for two years had been her illicit lover.

With the exception of her family, Freddie was close only to Grey and Penny Stern. She had never been the subject of anyone's romantic passion. She and Grey, after all, had been fated to marry. She had loved him all her life. But James had pursued her; no one had ever pursued her before. He had two grown sons and had prematurely retired from his investment-banking firm to write a book on economics and architecture. He behaved as if he had little else to do in life than be amused by Freddie.

The usual signs of romance were as unknown to Freddie as the workings of a cyclotron. Crushes, she felt, were for children. She did not really believe that adults had them. One day when James came to visit wearing his tweed coat and the ridiculously long paisley scarf he affected, after many visits, lunches, and meetings Freddie had believed to be accidental, she realized with despair that she loved him.

The fact of James was the most exotic thing that had ever happened in Freddie's fairly stolid, uneventful life. He was as brilliant as a painted bunting. He was also, in marked contrast to Freddie, beautifully dressed. He did not know one tree from another. To him all birds were either robins or crows. He was avowedly urban and his pleasures were urban. He loved opera, cocktail parties, and lunches. They did not agree about economic theory, either. Nevertheless, they began to spend what now seemed to Freddie an amazing amount of time together. She learned that a pair of lovers constitute an entity not unlike a primitive society, with rules, songs and chants, taboos, and rituals. When she fell in love, she fell as if backward into a swimming pool. In the end she felt her life was being ruined.

She had not seen James for a long time. In that brief glance at the red light she saw his paisley scarf. She could see its long fringes flapping in the breeze. It was amazing that someone who had been so close to her did not know that she was having a baby. As the cab pulled away, she did not look back. She stared rigidly forward, flanked on either side by presents for her unborn child.

The baby kicked. Mothers-to-be should not be lying in hospital beds thinking about illicit love affairs. Of course, if you were like the other mothers on the maternity floor and had never had an illicit love affair, you would not be punished by lying in the hospital in the first place. You would go into labor like everyone else, and come rushing into Maternity Admitting with your husband and your suitcase. By this time tomorrow she would have her baby in her arms, just like everyone else.

At six in the morning, Bonnie Near woke her. "You can brush your teeth," she said. "But don't drink any water. And your therapist is here to see you, but don't be long."

The door opened and Penny walked in. "And how are we today?" she said. "Any strange dreams or odd thoughts?"

"How did you get in here?" Freddie said.

"I said I was your psychiatrist and that you were being induced today and so forth," Penny said. "I just came to say good luck. Here's all the change we had in the house. Tell Grey to call constantly. I'll see you all tonight."

Freddie was taken to the labor floor and hooked up to a fetal-heart monitor, whose transducers were kept on her abdomen by a large elastic cummerbund. A stylish-looking nurse wearing hospital greens, a string of pearls, and perfectly applied pink lipstick poked her head through the door.

"Hi!" she said in a bright voice.

JOSEPH FARRIS

"I'm Joanne Kelly. You're my patient today." She had the kind of voice and smile Freddie could not imagine anyone's using in private. "Now, how are we? Fine? All right. Here's what we're going to do. First of all, we're going to put this I.V. into your arm. It will only hurt a little, and then we're going to hook you up to something called pitocin. Has Dr. Bell explained any of this to you?"

"All," said Freddie.

"Neat," Joanne Kelly said. "We *like* an informed patient. Put your arm out, please." Freddie stuck out her arm. Joanne Kelly wrapped a rubber thong under her elbow. "Nice veins," she said. "You would have made a lovely junkie.

"Now we're going to start the pitocin," Joanne Kelly said. "We start off slow to see how you do. Then we escalate." She looked Freddie up and down. "O.K.," she said. "We're off and running. Now, I've got a lady moaning and groaning in the next room, so I have to go and coach her. I'll be back real soon."

Freddie lay looking at the clock, or watching the pitocin and glucose drip into her arm. She could not get a comfortable position, and the noise of the fetal-heart monitor was loud and harsh. The machine itself spat out a continual line of data.

Jordan Bell appeared at the foot of her bed. "An exciting day—yes, Freddie?" he said. "What time is Grey coming?"

"I told him to sleep late," Freddie said. "All the nurses told me that this can take a long time. How am I supposed to feel when it starts working?"

"If all goes well, you'll start to have contractions, and then they'll get stronger, and then you'll have your baby."

"Just like that?" said Freddie.

"Pretty much just like that."

But by five o'clock nothing much had happened. Grey sat in a chair next to the bed. From time to time, he checked the data. He had been checking them all day. "That contraction went right off the paper," he said. "What did it feel like?"

"Intense," Freddie said. "It just doesn't hurt."

"You're still in the early stages," said Jordan Bell when he came to check her. "I'm willing to stay on if you want to continue, but the baby might not be born till tomorrow."

"I'm beat," said Freddie.

"Here's what we can do," Jordan Bell said. "We can keep going or we can start again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," said Freddie.

SHE woke up exhausted, with her head pounding. The sky was cloudy and the glare hurt her eyes. In the night, her blood pressure had gone up. She had begged not to have a shot—she did not see how she could go into labor feeling so terrible—but the shot was given. It had been a long, sleepless night.

She had been taken to a different labor room, where she lay alone with a towel covering one eye, trying to nap, when a new nurse appeared by her side. This one looked very young, had curly hair, and thick, slightly rose-tinted glasses. Her tag read "EVA GOTTLIEB." Underneath she wore a button that said "EVA: WE DELIVER."

"Hi," said Eva Gottlieb. "I'm sorry I woke you, but I'm your nurse for the day and I have to get you started."

"I'm here for a lobotomy," Freddie said. "What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm going to run a line in you," Eva Gottlieb said. "And then I don't know what. Because your blood pressure is high, I'm supposed to wait until Jordan gets here." She looked at Freddie carefully. "I know it's scary," she said. "But the worst that can happen is that you have to be sectioned and that's not so bad."

Freddie's head throbbed. "That's easy for you to say," she said. "I'm the section."

Eva Gottlieb smiled. "I'm a terrific nurse," she said. "I'll stay with you."

Tears sprang into Freddie's eyes. "Why will you?"

"Well, first of all, it's my job," said Eva. "And second of all, you look like a reasonable person."

Freddie looked at Eva carefully. She felt instant, total trust. Perhaps that was part of being in hospitals and having babies. Everyone you came into contact with came very close very fast.

Freddie's head throbbed. Eva was hooking her up to the fetal-heart monitor. Her touch was strong and sure, and she seemed to know Freddie did not want to be talked to. She flicked the machine on, and Freddie heard the familiar sound of galloping hooves.

"Is there any way to turn it down?" Freddie said.

"Sure," said Eva. "But some people find it consoling."

As the morning wore on, Freddie's blood pressure continued to rise. Eva was with her constantly.

"What are they going to do to me?" Freddie asked.

"I think they're probably going to give you magnesium sulfate to get your blood pressure down and then they're going to section you. Jordan does a gorgeous job, believe me. I won't let them do anything to you without explaining it first, and if you get out of bed first thing tomorrow and start moving around you'll be fine."

Twenty minutes later, a doctor Freddie had never seen before administered a dose of magnesium sulfate.

"Can't you do this?" Freddie asked Eva.

"It's heavy-duty stuff," Eva said. "It has to be done by a doctor."

"Can they wait until my husband gets here?"

"It's too dangerous," said Eva. "It has to be done. I'll stay with you."

The drug made her hot and flushed, and brought her blood pressure straight down. For the next hour, Freddie tried to sleep. She had never been so tired. Eva brought her cracked ice to suck on and a cool cloth for her head. The baby wiggled and writhed, and the fetal-heart monitor recorded its every move. Finally, Grey and Jordan Bell were standing at the foot of her bed.

"O.K., Freddie," said Jordan Bell. "Today's the day. We must get that baby out. I've explained to Grey about the mag sulfate. We both agree that you must have a cesarean."

"*When?*" Freddie said.

"In the next hour I have to check two patients and then we're off to the races."

"What do you think?" Freddie asked Grey.

"It's right," Grey said.

"And what about you?" Freddie said to Eva.

"It has to be done," Eva said.

Jordan Bell was smiling a genuine smile and he looked dashing and happy.

"Why is he so uplifted?" Freddie asked Eva after he had rushed down the hall.

"He loves the O.R.," she said. "He loves deliveries. Think of it this way: you're going to get your baby at last."

FREDDIE lay on a gurney, waiting to be rolled down the hall. Grey, wearing hospital scrubs, stood beside her, holding her hand. She had been prepped and given an epidural anesthesia, and she could no longer feel her legs. "Look at me," she said to Grey. "I'm a mass of tubes. I'm a miracle of modern science." She put his hand over her eyes.

Grey squatted down to put his head near hers. He looked expectant, exhausted, and worried, but when he saw her scanning his face he smiled. "It's going to be swell," Grey said. "We'll find out if it's little William or little Ella."

Freddie paced her breathing to try to breathe away her fear, but she thought she ought to say something to keep up the side. She said, "I knew we never should have had sexual intercourse." Grey gripped her hand tight and smiled. Eva laughed. "Don't you guys leave me," Freddie said.

Freddie was wheeled down the hall by an orderly. Grey held one hand, Eva held the other. Then they left her to scrub.

She was taken to a large, pale-green room. Paint was peeling on the ceiling in the corner. An enormous lamp hung over her head. The anesthesiologist appeared and tapped her foot. "Can you feel this?" he said.

"It doesn't feel like feeling," Freddie said. She was trying to keep her breathing steady.

"Excellent," he said.

Then Jordan Bell appeared at her feet, and Grey stood by her head.

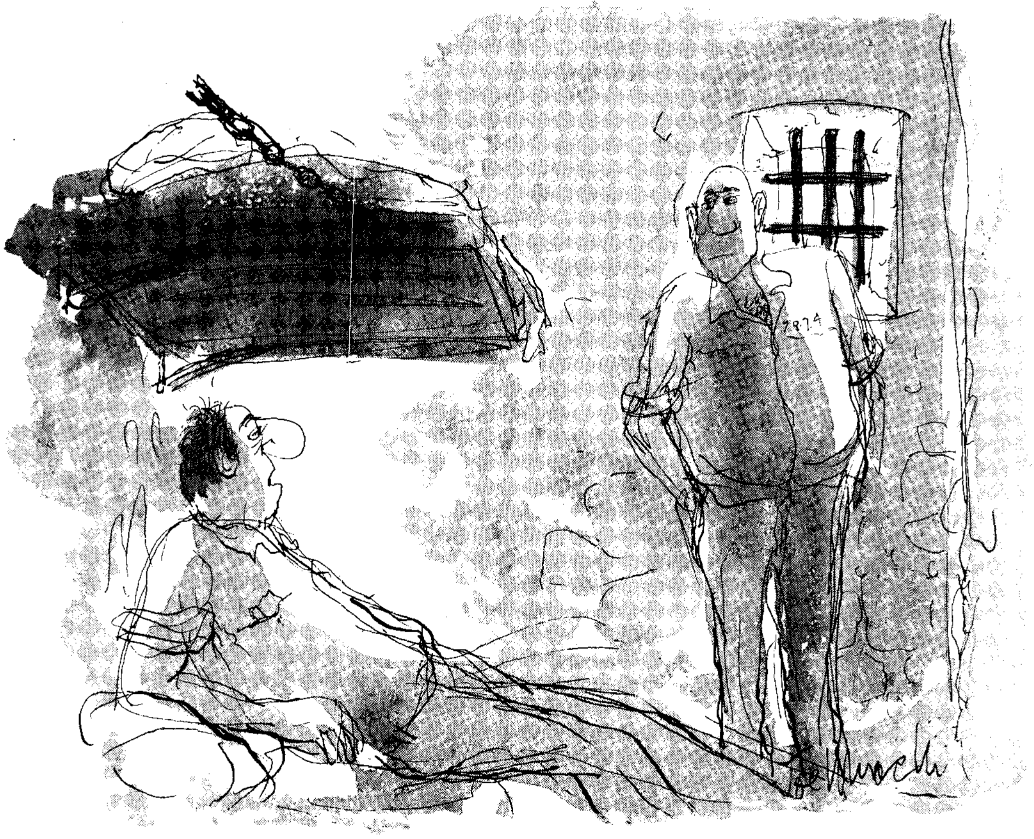
Eva bent down. "I know you'll hate this, but I have to tape your hands down, and I have to put this oxygen mask over your face. It comes off as soon as the baby's born, and it's good for you and the baby."

Freddie took a deep breath. The room was very hot. A screen was placed over her chest.

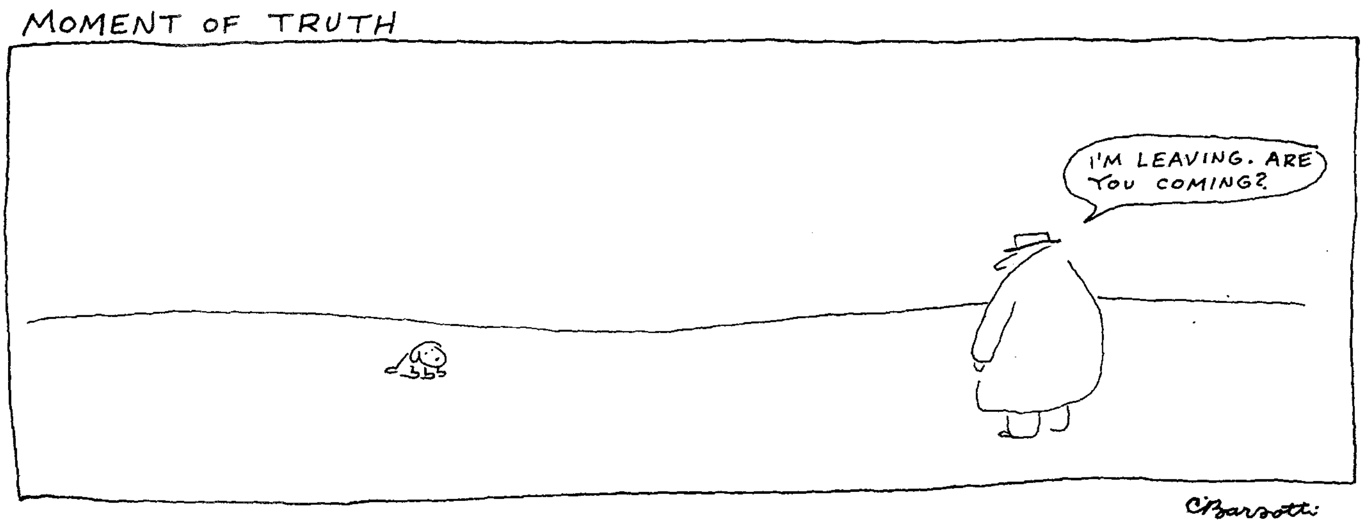
"It's so you can't see," said Eva. "Here's the mask. I know it'll freak you out, but just breathe nice and easy. Believe me, this is going to be fast."

Freddie's arms were taped, her legs were numb, and a clear plastic mask was placed over her nose and mouth. She was so frightened she wanted to cry out, but it was impossible. Instead, she breathed as Katherine Walden had taught her to. Every time a wave of panic rose, she breathed it down. Grey held her hand. His face was blank and his glasses were fogged. His hair was covered by a green cap and his brow was wet. There was nothing she could do for him, except squeeze his hand.

"Now, Freddie," said



"I robbed Peter to pay Paul, and then I figured what the hell and robbed Paul, too."



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Jordan Bell, "you'll feel something cold on your stomach. I'm painting you with Betadine. All right, here we go."

Freddie felt something like dull tugging. She heard the sound of foamy water. Then she felt the baby being slipped from her. She turned to Grey. His glasses had unfogged and his eyes were round as quarters. She heard a high, angry scream.

"Here's your boy," said Jordan Bell. "It's a beautiful, healthy boy."

Eva lifted the mask off Freddie's face.

"He's perfectly healthy," Eva said. "Listen to those lungs!" She took the baby to be weighed and tested. Then she came back to Freddie. "He's perfect, but he's little—just under five pounds. We have to take him upstairs to the preemie nursery. It's policy when they're not five pounds."

"Give him to me," Freddie said. She tried to free her hands, but they were securely taped.

"I'll bring him to you," Eva said. "But he can't stay down here. He's too small. It's for the baby's safety, I promise you. . . . Look, here he is."

The baby was held against her forehead. The moment he came near her he stopped shrieking. He was mottled and wet.

"Please let me have him," Freddie said.

"He'll be fine," Eva said. Then she took him away.

THE next morning Freddie rang for the nurse and demanded that her I.V. be disconnected. Twenty minutes later she was out of bed and slowly walking.

"I feel as if someone had crushed my pelvic bones," Freddie said.

"Someone did," said the nurse.

Two hours later, she was put into a wheelchair and pushed by a nurse into the elevator and taken to the Infant Intensive Care Unit. At the door, the nurse said, "I'll wheel you in."

"I can walk," Freddie said. "But thank you very much."

Inside, she was instructed to scrub with surgical soap and to put on a sterile gown. Then she walked very slowly and very stiffly down the hall. A Chinese nurse stopped her.

"I'm William Delielle's mother," she said. "Where is he?"

The nurse consulted a clipboard, and pointed Freddie down a hallway. Another nurse in a side room pointed to an isolette—a large plastic case with porthole windows. There, on a white cloth, lay her child.

He was fast asleep on his stomach, his little arm stretched in front of him—an exact replica of Grey's sleeping posture. On his back were two discs the size of nickels, hooked up to wires that measured his temperature and his heart and respiration rates on a console above his isolette. He was long and skinny and beautiful.

"He looks like a little chicken," said Freddie. "May I hold him?"

"Oh, no," said the nurse. "Not for a while. He mustn't be stressed." She gave Freddie a long look and said, "But you can open the windows and touch him."

Freddie opened a porthole window and touched his leg. He shivered slightly. She wanted to disconnect his probes, scoop him up, and hold him next to her. She stood quietly, her hand resting lightly on his calf.

The room was bright, hot, and busy. Nurses came and went, washing their hands, checking charts, making notes, diapering, changing bottles of glucose solution. There were three other children in the room. One was very tiny and had a miniature I.V. attached to a vein in her head. A pink card was taped on her isolette. Freddie looked on the side of William's isolette. There was a blue card, and in Grey's tiny printing was written "WILLIAM DELIELLE."

LATER in the morning, when Grey appeared in her room, he found Freddie sitting next to a glass-encased pump.

"This is the well-known breast pump. Electric. Made in Switzerland," Freddie said.

"It's like the medieval clock at Salisbury Cathedral," Grey said, peering into the glass case. "I just came from seeing William. He's much *longer* than I thought. I called all the grandparents. In fact, I was on the telephone all night after I left you." He gave her a list of messages. "They're feeding him in half an hour."

Freddie looked at her watch. To begin with, she had been instructed to use the pump for three minutes on each breast. Her milk, however, would not be given to William, who, the doctors said, was too little to nurse. He would be given carefully measured formula, and Freddie would eventually have to wean him from the bottle and to herself. The prospect of this seemed very remote.

As the days went by, Freddie's room filled with books and flowers, but she spent most of her time in the Infant I.C.U. She could touch William but not hold him. The morning before she was to be discharged, Freddie went to William's eight-o'clock feeding. She thought how lovely it would be to feed him at home, how they might sit in the rocking chair and watch the birds in the garden below. In William's present home, there was no morning and no night. He had never been in a dark room, or heard bird sounds or traffic noise or felt a cool draft.

William was asleep wearing a diaper and a little T-shirt. The sight of him seized Freddie with emotion.

"You can hold him today," the nurse said.

"Yes?"

"Yes, and you can feed him today, too."

Freddie bowed her head. She took a steadying breath. "How can I hold him with all this hardware on him?" she said.

"I'll show you," said the nurse. She switched off the console, reached into the isolette, and gently untaped William's probes. Then she showed Freddie how to change him, put on his T-shirt, and swaddle him in a cotton blanket. In an instant, he was in Freddie's arms.

He was still asleep, but he made little screeching noises and wrinkled his nose. He moved against her and nudged his head into her neck. The nurse led her to a rocking chair, and for the first time she sat down with her baby. All around her, lights blazed. The radio was on and a sweet male voice sang, "I want you to be mine, I want you to be mine, I want to take you home, I want you to be mine."

William opened his eyes and blinked. Then he yawned and began to cry.

"He's hungry," the nurse said, putting a small bottle into Freddie's hand.

She fed him and burped him, and then she held him in her arms and rocked him to sleep. In the process, she fell asleep, too, and was woken by the nurse and Grey, who had come from work.

"You must put him back now," said the nurse. "He's been out a long time, and we don't want to stress him."

"It's awful to think that being with his mother creates stress," Freddie said.

"Oh, no!" the nurse said. "That's not what I mean. I mean his isolette is temperature-controlled."

ONCE Freddie was discharged from the hospital she had to commute to see William. She went to the two morning feedings, came home for a nap, and met Grey for the five-o'clock. They raced out for dinner and came back for the eight. Grey would not let Freddie stay for the eleven.

Each morning, she saw Dr. Edmunds, the head of neonatology. He was a tall, slow-talking, sandy-haired man with horn-rimmed glasses.

"I know you will never want to hear this under any other circumstances," he said to Freddie, "but your baby is very boring."

"How boring?"

"Very boring. He's doing just what he ought to do." William had gone to the bottom of his growth curve and was beginning to gain a little. "As soon as he's a bit fatter, he's all yours."

Freddie stood in front of William's isolette watching him sleep. "This is like having an affair with a married man," Freddie said to the nurse who was folding diapers next to her.

The nurse looked at her uncomprehendingly.

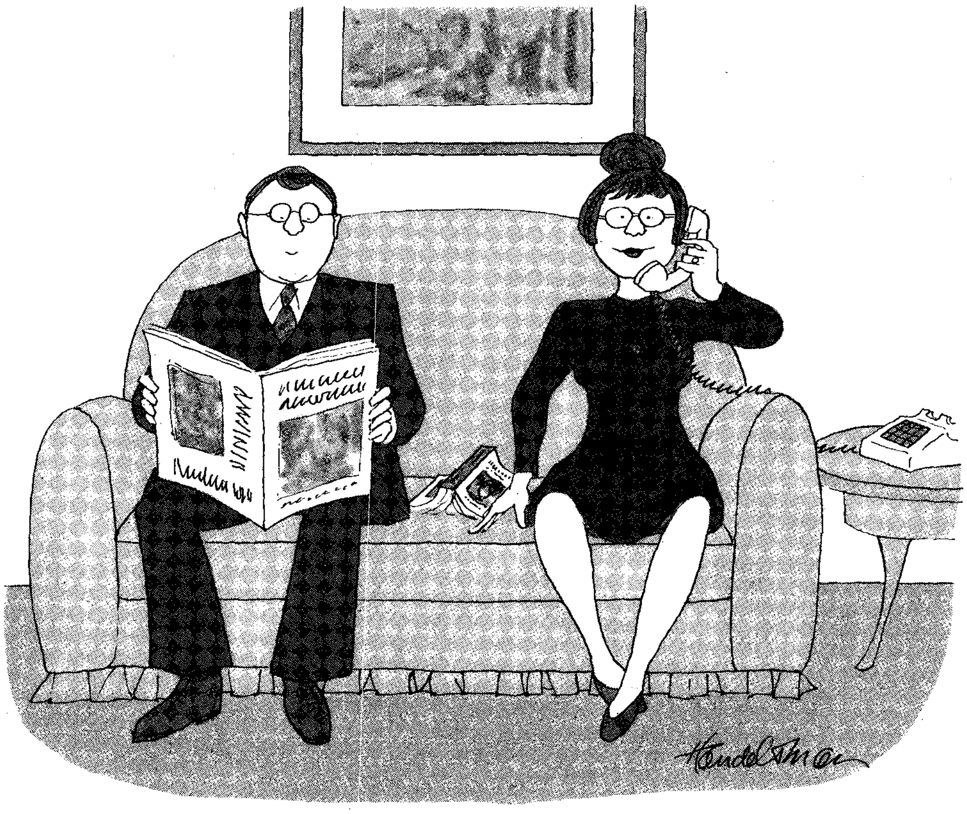
"I mean you love the person but can only see him at certain times," said Freddie.

The nurse was young and plump. "I guess I see what you mean," she said.

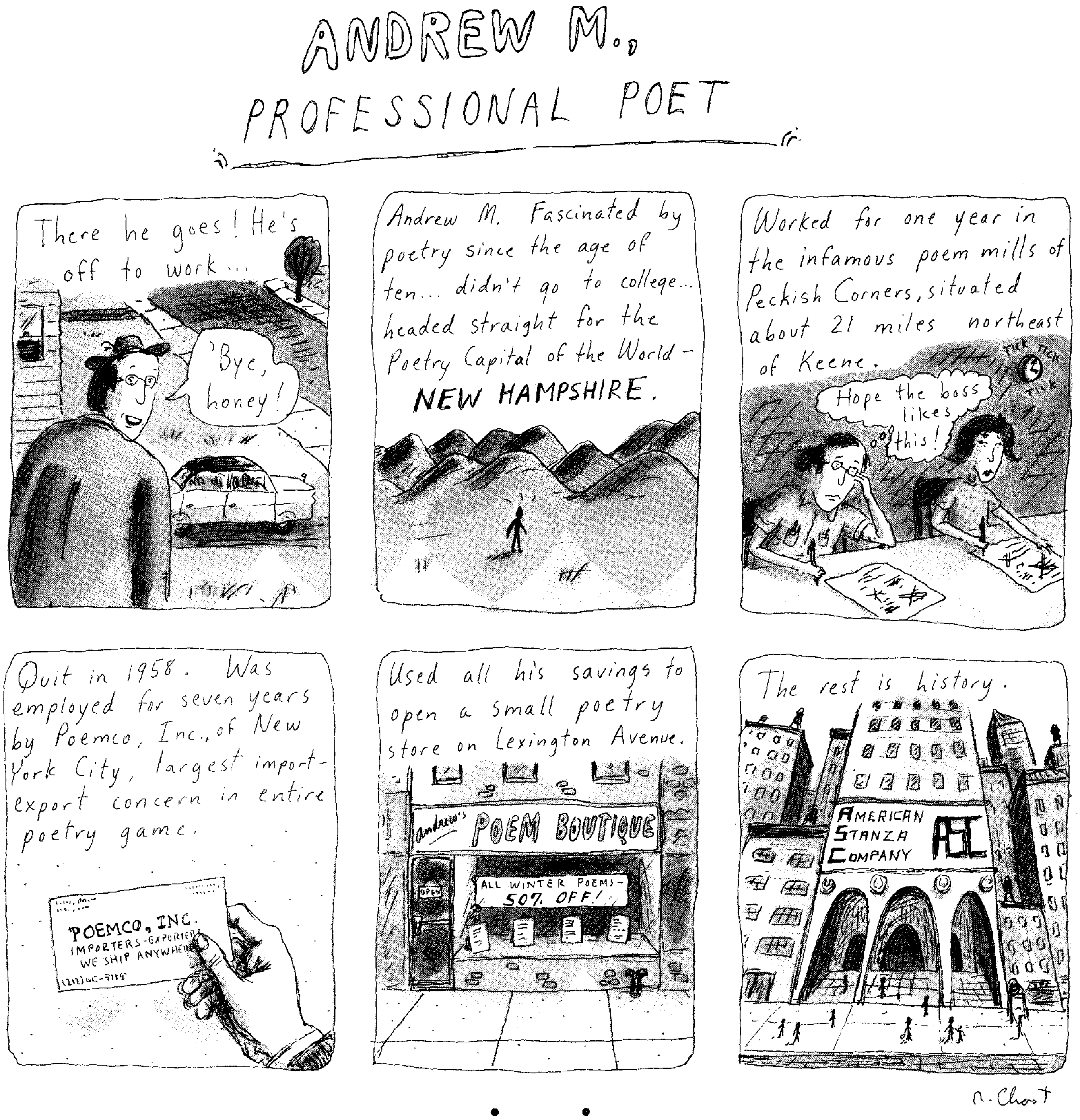
At home, William's room was waiting. The crib had been delivered and put together by Grey. While Freddie was in the hospital, Grey had finished William's room. The Teddy bears sat on the shelves. A mobile of ducks and geese hung over the crib. Grey had bought a secondhand rocking chair and had painted it red. Freddie had thought that she would be unable to face William's empty room. Instead, she found that she could scarcely stay out of it. She folded and refolded his clothes, reorganized his drawers, arranged his crib blankets. She decided what should be his homecoming clothes and set them out on the changing table along with a cotton receiving blanket and a wool shawl. But even though he did not look at all fragile—he looked spidery and tough—the days were very long and it often felt to Freddie that she would never have him. She and Grey had been told that William's entire hospital stay, from day of birth, would be ten days to two weeks.

One day when she felt she could not stand much more, Freddie was told that she might try nursing him.

She was put behind a screen in William's room, near an isolette contain-



"This is the residence of Olive and Ken Marsden, a couple entirely without guile."


ANDREW M.,
PROFESSIONAL POET
There he goes! He's off to work...
'Bye, honey!
Andrew M. Fascinated by poetry since the age of ten... didn't go to college... headed straight for the Poetry Capital of the World – NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Worked for one year in the infamous poem mills of Peckish Corners, situated about 21 miles northeast of Keene.
TICK TICK TICK
Hope the boss likes this!
Quit in 1958. Was employed for seven years by Poemco, Inc., of New York City, largest import-export concern in entire poetry game.
POEMCO, INC.
IMPORTERS-EXPORTERS
WE SHIP ANYWHERE
Used all his savings to open a small poetry store on Lexington Avenue.
Andrew's POEM BOUTIQUE
OPEN
ALL WINTER POEMS – 50% OFF!
The rest is history.
AMERICAN STANZA COMPANY
ASC
R. Chast

• •

ing an enormous baby who was having breathing difficulties. She was told to keep on her sterile gown, and was given sterile water to wash her breasts with. At the sight of his mother's naked bosom, William began to howl. The sterile gown dropped onto his face. Freddie began to sweat. All around her the nurses chatted, clattered, and dropped diapers into metal bins and slammed the tops down.

"Come on, William," Freddie said. "The books say that this is the blissful union of mother and child."

But William began to scream. The nurse appeared with the formula bottle, and William instantly stopped screaming and began to drink happily.

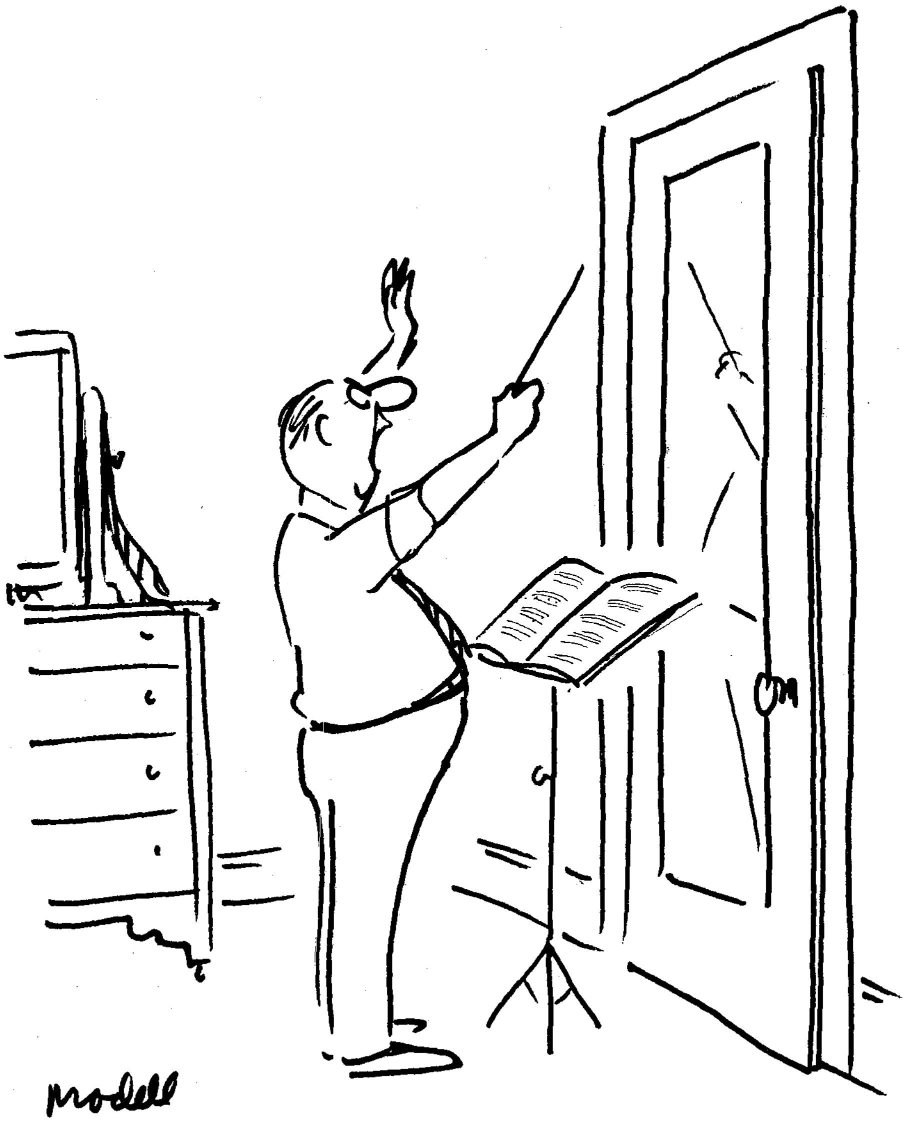
"Don't worry," the nurse said. "He'll catch on."

At home at night she sat by the window. She could not sleep. She had never felt so separated from anything in her life. Grey, to distract himself, was stencilling the wall under the molding in William's room. He had found an Early American design of wheat and cornflowers. He stood on a ladder in his bluejeans carefully applying the stencil in pale-blue paint.

One night Freddie went to the door of the baby's room to watch him, but Grey was not on the ladder. He was sitting in the rocking chair with his head in his hands. His shoulders were shaking slightly. He had the radio on, and he did not hear her.

He had been so brave and cheerful. He had held her hand while William was born. He had told her it was like watching a magician sawing his wife in half. He had taken photos of William in his isolette and sent them to their parents and all their friends. He had read up on growth curves and had found Freddie a book on breast-feeding. He had also purloined his hospital greens to wear each year on William's birthday. Now *he* had broken down.

She made a noise coming into the



"All right, everybody. I want absolute quiet."

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room, and then bent down and stroked his hair. He smelled of soap and paint thinner. She put her arms around him and she did not let go for a long time.

THREE times a day, Freddie tried to nurse William behind a screen and each time she ended up giving him his formula. Finally, she asked a nurse, "Is there some room I could sit in alone with this child?"

"We're not set up for it," the nurse said. "But I could put you in the utility closet."

There, amidst unused isolettes and cardboard boxes of sterile water, on the second try, William nursed for the first time. She touched his cheek. He turned to her, just as it said in the book. Then her eyes crossed. "Oh, my God!" she said.

A nurse walked in. "Hurts, right?" she said. "Good for him. That means he's got it. It won't hurt for long."

At his evening feeding he howled again.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," said Grey. He and Freddie walked slowly past the Park on their way home. It was a cold, wet night.

"I am a childless mother," Freddie said.

Two days later William was taken out of his isolette and put into a plastic bin. He had no temperature or respiration or heart-rate probes, and Freddie could pick him up without having to disconnect anything. At his evening feeding when the unit was quiet, she took him out in the hallway and walked up and down with him.

The next day she was greeted by Dr. Edmunds. "I've just had a chat with your pediatrician," he said. "How would you like to take your boring baby home with you?"

"When?" said Freddie.

"Right now, if you have his clothes," Dr. Edmunds said. "Dr. Jacobson will be up in a few minutes and can officially release him."

She ran down the hall and called Grey at work. "They're springing him. Come and get us."

"You mean we can just walk out of there with him?" Grey said. "I mean just walk out with him under our arm? He barely knows us."

"Just get here. And don't forget the blankets."

A nurse helped Freddie dress William. He was wrapped in a green-and-white receiving blanket and covered with a white wool shawl. On his head was a blue-and-green knitted cap that had been Grey's. It slipped slightly sideways, giving him a rather raffish look.

They were accompanied in the elevator by a nurse. It was hospital policy that a nurse hold the baby, and hand it over at the door.

It made Freddie feel light-headed to be standing out-of-doors with her child. She felt she had just robbed a bank and gotten away with it.

In the taxi, Grey gave the driver their address.

"Not door to door," Freddie said. "Can we get out at the avenue and walk down the street just like everyone else?"

When the taxi stopped, they got out carefully. The sky was full of silver clouds and the air was blustery and chill. William squinted at the light and wrinkled his nose.

Then, with William tight in Freddie's arm, the three of them walked down the street just like everyone else.

—Laurie Colwin

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At last! The new year has arrived and we regretfully must end the eating binge that began before Thanksgiving. The scale only confirms what our tight-fitting clothes are telling us. We are 15 pounds heavier and our New Year's resolution is to get it off quickly.

At last! The new year has arrived and we regretfully must end the eating binge that began before Thanksgiving. The scale only confirms what our tight-fitting clothes are telling us. We are 15 pounds heavier and our New Year's resolution is to get it off quickly.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune/States-Item.*

Still can't hear you.

PERSONAL HISTORY

SOUND-SHADOWS OF THE NEW WORLD—I

The Cloud Has Spread Its Dark Hair

INDIAN YOUTH ASKS
ADMITTANCE TO ASB

A 14-year-old blind youth from Simla, India, who has completed all of the training available to him in his native country, is seeking admittance to the Arkansas School for the Blind to further his education. [I was actually fifteen.]

Members of the blind school board at a recent meeting authorized James M. Woolly, school superintendent, to investigate the youth's situation. . . .

In his letter to Mr. Woolly, a letter he typed himself in English, the youth said:

"And there is no more scope in India for my studies as I have gained from St. Dunstan's what they could teach me. Now I have great wish to come over to your school, and hope that you will be kind enough to admit me."

He indicated a desire to complete the full course offered at the Arkansas School and was also interested in university examinations offered at the completion of the course.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Democrat, February 20, 1949.*

FINALLY, I was in America. Ever since I could remember, I had been hearing about it from my father, Daddyji, as "God's own country." He had come here from India to continue his medical studies, and now I was here as a student. I'd been trying to come for at least eight years—since I was seven years old. The morning after I arrived, I sat down at a typewriter and wrote a letter home:

544, West
113, Street,
Apt. 4A,
New York 25,
N.Y.
U.S.A.
16th August, 1949

My Dearest Daddyjee,

I reached New York yesterday. It was a very long Journey than we expected it to be. It took me 47 hours to get here. Mrs. John di Francesco came to receive me at the aerodrome.

Now I think I better tell you something about my journey. The Journey was quite boring and tiring. I reached London, by London timings, at 9:15 A.M. Cousin Nitya Nand was there to meet me. But the Plane did not stop there for long.

The people who met us at Aerodrome in Delhi and said they would look after me did not even come to me in the plane once, and I never even knew where they were. As a matter of fact. I—whatever I did was by myself.

I just now have had a word on telephone with Mr. Woolly. He wants me at Arkansas School for the Blind as soon as possible. He says the school will open in three weeks time from today. I rang Mr. Woolly because I came to know by Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco that there is lots of Infantile Paralysis going on in Arkansas. But Mr. Woolly has assuredly said that they are better off there than in New York. He left it to me when I wish to come I can come, but he said the sooner the better it is from his point of view. I think I shall leave for Arkansas on the 26th of this month. Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco will be going on six days holidays to Maine from the 27th. They say I am welcome to go with them if I wish to. But I am still thinking. Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco are very nice people.

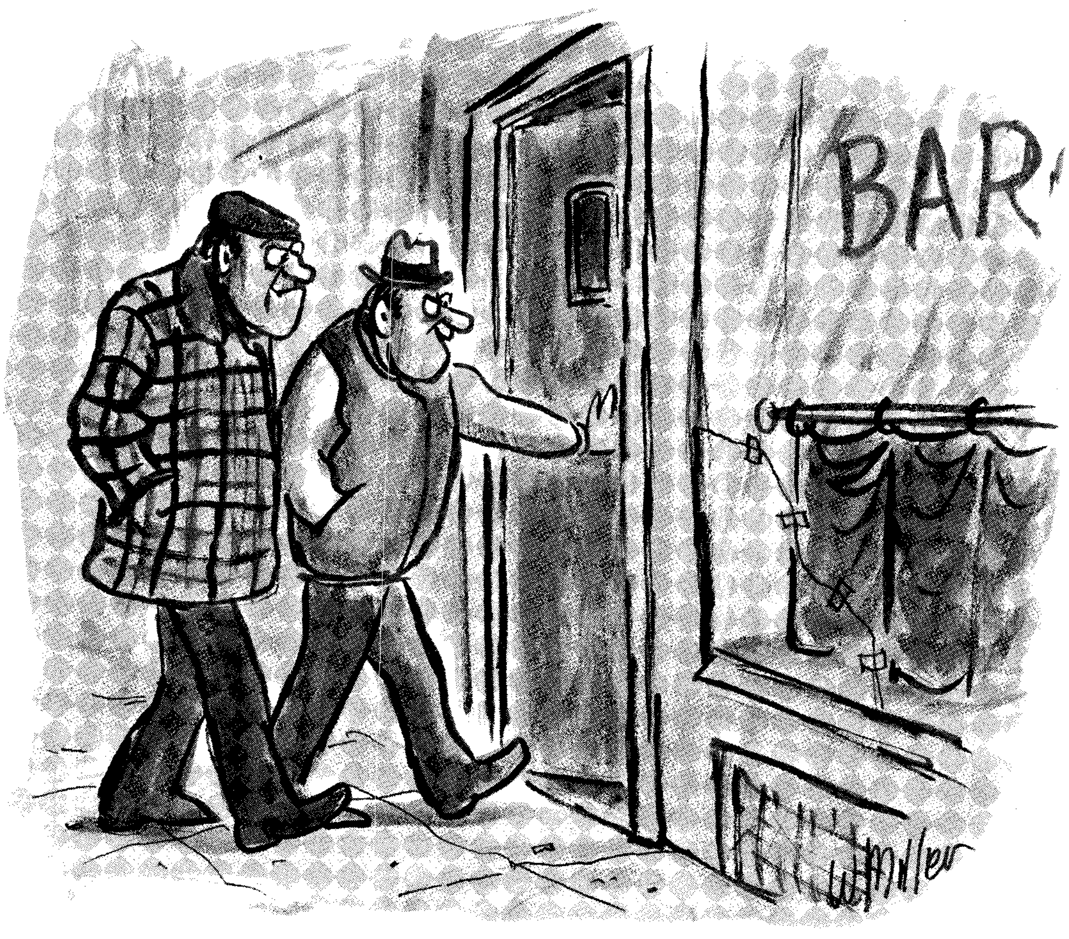
I shall write you a very long letter as soon as I can get a good typewriter for long time. That I do not hope to get here in New York. Daddyjee I do not like to say anymore what I feel. I am very homesick.

The bag which you bought me with a zip on it which you said will be very useful as a second bag was open on the way by breaking the zip, and all the Ivory things which you presented me were removed except one piece. Some of my clothes were also stolen. It was discovered there and then, at the New York aerodrome that the bag has been broken. It was also examined by the people over there. All the shirts which we kept in that were taken away. And instead of my things there was one hair brush and one shaving creams bottle which was not mine. I gave same back to them. The bag is absolutely spoilt. We have put down a claim for my things. But I do not know whether they will give it or not. The one piece which was left was the salt cellar. Mrs. di Francesco tells me that the price of it here in New York is 12 Dollars. She also seems to seen other ivory pieces in shops over here and she says that they are very very expensive. Only if I have had those to sell I would have made at least one and a half months living expenses in School. I have put down a claim for over One hundred Dollars because they are even more expensive over here.

With love to all and respects.

Your affectionate Son,
Ved

AT the airport in New Delhi, there had been dozens of relatives all around, laughing and clapping. Suddenly, they were embracing me, and there was such a rush and confusion that people embracing me were them-



"I think you'll like this place. The ambience is surly and pugnacious."

• •

selves being embraced. Then Daddyji and I were walking to the Pan American airplane, dirt crunching under our feet. Daddyji fell into conversation with a couple of Sikh passengers walking just ahead of us and found out that they were going to New York on the same airplane. "This is my fifteen-year-old blind son, Ved," he said, introducing me to them. (I have been totally blind since I was four years old, as a result of meningitis.) "He's travelling alone for the first time—you see, he's going to America for his studies. I'd be grateful if you could give him assistance along the way if he needs it." I wanted to hide, out of embarrassment, but I had never travelled anywhere alone or gone so far away, and I said nothing.

"Most certainly, most certainly," the two Sikhs said, and clicked their tongues.

We dropped behind. "Son, you must build up your health," Daddyji said. "Ninety-one pounds for a boy five feet five is a very low weight. Even the officer who gave me permission to accompany you to the plane remarked on how thin you look for your age."

I had never been on an airplane before. There were steps going up and up and up. They were so narrow that Daddyji and I had to go single file, and they were tinny and flimsy and shook under us, creating a little storm. Inside, the floor sloped upward, and the ceiling was so low that I had to walk with my head bowed.

"Another thing—you'll have to learn not to be so shy," Daddyji was saying. His voice sounded painfully loud to me through the haze of voices in the plane.

"I'm not shy," I snapped irritably.

At my seat, we embraced quickly, like two Punjabi adults, and he hurried away, leaving me sad at my outburst. I had no idea when we might meet again.

There was a pair of seats on each side of the aisle. My seat was next to a window. I sat strapped in it, wondering how high off the ground I was and whether anyone in my family could see through the window. I tried to smile, as I always did for photographs—which, of course, I couldn't see, but which I would overhear others commenting on.

It was very hot: it was the middle of August, and we had not had any monsoon rains for days.

Daddyji had been gone no more than a few minutes when I heard the hasty rustle of a sari. It was Mamaji. She planted a kiss on my forehead, her face wet with tears. "Let God keep you," she said.

I struggled to unstrap myself, but before I could she was gone. My forehead burned. I had not been kissed since I was a small boy—since I was eight or nine, perhaps.

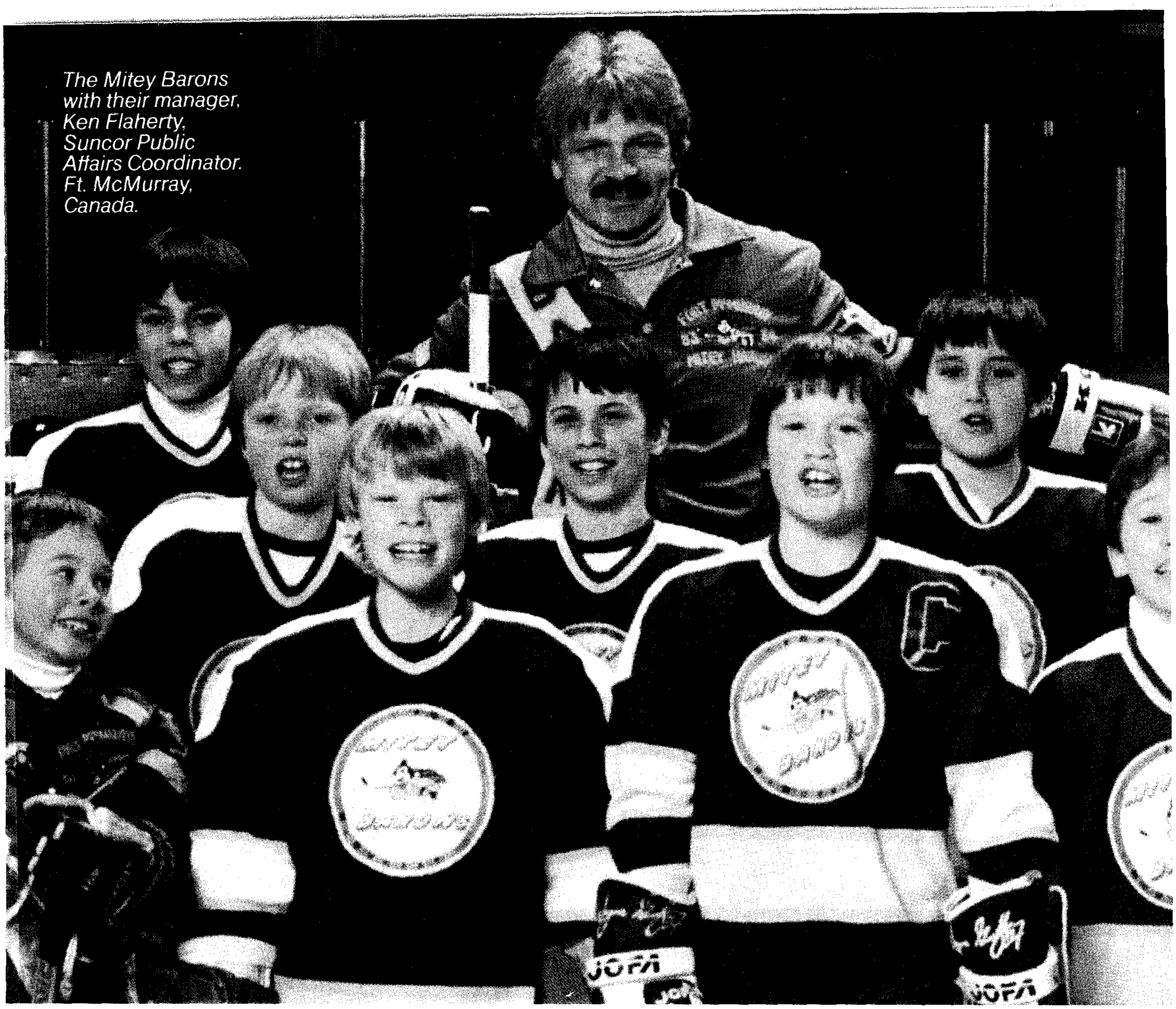
Almost immediately, the airplane under me roared and trembled. An air hostess who sounded very American came up and said, over my head, "Above you there are two buttons—the red one is for calling me, and the green one is a reading light."

I nodded knowingly. It is just as well she doesn't realize I can't see, I thought. This way, she won't be oversolicitous.

Several times, I thought that we had left the ground, but then the tires bumped along the runway or the plane lurched to a stop. I began to feel that we would never get off. I'd often had the same feeling during the months of preparation for going to America, when I was waiting to complete the required medical tests, to get inoculations, to have my picture and fingerprints taken, and to hear from the various authorities concerned with passport, visa, foreign exchange, and police clearance.

Finally, the airplane paused, then raced along the runway. I held my breath. Then I felt the airplane shaking in the air as it rose like a speeded-up lift cage. The airplane levelled off, but there was no letup in the roar. It all but blocked out my hearing, and I wondered how I would survive it for such a long journey.

In my flight bag I had a Braille copy of "Murder on the Orient Express," by Agatha Christie. At first, I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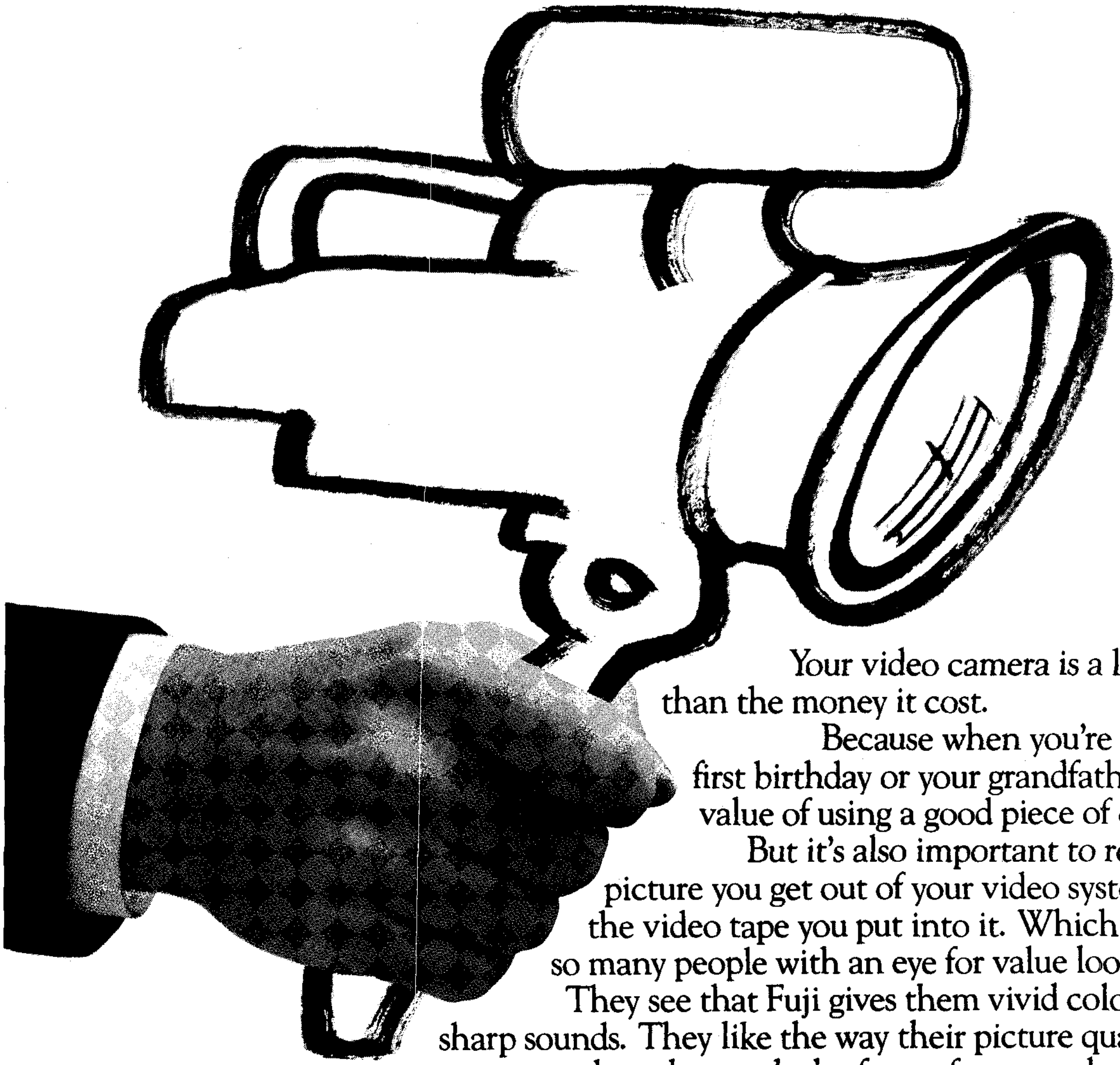

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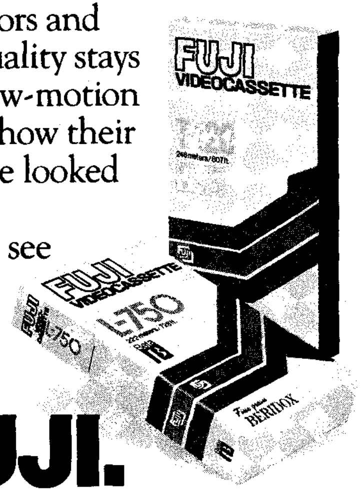

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felt awkward about reading Braille in public, but I got bored just sitting, so I took the book out and started it.

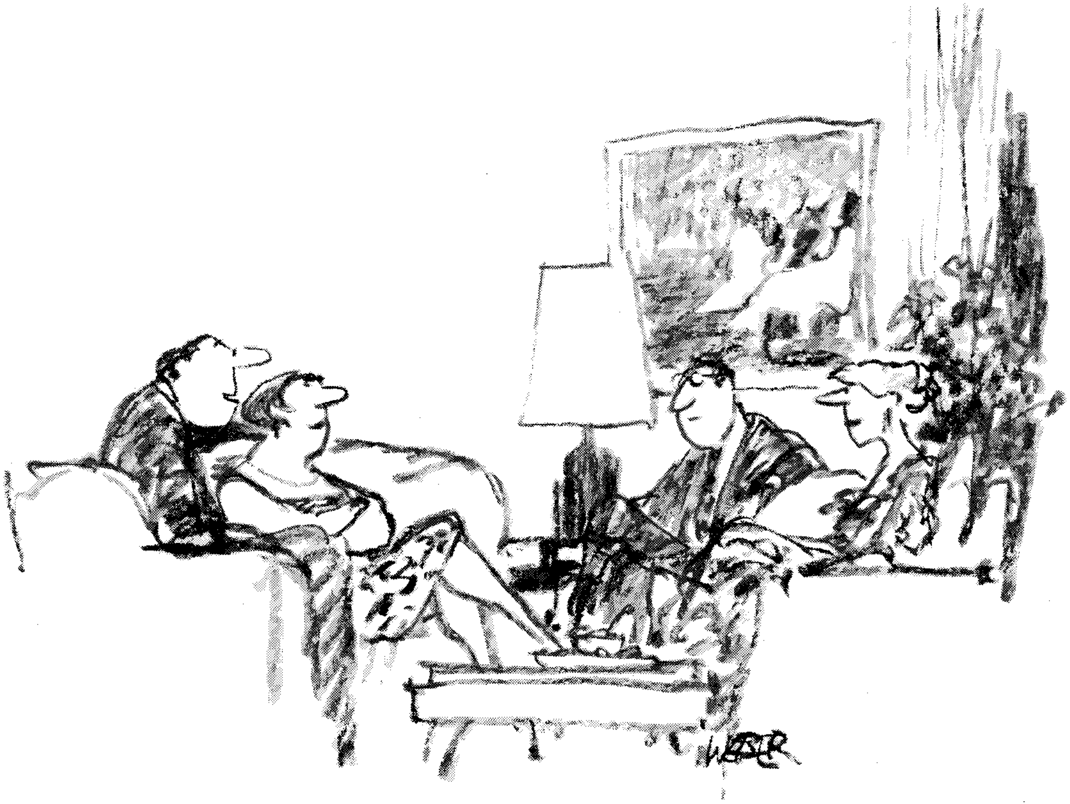
"Is that Braille you're reading?" the air hostess asked, bending over me.

I nodded sheepishly.

She sighed and went away.

The rest of the journey is a jumble of disconnected memories. I remember that I felt frightened when we landed in Karachi; all of us in my family were refugees from Pakistan, and I was wary of being in a Muslim country. I fell asleep reading. I had to go hungry for a long time, because I didn't want to confess that I didn't know how to use a knife and fork. We landed in some place, but I didn't catch its name. Everybody got off, and I waited for someone to help me, but no one came—neither the air hostess nor the two Sikhs. We went high up in the air and it got very cold, and I had to breathe very fast. My ears popped repeatedly. They hurt so badly that I thought I would go deaf. We were in Damascus. The man who was cleaning and restocking the plane helped me off and showed me to a restaurant in the airport. The waiter there did not speak English; I had to order food through an interpreter. Luckily, they had Indian food, and I ate my fill with my fingers. In one place, it was sleeting, and the airline people gave us raincoats to walk to a small waiting room, where we had to wait for two hours. We stopped in London. Cousin Nitya Nand had come from Cambridge specially to meet me, but it took so long for me to find someone to take me to a bus, for the bus to take me to Customs, and for the Customs people to clear me to go to the visitors' lounge, where Cousin Nitya Nand was waiting, that we had time only to exchange a few pieces of news before I had to get back on the bus.

After forty-seven hours, we reached New York. It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the fifteenth of August.



"Maureen was built for the long haul."

• •

AT the airport, I was questioned by an immigration official. "You're blind—totally blind—and they gave you a visa? You say it's for your studies, but studies where?"

"At the Arkansas School for the Blind. It is in Little Rock, in Arkansas."

He shuffled through the pages of a book. Sleep was in my eyes. Drops of sweat were running down my back. My shirt and trousers felt dirty.

"Arkansas School is not on our list of approved schools for foreign students."

"I know," I said. "That is why the immigration officials in Delhi gave me only a visitor's visa. They said that when I got to the school I should tell the authorities to apply to be on your list of approved schools, so that I could get a student visa." I showed him a big manila envelope I was carrying; it contained my chest X-rays, medical reports, and fingerprint charts, which were necessary for a student visa, and which I'd had prepared in advance.

"Why didn't you apply to an approved school in the first place and come here on a proper student visa?" he asked, looking through the material.

My knowledge of English was limited. With difficulty, I explained to him that I had applied to some thirty schools but that, because I had been able to get little formal education in India, the Arkansas School was the only one that would accept me; that I had needed a letter of acceptance from an American school to get dollars sanctioned by the Reserve Bank of India; and that now that I was in America I was sure I could change schools if the Arkansas School was not suitable or did not get the necessary approval.

Muttering to himself, the immigration official looked up at me, down at his book, and up at me again. He finally announced, "I think you'll have to go to Washington and apply to get your visa changed to a student visa before you can go to any school."

I recalled things that Daddyji used to say as we were growing up: "In life, there is only fight or flight. You must always fight," and "America is God's own country. People there are the most hospitable and generous people in the world." I told myself I had nothing to worry about. Then I remembered that Daddyji had mentioned a Mr. and Mrs. Dickens in Washington—they were friends of friends of his—and told me that I could get in touch with them in case of emergency.

"I will do whatever is necessary," I now said to the immigration official. "I will go to Washington."

He hesitated, as if he were thinking something, and then stamped my passport and returned it to me. "We Mehtas carry our luck with us," Daddyji used to say. He is right, I thought.

The immigration official suddenly became helpful, as if he were a friend. "You shouldn't have any trouble with the immigration people in Washington," he said, and asked, "Is anybody meeting you here?"

"Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco," I said.

Mrs. di Francesco was a niece of Manmath Nath Chatterjee, whom Daddyji had known when he himself was a student, in London, in 1920. Daddyji had asked Mr. Chatterjee, who had a Scottish-American wife and was now settled in Yellow Springs, Ohio, if he could suggest anyone with whom I might stay in New York, so that I could get acclimatized to America before proceeding to the Arkansas School, which was not due to open until the eleventh of September. Mr. Chatterjee had written back that, as it happened, his wife's niece was married to John di Francesco, a singer who was totally blind, and that Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco lived in New York, and would be delighted to meet me at the airport and keep me as a paying guest at fifteen dollars a week.

"How greedy of them to ask for money!" I had cried when I learned of the arrangement. "People come and stay with us for months and we never ask for an anna."

Daddyji had said, "In the West, people do not, as a rule, stay with relatives and friends but put up in hotels, or in houses as paying guests. That is the custom there. Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco are probably a young, struggling couple who could do with a little extra money."

The immigration official now came from behind the counter, led me to an open area, and shouted, with increasing volume, "Fransisco! . . . Franchesca! . . . De Franco!" I wasn't sure what the correct pronunciation was, but his shouting sounded really disrespectful. I asked him to call for Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco softly. He bellowed, "Di Fransesco!"

No one came. My mouth went dry. Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco had sent me such a warm invitation. I couldn't imagine why they would have let me down or what I should do next.

Then I heard the footsteps of someone running toward us. "Here I am. You must be Ved. I'm Muriel di Francesco. I'm sorry John couldn't come." I noted that the name was pronounced the way it was spelled, and that hers was a Yankee voice—the kind I had heard when I first encountered Americans at home, during the war—but it had the sweetness of the voices of my sisters.

We shook hands; she had a nice firm grip. I had an impulse to call her Auntie Muriel—at home, an older person was always called by an honorific, like "Auntie" or "Uncle"—but I greeted her as Daddyji had told me that Westerners liked to be greeted: "Mrs. di Francesco, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance."

"YOU had a terrible trip, you poor boy. What a terrible way to arrive!" Mrs. di Francesco said in the taxi. "Imagine, everything stolen from a bag!"

One bag had contained clothes. The other, a holdall, had contained (in addition to some extra shirts) a number of ivory curios—statues of Lord Krishna, "no evil" monkeys, brooches with a little pattern on them—which Daddyji had bought with the idea that I could sell them at great profit. "You can take the ivory curios to a shop in Little Rock and ask the shop to sell them for you—on commission, of course," he had said. "In America, a lot of people earn and learn. Who knows? Maybe we could start an ivory-export-import business in a year or so, when I retire from government service." He was deputy director general of health services in the Indian government. "I expect there is a great deal of demand over there for hand-carved things." The fact that neither of us had ever sold even a secondhand gramophone didn't stop us from dreaming.

I didn't want Mrs. di Francesco to feel bad, so I made light of the theft. "The other bag is still full," I said.

"The ivory things must have been really valuable," she said. She had helped me fill out the insurance-claim forms. "What a bad introduction to America!"

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"But it could have happened in Delhi."

She regaled the taxi-driver with the story, as if she and I were long-standing friends. "And we had to wait at the airport for two whole hours, filling out insurance forms. And he only knew the prices in rubles."

"Rupees," I said.

"Is that right?" the taxi-driver said, from the front seat. "Well, it shouldn't have happened to you, son."

I leaned toward the half-open window and listened for the roar of street crowds, the cries of hawkers, the clatter of tonga wheels, the trot of tonga horses, the crackle of whips, the blasts of Klaxons, the trills of police whistles, the tinkling of bicycle bells—but all I heard was the steady hiss and rush of cars. "In America, you can really travel fast and get places," I said.

Mrs. di Francesco took both my hands in hers and broke into open, unrestrained laughter. I have never heard a woman laugh quite like that, I thought.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"I'd just noticed that all this time you had your hand in your breast pocket. Are you afraid of having your wallet stolen, too?"

I was embarrassed. I hadn't realized what I had been doing.

The taxi-driver took a sharp turn.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"On Broadway," Mrs. di Francesco said.

"Is Broadway a wide road?" I asked.

She laughed. "A very wide avenue—it's the center of the universe."

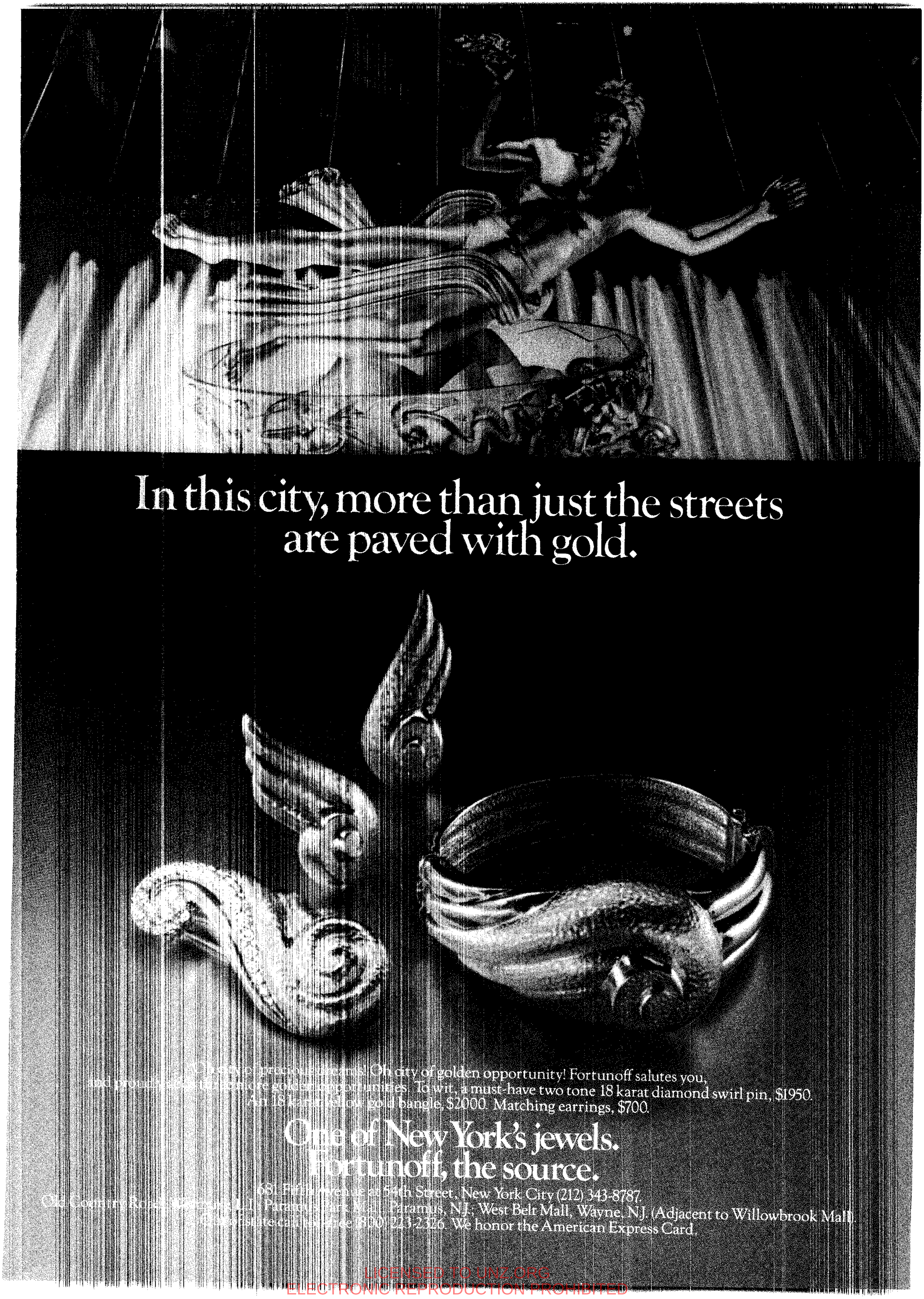
At home, the center was a circle, but here the center, it seemed, was a straight line. At home, I often felt I was on a merry-go-round, circling activities that I couldn't join in. Here I would travel in taxis amid new friends and have adventures. I tried to voice my thoughts.

"Poor boy, you have difficulty with the language," Mrs. di Francesco said, gently pressing my hand.

"English is difficult," I said, and I tried to make a joke. "When I was small and first learning English, I was always confusing 'chicken' and 'kitchen.'"

"'Chicken' and 'kitchen,'" Mrs. di Francesco repeated, and laughed.

"I have enough trouble speaking



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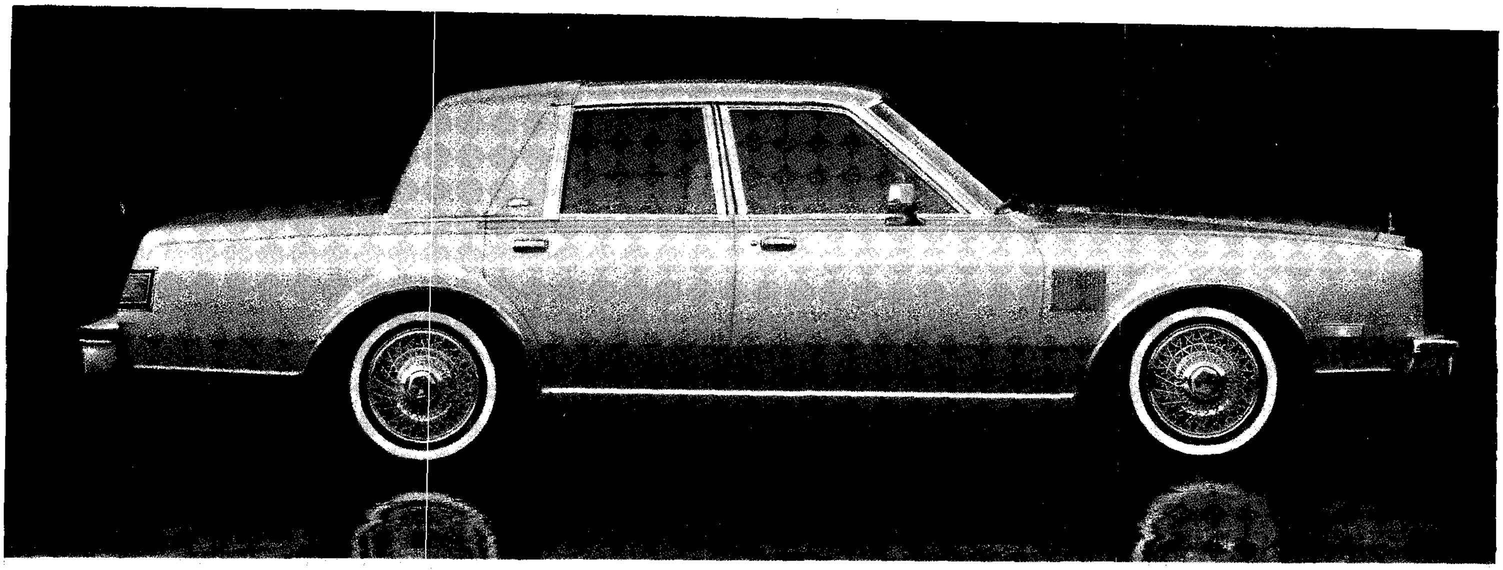

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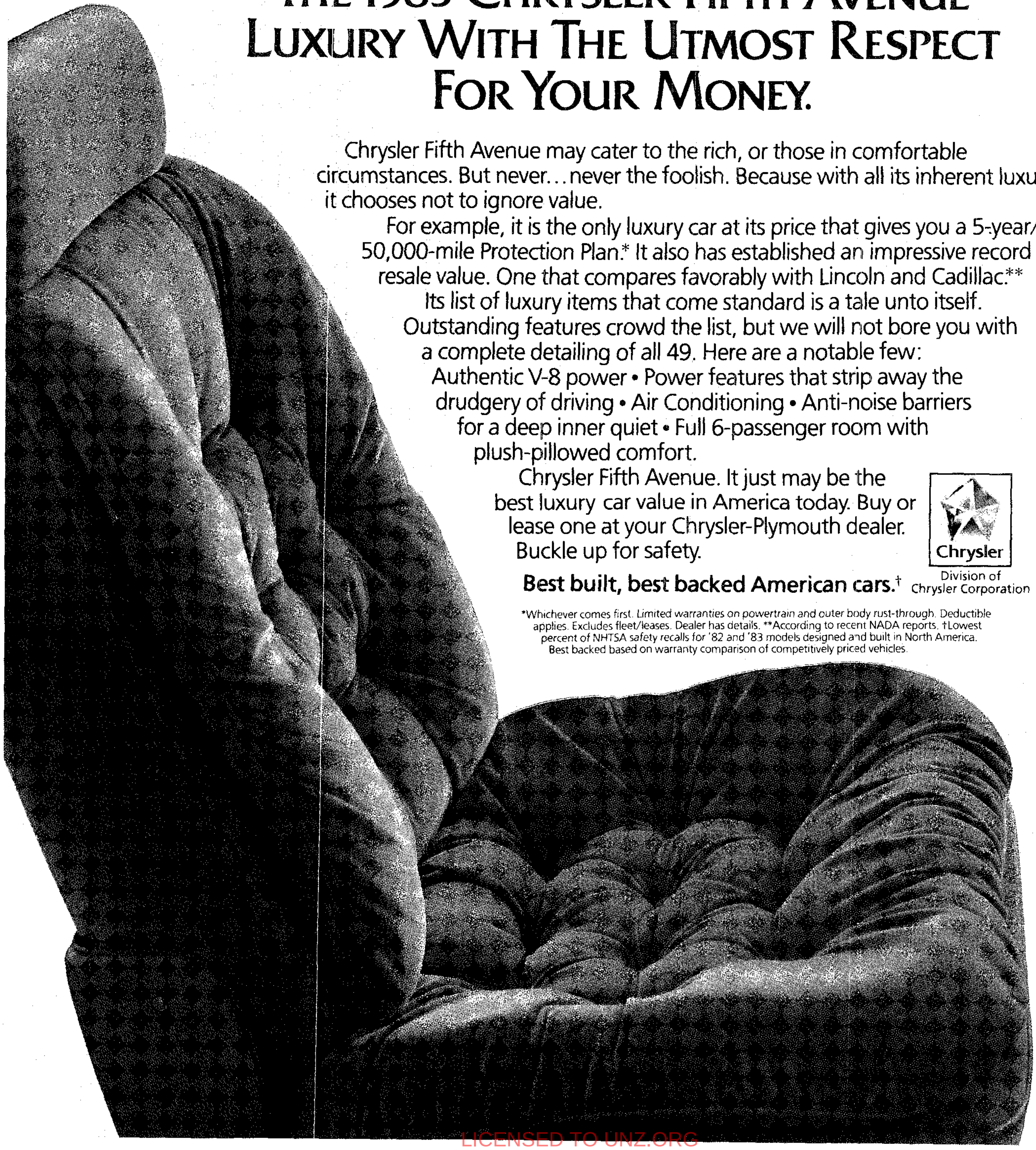

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English," the taxi-driver said. "I could never learn to speak Hindu."

"Hindi," I said, correcting him.

"You see?" the taxi-driver said.

Mrs. di Francesco laughed, and the taxi-driver joined in.

After a while, the taxi came to a stop. "Here we are at home, on a Hundred and Thirteenth Street between Broadway and Amsterdam," Mrs. di Francesco said.

Though I was carrying a bank draft for eighty dollars, I had only two dollars in cash, which a family friend had given me for good luck. I handed it to Mrs. di Francesco for the taxi.

"That won't be enough," she said.

"But it is *seven rupees!*" I cried. "At home, one could hire a tonga for a whole day for that."

"This is New York," she said. She clicked open her purse and gave some money to the taxi-driver.

The taxi-driver put my bags on the curb, shook my hand, and said, "If I go to India, I will remember not to become a tonga driver." He drove away.

We picked up the luggage. Mrs. di Francesco tucked my free hand under her bare arm with a quick motion and started walking. A woman at home would probably have cringed at the touch of a stranger's hand under her arm, I thought, but thinking this did not stop me from making a mental note that the muscle of her arm was well developed.

We went into a house, and walked up to Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco's apartment, on the fourth floor. Mr. di Francesco opened the door and kissed Mrs. di Francesco loudly. Had a bomb exploded, I could not have been more surprised. They'll catch something, I thought. I had never heard any grownups kissing at home—not even in films.

Mr. di Francesco shook my hand. He had a powerful grip and a powerful voice. He took me by the shoulder and almost propelled me to a couch. "This is going to be your bed," he said. "I'm sorry I couldn't come to the airport. Anyway, I knew you wouldn't mind being greeted by a charming lady." He doesn't have a trace of the timid, servile manner of music masters and blind people at home, I thought.

"We had a delightful ride from the airport," I said.

Mr. di Francesco wanted to know why we were so late, and Mrs. di Francesco told him about the theft.

"What bad luck!" he said.

"But I got here," I said.

MORE
Gahan Wilson

"That's the spirit," he said, laughing.

"John, thank you for starting dinner," Mrs. di Francesco said from what I took to be the kitchen.

"Oh, you cook!" I exclaimed. I had never heard of a blind person who could cook.

"Yes, I help Muriel," he said. "We don't have servants here, as they do in your country. We have labor-saving devices." He then showed me around the apartment, casually tapping and explaining—or putting my hand on—various unfamiliar things: a stove that did not burn coal or give out smoke; an ice chest that stood on end and ran on electricity; a machine that toasted bread; a bed for two people; and a tub in which one could lie down. I was full of questions, and asked how natural gas from the ground was piped into individual apartments, and how people could have so much hot water that they could lie down in it. At home, a husband and wife never slept in one bed, but I didn't say anything about that, because I felt shy.

"Do you eat meat?" Mrs. di Francesco asked me from the kitchen. "Aunt Rita—Mrs. Chatterjee—didn't know."

"Yes, I do eat meat," I called back to her. I started worrying about how I would cut it.

Mrs. di Francesco sighed with relief. "John and I hoped that you weren't a vegetarian. We're having spaghetti and meatballs, which are made of beef. Is that all right?"

I shuddered. As a Hindu, I had never eaten beef, and the mere thought of it was revolting. But I recalled another of Daddyji's sayings, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," and said, "I promised my father that I would eat anything and everything in America and gain some weight."

Mrs. di Francesco brought out the dinner and served it to us at a small table. "The peas are at twelve and the spaghetti and meatballs at six," she said. I must have looked puzzled, because she added, "John locates his food on a plate by the clock dial. I thought all blind people knew—"

"You forget that India has many primitive conditions," Mr. di Francesco interrupted. "Without a doubt, work for the blind there is very backward."

I bridled. "There is nothing primitive or backward in India."

There was a silence, in which I could hear Mr. di Francesco swallowing water. I felt very much alone. I wished I were back home.

"I didn't mean it that way," Mr. di Francesco said.

"I'm sorry," I said, and then, rallying a little, confessed that Braille watches were unheard of in India—that I had first read about them a year or so earlier in a British Braille magazine, and then it had taken me several months to get the foreign exchange and get a Braille pocket watch from Switzerland.

"Then how do blind people there know what time it is—whether it is day or night?" Mr. di Francesco asked.

"They have to ask someone, or learn to tell from the morning and night sounds. I suppose that things *are* a little backward there. That is why I had to leave my family and come here for education."

"The food is getting cold," Mrs. di Francesco said.

I picked up my fork and knife with trembling fingers and aimed for six. I suddenly wanted to cry.

"You look homesick," Mrs. di Francesco said.

I nodded, and tried to eat. A sense of relief engulfed me: we had mutton meatballs at home all the time, and they didn't require a knife. But the relief was short-lived: I had never had spaghetti, and the strands were long and tended to bunch together. They stretched from my mouth to my plate—a sign of my Indian backwardness, I thought. I longed for the kedgeree at home, easily managed with a spoon.

Mrs. di Francesco reached over and showed me how to wrap the spaghetti around my fork, shake it, and pick it up. Even so, I took big bites when I thought that Mrs. di Francesco was not looking—when she was talking to Mr. di Francesco. Later in the meal, it occurred to me that I was eating the food Daddyji had eaten when he was a student abroad. I resolutely bent my face over the plate and started eating in earnest.

Mrs. di Francesco took away our plates and served us something else, and I reached for my spoon.

"That's eaten with a fork," she said.

I attacked it with a fork. "It is a pudding with a crust!" I cried. "I have never eaten anything like it."

"It's not a pudding—it's apple pie," Mrs. di Francesco said. "By the way, we're having scrambled eggs for breakfast. Is that all right?"

I confessed that I didn't know what they were, and she described them to me.

"Oh, I know—rumble-tumble eggs!" I exclaimed. "I like them very much."

They both laughed. "British— Indian English is really much nicer than American English," Mr. di Francesco said. "You should keep it. In fact, I'll adopt 'rumble-tumble.' "

I felt sad that I had come to America for my studies instead of going to England first, as Daddyji had done. But no school in England had accepted me.

"We've heard so much about India from Uncle Manmath," Mrs. di Francesco said. "It must be a very exciting place."

"Yes, tell us about India," Mr. di Francesco said.

I felt confused. I couldn't think of what to say or how to say it.

"You look tired," Mrs. di Francesco said, patting me on the arm.

"I cannot think of the right English words sometimes," I said.

Mrs. di Francesco cleared some things off the table and said, "Don't worry. Now that you're here, your English will improve quickly."

She went to the kitchen and started washing the plates while Mr. di Francesco and I lingered at the table—much as we might at home.

I asked Mr. di Francesco how he had become self-supporting and independent, with a place of his own.

"You make it sound so romantic, but it's really very simple," he said. He spoke in a matter-of-fact way. "I spent twelve years at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Massachusetts. I entered when I was seven, and left when I was nineteen."

"Perkins!" I cried. "I have been trying to go there since I was seven. First, they would not have me because of the war. But after the war they would not have me, either—they said that I would end up a 'cultural misfit.' "

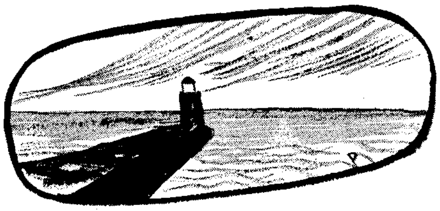
"What does that mean?"

"They said that bringing Eastern people to the West at a young age leads to 'cultural maladjustment'—and they said, 'Blindness is a maladjustment in itself.' "

"But now you're here. I'll call Perkins tomorrow and tell them that the damage is already done, and that your cultural maladjustment would be much worse if you were to end up in Arkansas." He laughed.

"Do you really think they will take me? Dr. Farrell, the director at Perkins, is a very stubborn man."

"They certainly should. Unlike Massachussets, Arkansas is a very poor state. Arkansas School for the Blind is a state school. They are required to accept all the blind children in the state free of charge. In fact, you'll probably be the only one there paying for board and tuition. The school is bound to have a lot of riffraff. It's no place to improve your English. In Arkansas, you'll lose all your nice Britishisms and acquire a terrible Southern drawl. You have to go to Perkins. I know Dr. Farrell."



I was excited. "Perkins is said to be the best school for the blind anywhere. How did you like it? How was your life there?"

"Life at Perkins? It was probably no different from that of millions of other kids. We played and studied." He added obligingly, "It was a lot of fun."

Fun—so that's what it was, I thought. That is the difference between all the things he did at school and all the things I missed out on by not going to a good school.

"And after Perkins?"

"After Perkins, I studied voice at the New England Conservatory, where Muriel and I met. Then I came to New York, started giving voice lessons, married Muriel, and here I am."

"There must be more to tell."

"There really isn't."

"Did Mrs. di Francesco's parents not object? She is sighted."

"I wasn't asking to marry Muriel's parents. She could do what she pleased. This is America."

JUST before leaving for America, I had sat alone with Daddyji in New Delhi, and he had talked to me about girls and marriage. His tone was compassionate but frank. "You are old enough so that, whether you want to or not, you will think about girls."

"I won't," I said, disingenuously.

"Don't be shy—it is biological. I wanted to bring up the subject because who knows when we'll get another chance to talk?" He fumbled for words, and then abruptly asked, "Do you think you might marry a Westerner?"

I was stunned. I was one of seven children. Pom, Nimi, Umi, and Usha, my sisters, and Om and Ashok, my brothers, all had normal eyesight. The question of their marrying a Westerner didn't even arise. They were expected to marry and settle in and around the Punjab, where we had all grown up. I alone was being asked to think about such a prospect—one that was extremely upsetting, for I, along

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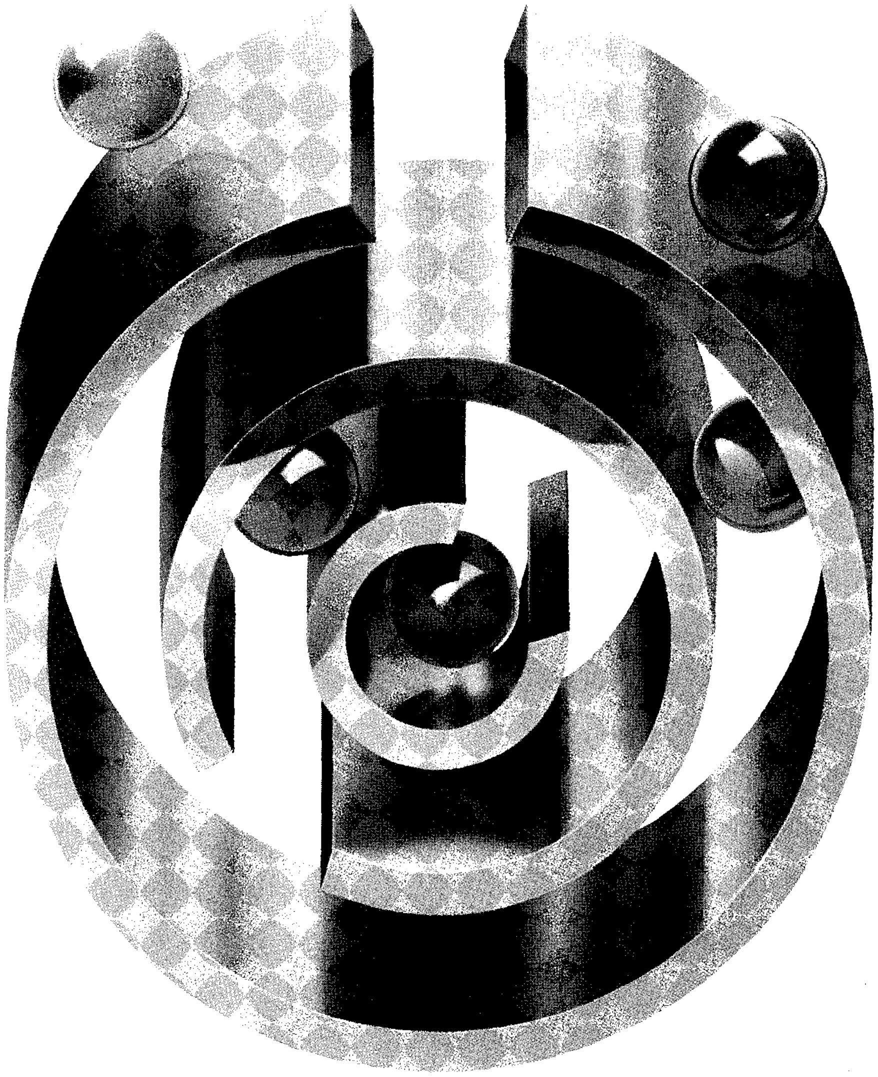

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with them, had grown up hearing Daddyji tell us that the last thing Bhabiji (his mother) had said to him when he was going away to England for *his* studies was "Don't come back with a memsahib." He used to ask us, "Can you imagine what would have happened if I had brought back a memsahib? She would have called Bhabiji 'Mrs. Mehta' and refused to touch her feet. No European can fit into our cultural pattern. In our culture, happiness in marriage can be found only within one's own caste, within one's own subcaste, within one's own group." I had completely accepted his point of view. So much so that when my big sisters argued with it—saying, for instance, that they would rather marry an Untouchable and help break down the caste barriers, as Gandhi taught—I would fight with them.

Daddyji repeated the question. "Do you think you might marry a Westerner?"

"Of course not!" I said.

Daddyji continued—now talking quickly. "I've been thinking about the whole question in respect to your particular situation, and I must confess that in your case I think you might be better off marrying a Western girl, a nice Christian girl. Oh, you could get married here, all right, but not in our caste group and education group, and therefore not well, not happily. India is a harsh land. Marriage here is like a business transaction, and parents weigh and measure their children's liabilities and assets carefully. Because of your blindness, no parents in our education group would give their girl to you."

I felt at once angry, impatient, shy, and embarrassed. I didn't want him to be talking to me about such things. I didn't want to be asked to think about such things. But I told myself that he was only doing his duty by me, that he was only talking sense. Still, I continued to feel angry and embarrassed. I was tired of trying to be sensible. I felt that I had had to learn to be sensible ever since I could remember. I would feel that I was like everyone else, but then I would have to try to be sensible, because I would realize that if I acted like everyone else—for example, went out on the road by myself—there would be terrible consequences.

"Christians in the West are very different from our Indian Christians, who have a chip on their shoulder," Daddyji was saying. "A Western Christian girl might make you a much

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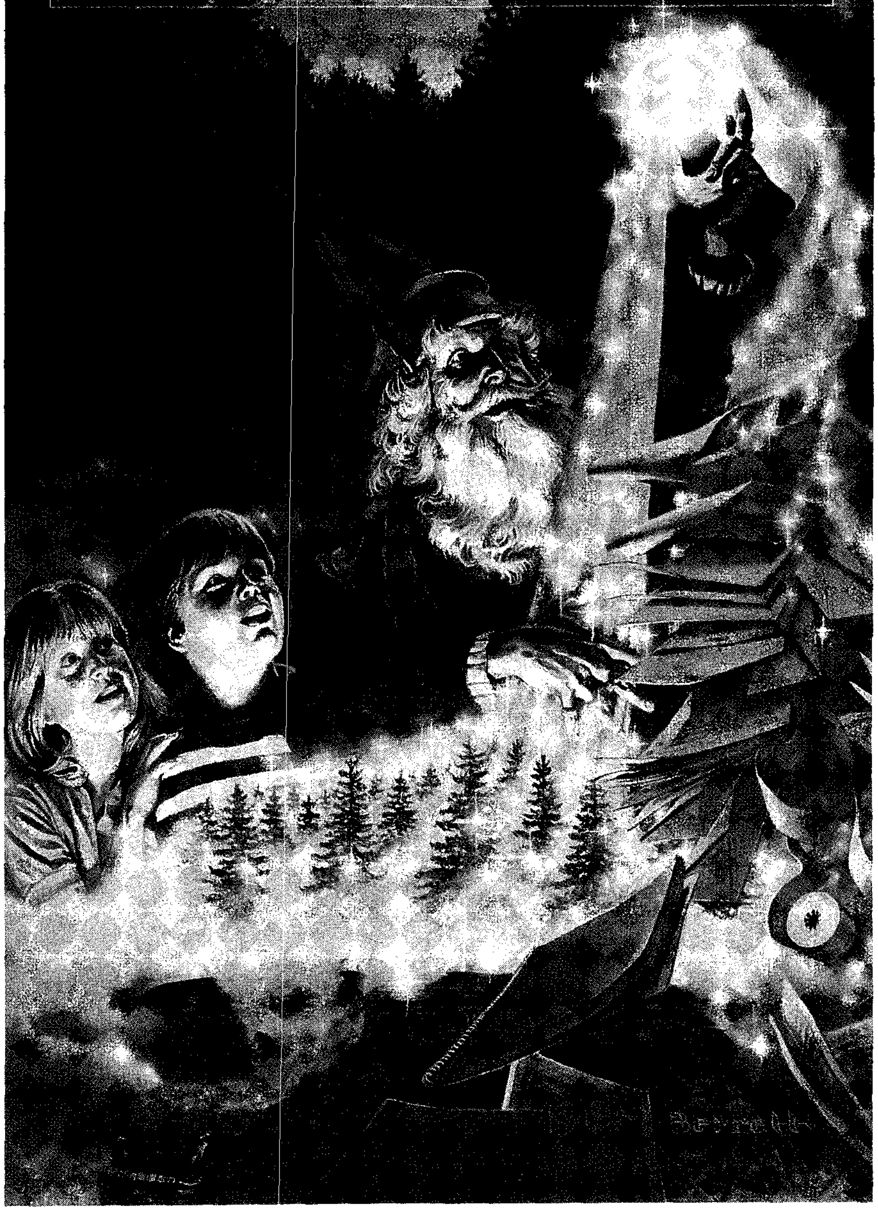

better wife than a Hindu girl would, because Christians are taught love and compassion, while we Hindus are taught only fate and duty. That's why even Indian Christian girls make so much better nurses than Hindu girls do. I know this because I've observed them again and again in hospitals. A Western Christian girl would be sympathetic to your blindness in a way that a Hindu girl could never be."

I stopped listening. I felt I was being lectured to. But then I remembered that it was Daddyji, that I was going away, that I might not see him again for a long time, and I made an effort to concentrate on what he was saying.

"In a Western marriage, there is the possibility of intellectual companionship of equals—something that doesn't exist in an Indian marriage at all. Once you've seen that kind of marriage, you may want a companion equal to yourself, even if that means staying in the West. You see, in the West marriage is made on the basis of romantic love, by the two people involved, without the intervention of a third party—of the parents."

"I'll never stay in the West," I said. "I'm definitely going to come back. My duty and wish to serve will always call me back here. After all, this is where you all are, this is where I belong."

"That's the only way to feel, but yours is one case in which I wouldn't rule out settling in the West."

I felt confused; he seemed to be giving me so many contradictory messages. "I must confess that when I think of your children I think that a Western girl may not be a good idea." He always presented the other side. That was his nature. But children! The very thought of my having children—duplicating myself, as it were—was repugnant. We had grown up hearing Daddyji talk about Romesh Chachaji (one of his younger brothers), who had married for love, taking an Indian Christian for a wife: what grief his marriage had given to Bhabiji; how his wife hadn't fitted in; and how different his children were from my sisters and brothers and our other first cousins, who were all of the same caste and the same religion. And, of course, Romesh Chachaji's wife was an Indian. How much worse for the family and for the children, I used to think, if, in addition, she had been a foreigner—an Englishwoman, never mind an American.

I remembered that a few weeks be-

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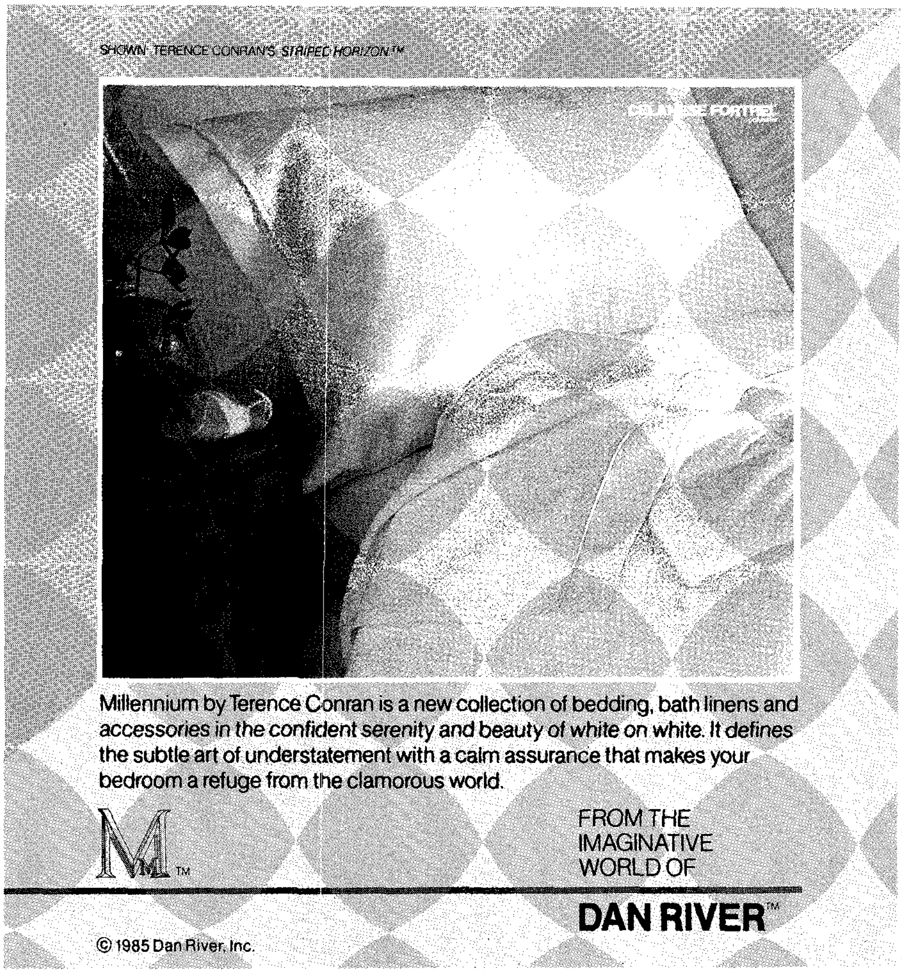

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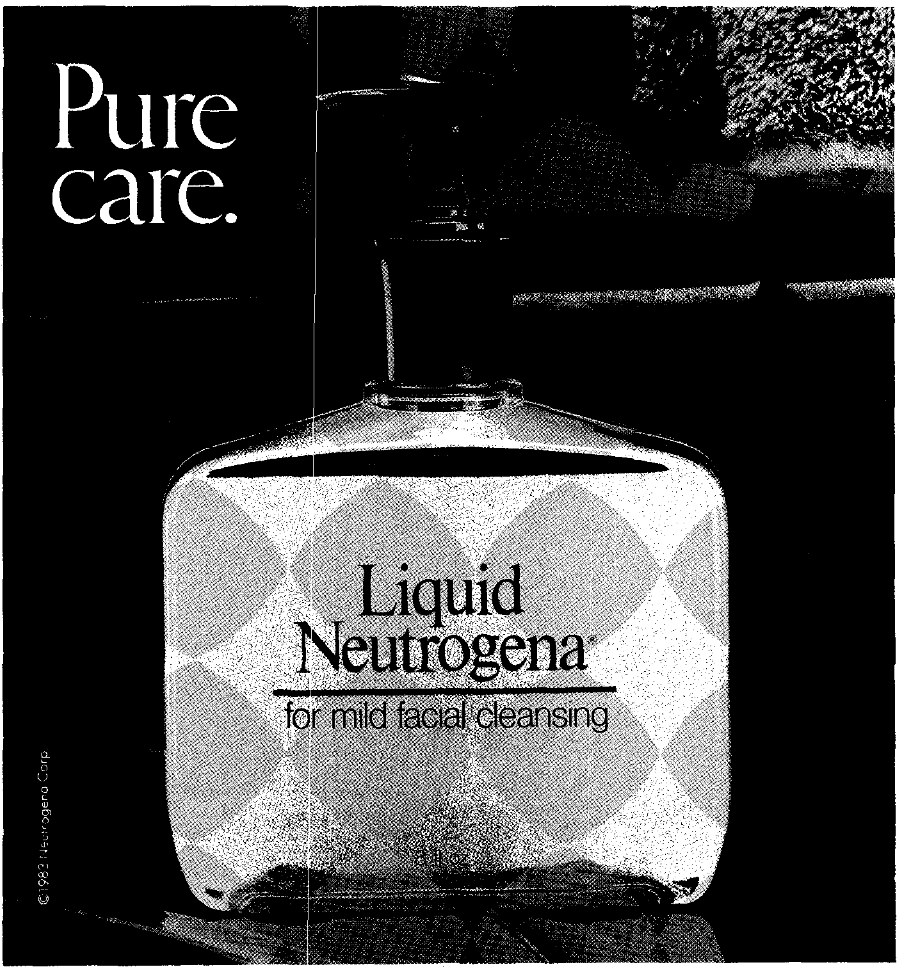

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fore this conversation about girls and marriage Daddyji had heard Sister Umi, who was nineteen years old—supposedly the ideal marriageable age for a Punjabi girl—teasing me about starting an American Mehta family. He had taken me aside. "I have seen a lot of mixed marriages of English people and Indians," he had said. "The children—Anglo-Indians, as they're called—belong neither here nor over there. It's unfair, perhaps, but that's the way things are. They're ashamed of their Indian parent, whom they consider a 'blackie.' But the English, for their part, consider the Anglo-Indians themselves to be 'blackies.' Yet Anglo-Indians consider themselves white and speak of England as home—England, to which they have never been and may never go. The truth is they have no home, no land they can call their own. I— I would remain a bachelor before I would father such a lot." He had added reflectively, "In India, at least. It hurts me to say this, because I have never believed in the nonsense of superiority of races. I have always believed in one world." Then he seemed to have further second thoughts about what he had said. "Of course, when I speak of Anglo-Indians I am speaking of the most degenerate of them. Even they are more to be pitied than despised. And, again, I suppose that once in a while—here or over there—you will meet an Anglo-Indian who is well assimilated. And in the melting pot of America the problem of the Anglo-Indian may not exist at all. The whole culture is composed of mixed marriages and mixed children."

Daddyji was now saying, "Fifteen is young, very young, to be going to a totally different culture thousands of miles away." He was silent for a moment or so, as if to underline the gravity of what he was about to say. "Marriage is, I believe, crucial to a full and rich life for anyone, and perhaps even more so in your case. So far, you have lived through the eyes of our family. I am fifty-four—old for an Indian. My death and the marriage of your sisters and brothers will change things for you. You can't count on any of us being around to help you live your life fully. I am going to sound cruel, but it is only to impress upon you the reality of your situation. In India, trying to marry you would be like trying to marry Om without his face." Brother Om, who was eighteen, was the oldest of us brothers and therefore, by rights, the first to be married. "I bring this terrifying image to mind because I want you to understand how important most people think that eyes are in any kind of relationship. People think that men and women fall in love and make love with their eyes. I myself don't believe this. I don't believe that blindness cripples a man sexually."

THE two awkward but momentous conversations that I'd had with Daddyji before leaving home had wound a tightly coiled spring inside me, and it was suddenly released on my first day in New York, in Mr. and Mrs. di Francesco's apartment. The image of faceless Brother Om—or, rather, me—came up the moment Mr. di Francesco started talking about his marriage.

"There must be more to tell about your marriage," I said.

Mr. di Francesco laughed, and said, "There's really nothing more. Except, that is, that ours is one of those stories where the couple lives happily ever after."

"But how did you get to know each other?"

"Well, I asked her out, and things happened."

"Just like that?"

"Of course. We've been married two years. She is of Scottish parentage, I am of Italian. But in New York no one cares about things like that. It's a city of immigrants."

"But how did you come to New York?"

"Toward the end of my course of study at the Conservatory, I went to hear Ezio Pinza in Boston—he's a famous opera singer. I managed to get him to hear me sing. He was impressed. He brought me to New York and paid for my lessons for a year."

"Just like that?"

"Oh, yes. He launched me on my career, and who is to say? I may one day realize my ambition to sing at the Metropolitan Opera with him. I already have my own radio program."

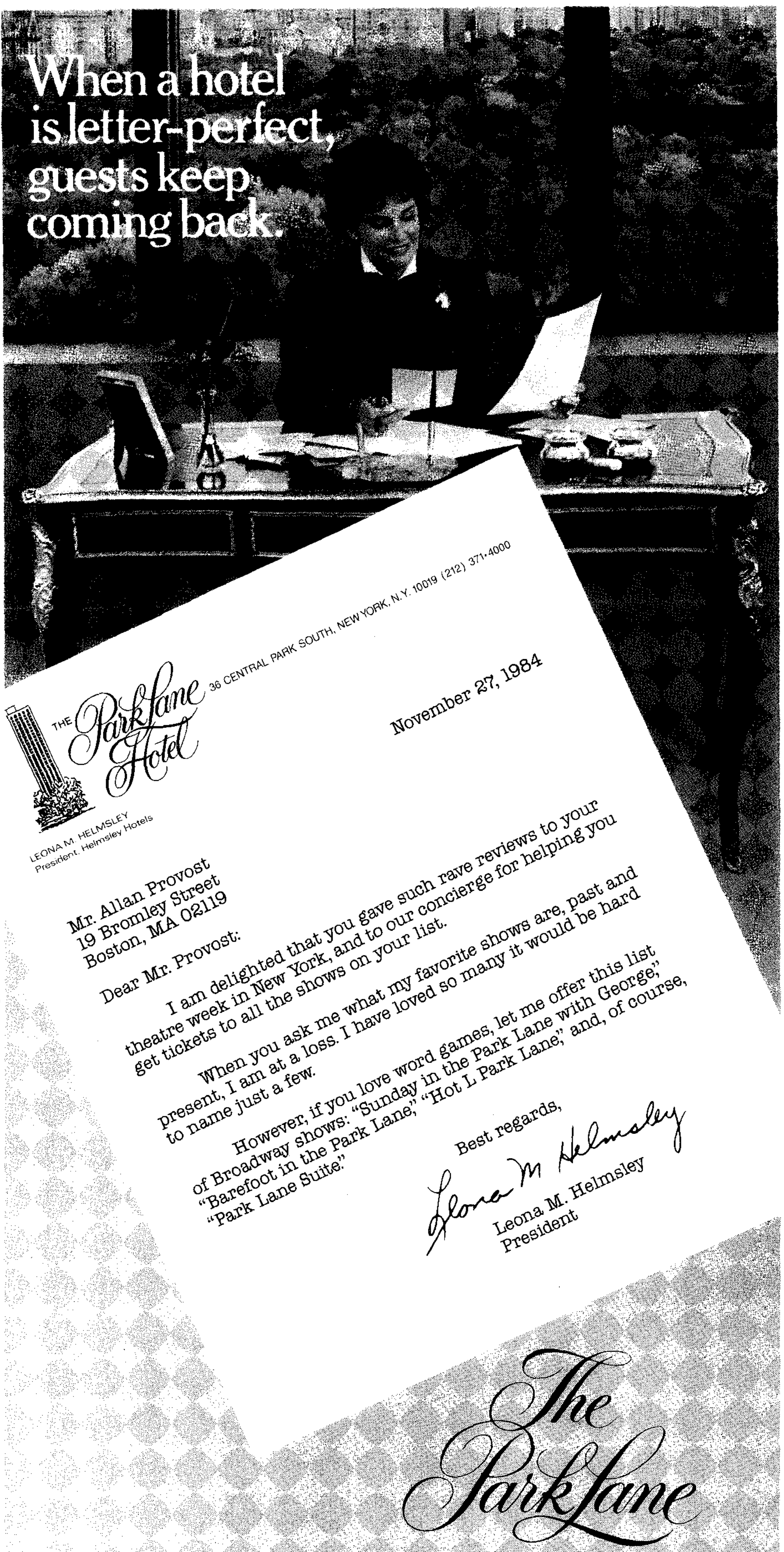
"Then I can listen to you on the radio in Arkansas."

"Heavens, no. It's just a little weekly fifteen-minute program on a local radio station. But I do have a small orchestra to accompany me."

There was a knock at the door. Mr. di Francesco opened it.

"Hello, darling," Mr. di Francesco said. Then came the explosion of a kiss.

I had heard "darling" only in films, and I imagined that the newcomer



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Mr. Allan Provost
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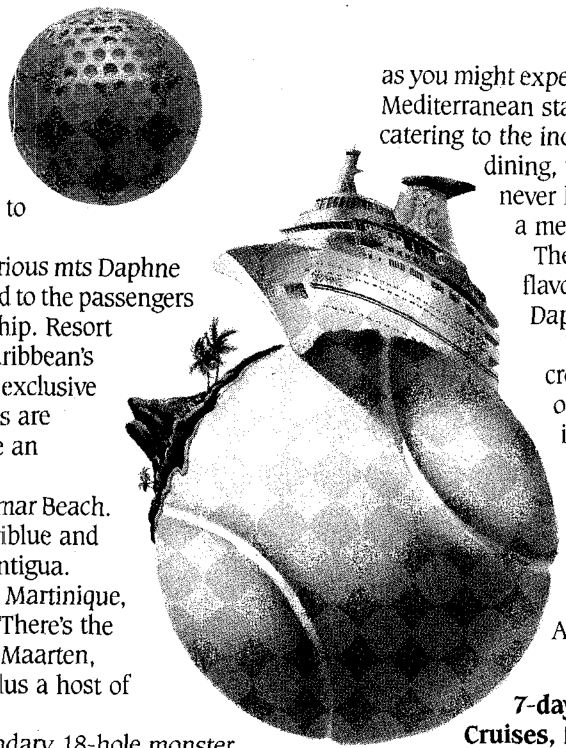

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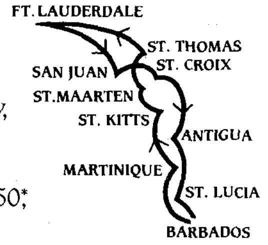

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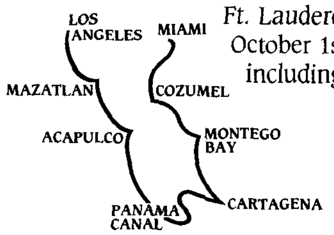

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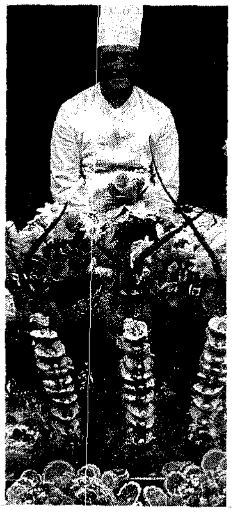

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must be an actress. But Mr. di Francesco was saying, "This is Jean, my accompanist. She lives next door to us, with her mother. It couldn't be more convenient." Jean shook hands with me and immediately went into the kitchen to talk to Mrs. di Francesco.

Some time later, Mr. di Francesco asked Jean to play for me. I waited, thinking that, as at home, she would make a thousand excuses and he would cajole and entreat her, but she immediately walked over to the piano and started playing. Her piano playing sounded sweeter than any Western music I had heard at Daddyji's clubs, and I had barely got used to the idea of her playing without any fuss when Mr. di Francesco walked over to the piano and started singing. His voice was unlike any I had ever heard. It filled the apartment, almost making the walls shake and the curtains flutter. His voice—he was a baritone—came not from the throat, as at home, but from somewhere deep in the chest. Six of our masterjis singing could not have made that big a sound, I thought. Compared with his chesty singing, ours is merely a throat-clearing. And he doesn't sing while sitting on the floor, as we do, but standing up—like a man, I thought.

"Could you tell what I was singing?" he asked me when he finished.

"No, I cannot follow English when it is sung."

Mr. di Francesco and Jean laughed. "That wasn't English, that was Italian," Jean said.

"I was singing an aria from the opera in which Caruso made his London début," Mr. di Francesco said. "Caruso was famous all over the world as a tenor. You must have heard of him."

I have been brought up with talk of England, America, and Italy all my life, I thought; Daddyji hardly ever sat down at table without mentioning his student days in the West. I admitted to Mr. di Francesco that I had never heard of Caruso, that I didn't know what a tenor was, or, indeed, what an opera was, exactly. I felt ignorant and ashamed of my lack of schooling, so I boasted about my sisters' education. "My sisters studied in convent schools. I'm sure they know all about tenors and operas."

"Do you know any Indian music?" Jean asked. She had a bubbly manner and seemed to take no notice of my embarrassment.

"I studied singing for some time," I said.

"We'd love to hear you sing," Mrs. di Francesco said, joining us.

I made some hurried excuses about needing a tabla and harmonium and about feeling tired. "I have some Indian records with me," I said. "Would you like to hear one of them?"

"Oh, yes, let's," Mrs. di Francesco said.

I opened my suitcase on the floor and got out a box of perhaps thirty 78-r.p.m. records I had brought along. I took out one record at random, and Mr. di Francesco put it on a radio-phonograph combination beside the piano. A chorus of women sang, in Urdu:

The cloud has spread its dark hair,
The cicada has started chirping,
The cricket plays music,
The koel sings,
And the dew comes to have watery
  eyes.

I wanted to cry. The music sounded so homelike—it suddenly made the apartment seem very foreign.

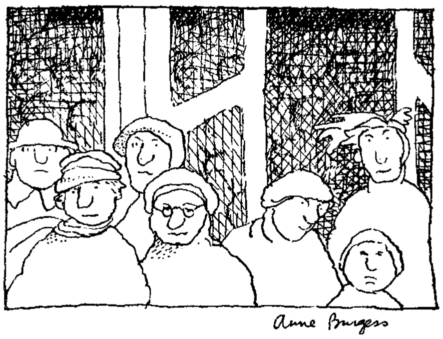
"They sound like children," Mr. di Francesco said. "Is it a children's song?"

"It is women singing about spring," I said.

"It's very unusual," he said.

Years later, Mr. di Francesco told me, "Frankly, we were all in awe of you. I don't know what I'd expected, but you didn't seem like a fifteen-year-old. You had the maturity and self-confidence of someone much older. You seemed well educated—you had a deep sense of culture. You see, fifteen-year-olds here are animals. You seemed to us more like twenty or twenty-five." But on that early day in America I felt inferior and stupid, filled with awe of America, of New York, of the Americans in the apartment—of the married blind man.

That evening, I lay awake on the couch for a long time. I had never been a paying guest. I had never been alone with Yankees. I remembered that I had eaten beef, and felt sick to my stomach. At some point, someone was whispering something—I thought I was hearing things, but it was Mrs. di Francesco whispering to me. "I don't know whether you have refrigerators or not, but ours makes a horrible noise all through the night. I hope you won't mind."



"Not at all, Mrs. di Francesco," I said, turning my face up to her.

"Oh, I meant to tell you—please call me Muriel." She walked away, with a light step.

IN the morning, I asked John (as he had asked me to call him), "Do you play chess? I have a special chess set for the blind with me."

"I don't know the game, but I've always wanted to learn it," he said. "How did you learn it?"

"I was taught it at school when I was a child." I got out my set and put it on a card table between us. I ran his forefinger over the raised and sunken (black and white) squares on the board and showed him the various pieces, explaining their moves and their functions. I've never taught anything to anyone before, and here I am teaching an American, I thought. I was thrilled. I could scarcely control my eagerness.

There was a knock at the door, and Jean came in. "I just heard on the radio that the polio epidemic is really bad in Little Rock," she said. "It's much worse than here."

"What is polio?" I asked. "I have never heard of that epidemic."

"You must have it in India, but know it by a different name," John said. "It's also known as infantile paralysis. It's a spinal disease, a little like meningitis. People who catch it lose the use of their arms, legs, back—whatever. They lose muscle power and sensation. Sometimes they can't walk, or even sit up."

"I have never heard of it," I said, feeling increasingly uneasy. "How do you get it?"

"No one knows, but it's quite a common disease here—especially in summer," he said. "Usually, children get it from other children at school."

I began trembling. My right leg went numb. I pinched it hard, and realized that it was only pins and needles, but I asked John to get Mr. Woolly on the telephone for me, so that I could find out if people were getting polio at his school. To my surprise, I was speaking to him immediately; a trunk call took hours at home.

"What did you say? Polio? Can't

say that I've heard of anyone getting it at our school."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as can be, son. No reason to be afraid. We're expecting you at the end of next week. You'd better get on over here, as planned. You'll need all the time you have to get used to our setup." He talked in this vein for some time. He sounded very fatherly, and I felt somewhat reassured.

JOHN and Muriel introduced me to something called macaroni, which I could almost whistle through; to sausages that came in buns with all kinds of relishes; to trains that hurtled through caves; to staircases that moved up and down by themselves; to the tallest building in the world, which an airplane had run into; to a beach that had a long pavement made of wood; to an airplane in an amusement park that was yanked up so fast that my stomach almost got left behind, and dropped down so violently that it almost snapped my head off.

John telephoned Dr. Farrell, of Perkins, and Dr. Farrell promised to reconsider his decision. John also took me to meet Dr. Milton Stauffer, general secretary of the John Milton Society for the Blind, which gave financial assistance to various church-related schools overseas and to blind students who were intending to go into work for the blind in their home countries. Dr. Stauffer said that he would try to arrange a scholarship for me, but only if Dr. Farrell would accept me in his school. Then Dr. Farrell called John back and said no, Perkins was full for the year. He concluded, echoing an old theme, sounded by other authorities in other schools, "I cannot in good conscience admit him, feeling, as I do, that bringing blind youngsters to this country at such an early age is a mistake. It leads to cultural maladjustment and compounds the maladjustment of blindness."

I had to go to Arkansas. I will just have to try to transfer to a better school from there, I thought.

JOHN and Muriel had planned an August holiday in Maine, and they invited me to come with them.

"In Maine, we'll teach you how to swim in the sea," Muriel said. "You're not afraid of the water, are you?"

"Not at all. I have been in swimming tanks a number of times, but no one taught me to swim."

"Perhaps he'd enjoy being on a sailboat even more than swimming," Muriel said.

"I'm sure you would also enjoy sailing and fishing in Maine," John said. "Every time I get in a boat, hoist the sails, feel the rope in my hand, or lower a line, hook a fish, and feel its weight on the rod, I feel alive in a way that I never do in the city."

I didn't know exactly what a sail was, exactly what a rope was doing on a boat. The only boat I had ever been in was a rowboat, on the Punjab canals, and the only fish I had ever touched was a goldfish in a trough in the compound of our government house. But I pictured Maine as a big, exciting place: as a marvellous sea, as a marvellous hill station, as a place where I would feel independent, happy, and in command—a vast private compound for riding a bicycle. I would have given anything to go to Maine with John and Muriel, but I had to proceed to Arkansas, because Mr. Woolly insisted that I fly there at the end of my stay in New York.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

INDIAN YOUTH SELECTS ARKANSAS FOR EDUCATION

Without eyes to see the wonderful sights unfolding before him, a 14-year-old youth has come from New Delhi, India, to receive his education in Arkansas. He has arrived at the Arkansas School for the Blind here. . . .

As he prepares for school at the blind institution, he is undaunted, though just a trifle homesick.

This young man is Ved Parkash Mehle [sic], the son of a deputy director of health services in India. . . . He understands English—spoken correctly. Slurred phrases have to be repeated. . . .

When J. M. Woolly, head of the blind school, introduced Ved yesterday afternoon, Ved stood up quickly and extended his hand in a warm welcome. But Ved did not smile, because he was in a strange place and without eyes to see it. He had been promised something, but all he found was an empty building being prepared for the fall season.

"He's a little homesick," explained Mr. Woolly, "but he'll get over that eventually."

Ved was still dressed in his Indian attire—almost Western—but not quite. He will soon dress as do others in Little Rock. . . .

The officials are going to see that he gets every opportunity. Because there are international relations involved? No, because a young boy decided to come thousands of miles to Arkansas for these opportunities.—*Arkansas Democrat, August 29, 1949.*

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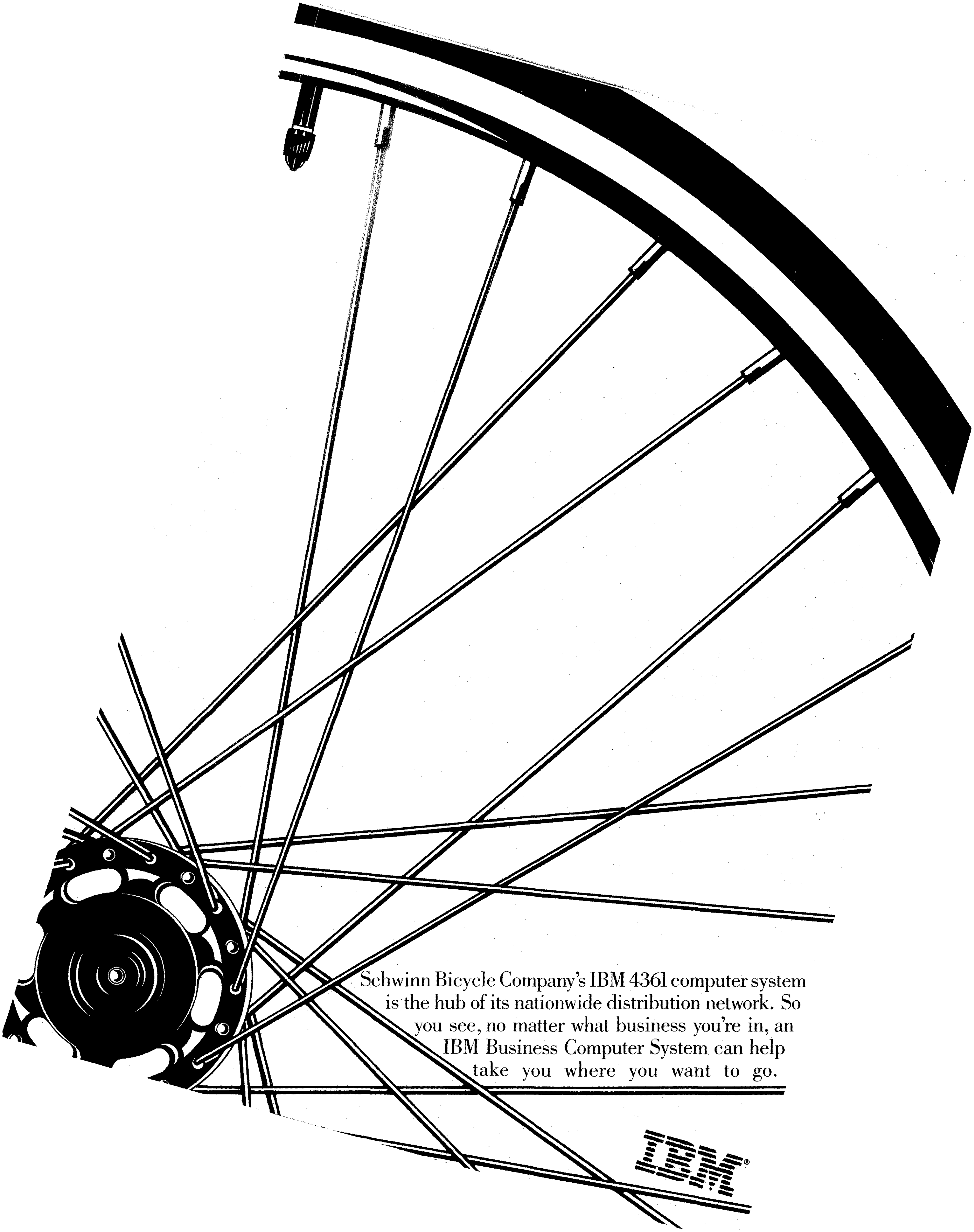

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my turn. The fence is a mountain. The sheep are staring at me. "Thank the Lord he can't see. He doesn't know how high the fence is." "He'll never make it, I tell you, he'll never make it. Baa-aa." "Baa-aa-aa." *Baa, baa, black sheep.* Falling, turning, trying to hold on to something. Falling, rolling. Nothing. Empty space. Boys having tiffin on a cold floor. Abdul pulls at my knickers, "Shoes, you spilled my tea! If I had a knife, I would cut off your leg." "Sorry. It's so crowded." He's pouring tea down my sock! He's burning me. I pull at his hair. "I'll teach you to pull big boys' hair." Daddyji: "Always 'I *shall*,' never 'I *will*.' 'Shall' means determination."

I woke with a start. I was clutching my bed. My sheets were damp with sweat. Why had I been dreaming about tiffin at Dadar School for the Blind in Bombay, where I had been sent when I was not yet five, and which I had last attended more than six years ago? I was now grown up and in America. The wretched school in Bombay couldn't touch me now. But was this school going to be much different?

I consulted my Braille watch. It was only twelve-thirty. I couldn't have been asleep more than half an hour. I must not go back to sleep, I thought, or I'll have terrible dreams. I shall stay awake. It was my first night in Little Rock, where I had arrived after spending a couple of days in Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, filing papers to try to get my visitor's visa changed to a student visa. I was alone upstairs in the older boys' sleeping hall at the Arkansas School for the Blind—a long room with thirty identical iron beds, all but mine empty. The students weren't expected for two and a half weeks. In fact, it seemed that Mr. Woolly and his family and the night watchman were the only other people in the building. I could have been in Maine, with the di Francescos, I thought. Why had Mr. Woolly made me come so early? He said he wanted me to familiarize myself with my surroundings. But how long did he think it would take someone to learn his way around the school—essentially, one simple building? Any blind person could master it in a matter of minutes. (Years later, Mr. Woolly explained, "We were all eager to meet you. We didn't know you from Adam. I'm still wondering at my brashness at having told you to come on over from India. I thought if you arrived two or three weeks before school opened, you could get used to us and we could get used to you.")

A few hours before I went to bed that first night, a longtime student at the school, a boy I'll call Wayne Tidman, had taken me around. As we walked up the circular school drive in the rain—the school was set on a hillside just to the north of a busy street called West Markham—Wayne had told me, "I live in Little Rock. I'm the only boy from the school in town now. That's why Mr. Woolly recruited me to show you around. I didn't use to live in Little Rock, but then my mother got a divorce." Wayne spoke fast, in a nasal voice, and I had to strain to follow him.

"What's a divorce?"

"You don't know what a divorce is? How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

Wayne explained a divorce to me with obvious condescension, as if he thought I had come from a really strange, backward place.

"I don't think we have it in India," I said. Then I asked, "But where is your father?"

"I don't know—I never see him."

It was my turn to feel superior.

"We're the same size, but you're much skinnier than I am, because you come from a poor country," Wayne said.

I didn't like his calling my country poor, but, of course, he was right. So I contented myself with saying, "I think you're older than I am."

"Only a year."

We climbed some steps onto the school's front porch.

"By the way, how did you go blind?" Wayne asked.

"From meningitis, when I was very small. And you?"

"I'm not blind, the way you are. I have nystagmus." I didn't know what that was, but I didn't dare ask.

We were now at the front door of the school. I asked him about the building.

"The building? It was built just before the war."

"How are y'all doing?" Mr. Woolly said, coming out of the school. "Son, what are you finding out?"

"He was asking about the building," Wayne said.

"Well, it's a typical red brick building, the kind we have in these parts," he said, and he explained to me, as Daddyji might, that the building was very symmetrical. There was a three-story central section, topped with a little clock tower, and recessed two-story wings, which had their own smaller porches.

Wayne and I went into the central section. Opening off a central corridor that ran the length of the section were the office (Mr. Woolly's room and an adjoining outer room), a reception room, the auditorium, and a half-dozen classrooms for the elementary school and the junior and senior high school. There was a boys' staircase and a girls' staircase. Upstairs were a library, a music conservatory, and Mr. Woolly's living quarters. Downstairs, in the basement, were the faculty and student dining rooms and the kitchen. The west wing was built on a slightly lower level than the central corridor, and one had to go down three or four steps to get to it. At the foot of the steps, one came to a little solarium, and beyond that, along a hall, were a playroom and sleeping quarters for the little boys, and common rooms for the middle-sized boys; at the end of the hall were a lounge and, alongside it, through a swinging door, a locker room for the older boys. Upstairs were the sleeping halls for the middle-sized and older boys. A similar pattern was repeated in the east wing, which housed the girls' dormitories. Scattered through the building were single rooms for faculty members and staff.

"Is this the whole school?" I asked Wayne at one point in the tour.

"No," Wayne said, and he took me out a side door of the lounge and up a little incline to the back drive, beyond which were four little buildings, set back like a row of servants' quarters at home. On the left was the industrial-arts building, called the Shop. Next to it was the gymnasium. Next to that was the school infirmary. And on the right was a residence for junior and

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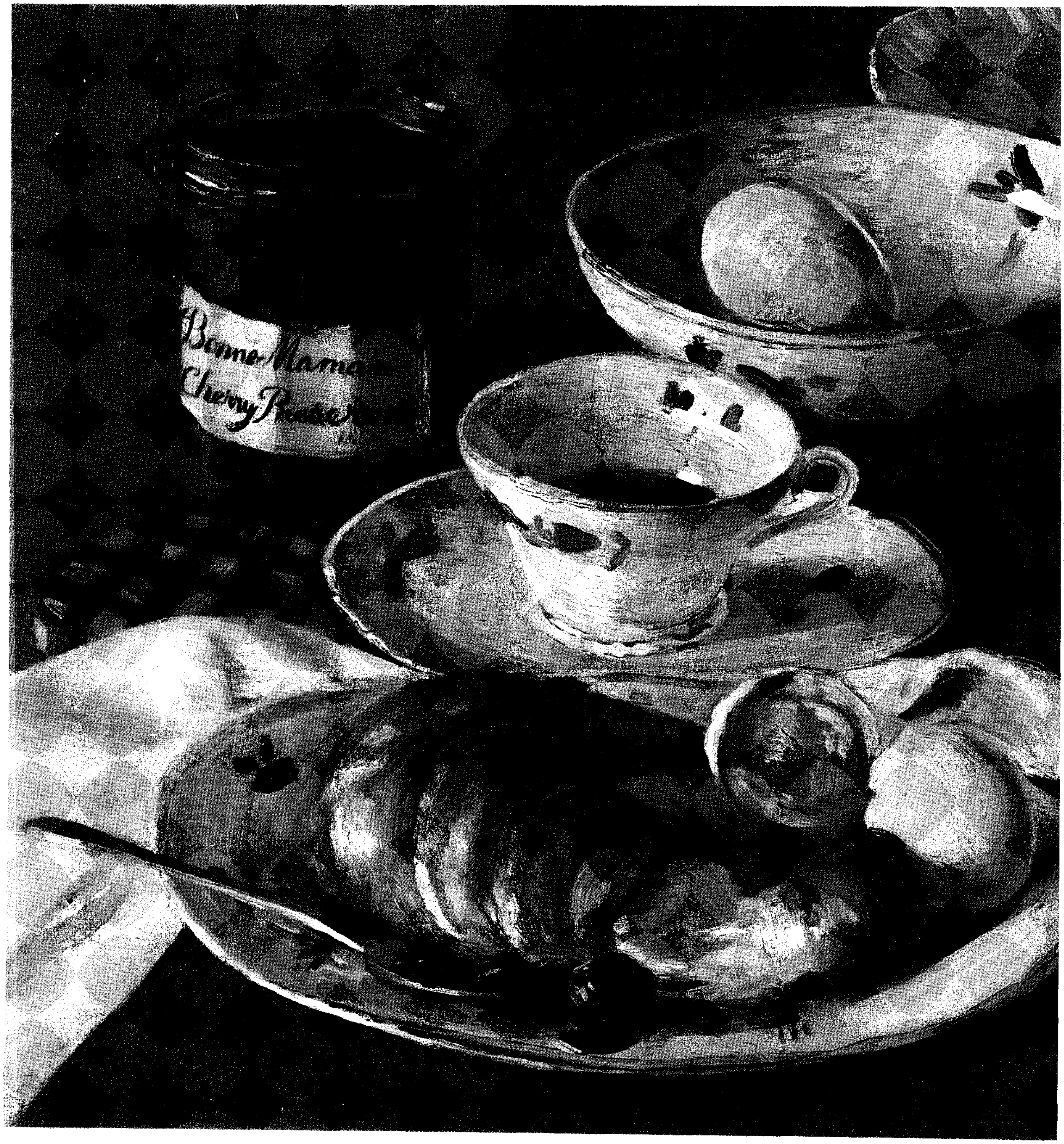

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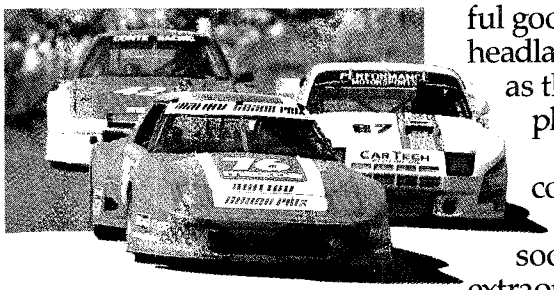

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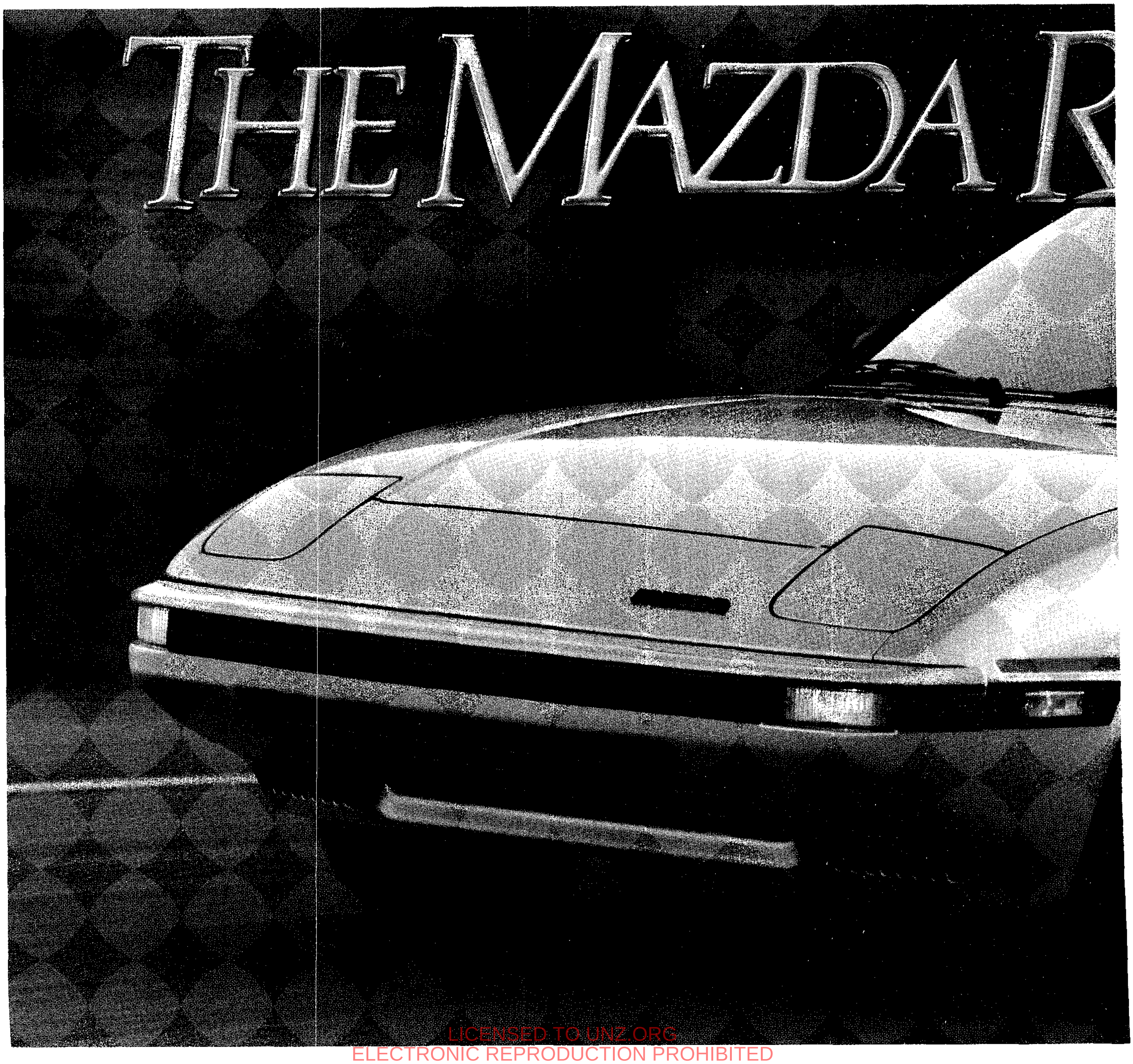

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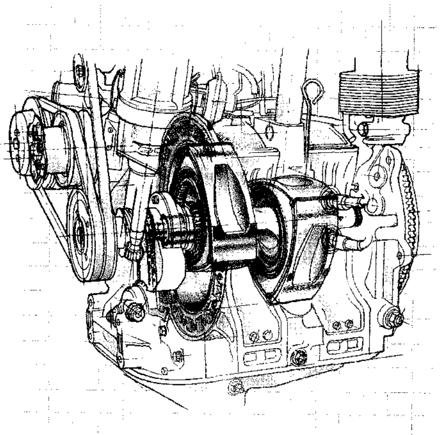

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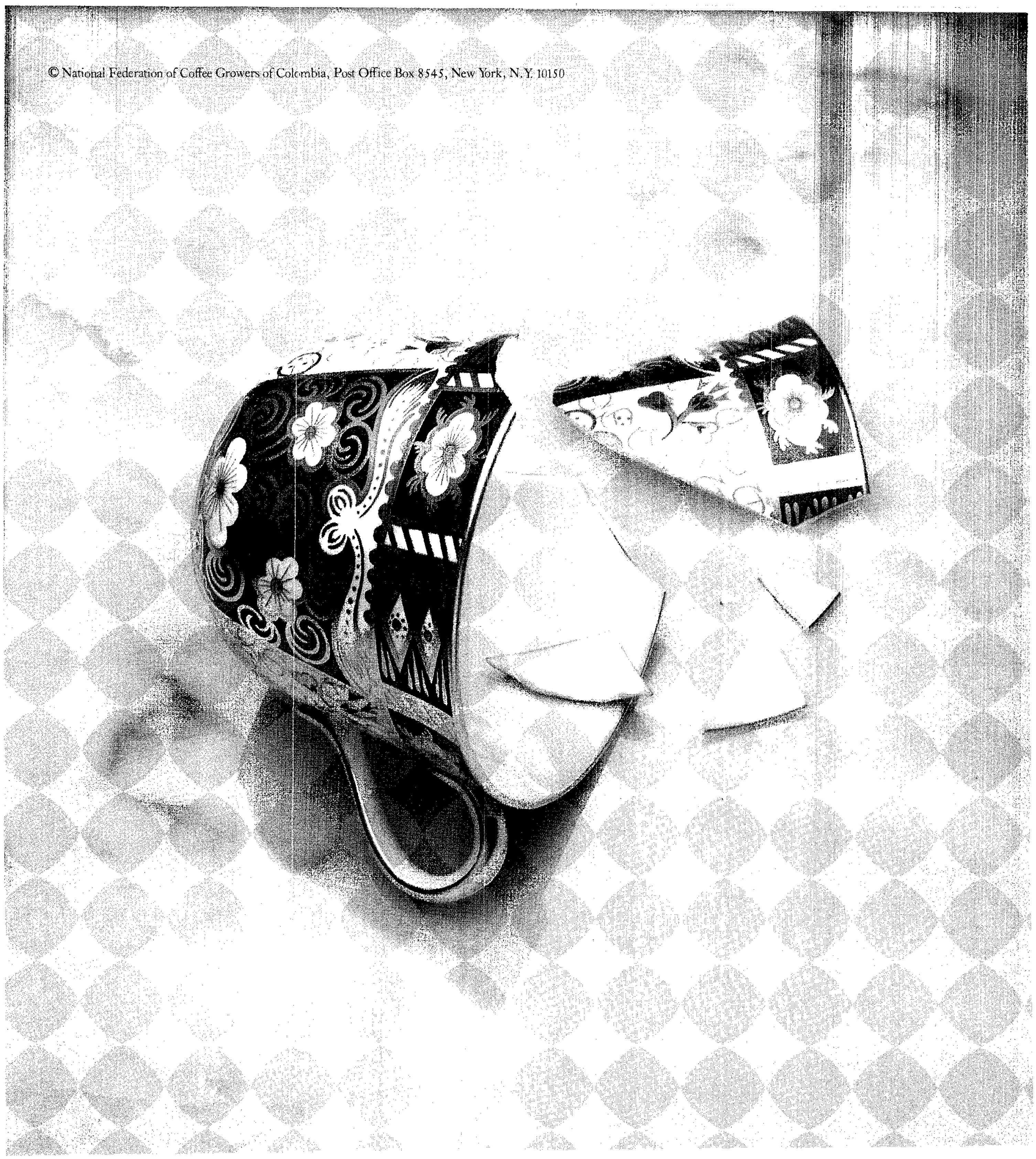

Luckily, the Colombian Coffee hadn't been poured.

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senior girls, called the Home Economics Cottage, where they were taught cooking, sewing, and housekeeping.

"The main building and the Cottage are so well designed that everyone in the school fits into them," Wayne was saying.

"How big is the school, then?"

"There are more than a hundred students and twenty staff members."

At home, we had worried whether the school I was going to might be for Negroes. But it seemed that there was no way to find out from that distance without risking bad feelings and jeopardizing my admission. We had reasoned that if the school turned out to be for Negroes—and so perhaps unsuitably poor for me—I could always change schools once I was in America. I now asked Wayne, "Is this school for Negroes or for whites? What color are you?"

Wayne didn't answer, and I was afraid that I had offended him. Suddenly, he said, his voice coming out almost in an angry spit, "White, you fool! What do you think?"

I was relieved, even though I worried that I might have made an enemy of my very first American school friend.

"You ain't white, you know," Wayne said after a while.

"My people are not dark-skinned, like the Dravidians, in South India," I said. "We're fair-skinned Aryans—we come from the North."

"I don't know about all that. Here you're just white or not white, and I can see that you ain't white. You can't fool me." Wayne walked me back to the boys' dormitory and left abruptly, saying, "I'm going home for supper now. I guess they fed you on the plane."

I had had only a light lunch on the plane, but I wasn't hungry. I wandered all around the older boys' section, exploring and touching everything. In the lounge were a battered wooden sofa and armchairs with shabby cushions on them. In the locker room were a long bench bolted to the floor and, on either side of it, two rows of lockers; at one end were a window and a radiator, at the other end two sinks. Beyond the sinks was the bathroom. I went out into the lounge and back into the locker room. I counted the lockers. There were thirty of them. I went out into the lounge again. Rattling around in the silence, I felt utterly alone. Then I heard someone typing in the distance. It took me a few seconds to locate the sound—it was coming from the office. I felt reassured, knowing that there was someone nearby. I went upstairs to the older boys' sleeping hall. I counted the iron bedsteads, and examined the rush-bottomed straight chairs that stood next to them. The chairs were as identical as the beds. Only one bed, near the door, was made up—it was for me.

I took off my shirt and trousers, put them on my chair, and lay down, wondering what the place would be like with thirty boys sleeping or milling around. Would I get on with them? Would they all be like Wayne—prickly and opinionated? What would they make of me?

The sleeping hall was as still as the inside of a cave. There was not so much as the rustling of a tree outside. I cleared my throat. The place felt hot and close. August in Arkansas is as bad as August in New Delhi, I thought, and there are no ceiling or table fans here.

I got up and tried to open the window at the head of my bed, but I couldn't budge it. I went back to bed. My heart began to beat faster. I'm going to get polio, I thought. I'm going to die in Arkansas. Everyone at home will cry when my body comes back on the airplane. I fell asleep. It was then that I dreamed my dream of sheep and tiffin at the school for the blind in Bombay.

When I had been awake for just a few minutes, and was still under the spell of the dream, I was startled by a noise. *Hrrr-rrr-rrr.* I couldn't make out what it was, but the sound only made the building seem hollower and more deserted. It stopped as unexpectedly as it had started. It will begin again, I thought. These must be the old ghosts from the Bombay school. They have followed me here to trip me up and torment me in America.

There was a loud rattle, as if someone were shaking the building. For a moment, I couldn't move, but then I felt that if I waited another moment I wouldn't be able to get up at all.

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

I sprang out of bed, slipped on my clothes, and ran downstairs, barefoot, shouting, "Who is it? . . . Anyone there? . . . Say something!"

My words echoed along the hall. I listened. Now the rattling was a hammering. I couldn't tell where the sound was coming from. It seemed to be coming from every corner at once. Then the hammering suddenly died down.

"Mr. Woolly! Mr. Woolly!" I cried, running along the central corridor.

Footsteps started from the girls' side of the building. Someone was hurriedly shuffling toward me. "Oh, it's you, the new boy from India." The voice was breathless and weak, like that of a feeble elderly man. I felt a trembling hand on my shoulder. "I'm the night watchman. What's the matter, sonny? Are you homesick?"

"That banging, that hammering!"

"Oh, that." The night watchman laughed. "Them are the steampipes. They were working on them today. They must have left the boiler valve open, or something. The noise was coming from the steampipes, all right."

I'd never heard of steampipes; I didn't know what a boiler was for. But the idea of steam in the middle of a hot summer night seemed preposterous. I felt angry at Mr. Woolly for insisting that I come to school before the other students. I hated being alone in the boys' dormitory. I wanted to go home.

"Leave me alone!" I cried petulantly to the night watchman.

The night watchman took his hand off my shoulder and started walking away. I listened to his retreating shuffle down the central corridor. I wanted to run after him and apologize. I wished that I could ask him to come and sit at my bedside, as the servants did at home. But I stayed fixed to the spot, terrified of being left alone and yet unable to do anything about it.

I felt dizzy from the steamy heat. I had to have some air. I went to the lounge, where, I remembered, there was a side door. It was locked, but I managed to get it open. I walked out onto a little terrace and down some steps, and started going around the school building—now on a path, now on a stretch of grass—stepping carefully with my bare feet, following the walls with my facial vision, which is the ability of some blind people to perceive objects and terrain as sound-shadows by means of echoing sound and changes of air pressure around the ears. As I walked, I felt with my toes for clay flowerpots or projecting pipes or taps, which at home loomed out of the ground like so many malevolent shin bruisers. But the path was clear. It took me hardly ten minutes to circle the building. I strolled across to a wooded area behind the gymnasium. The ground was piled thick with a layer of wet leaves over a lot of dry leaves, which crackled under my feet. I found a flat stretch and lay down, thinking that it was cooler—and perhaps safer—outside than inside the eerie building. I arranged the prickly leaves under me and made myself comfortable. I fell asleep.

The sounds of birds woke me up. I felt a little cold and tried to get back into the building, but the lounge door had locked behind me. I went to the front door and boldly walked in.

The night watchman was sitting in the office. "Taking the air, sonny?" he asked kindly.

"That's right."

"You fall down, or something? Them are a lot of leaves you got stuck to your back." He came over and brushed off my back.

"Don't tell anyone that I was up—that I was outside."

"What you say? I don't see nothing. It's gettin' to be five-thirty. It's time for me to go off duty. You be all right?"

"Yes," I said, and I marched through the central corridor.

August 29, 1949

Dear Dr. Mehta:

Ved arrived yesterday from Washington. I was indeed sorry to hear of his loss and want you to call on me if I can be of any help in presenting his claim to the Airlines.

He seems to be a very fine lad and I am sure will apply himself to his work here. He is at the moment somewhat homesick, but that is natural. Although school does not open until September 11, I think this time will be very valuable in getting acquainted with the school and the city. As I am writing you, a young man of Ved's age and grade level is visiting with him and showing him around. The young man is a pupil here and lives in Little Rock. He will spend a great deal of time with Ved during the next two weeks.

Ved tells me he hasn't much money on account of unforeseen expenses in New York. Do not worry about it. If he needs money I will see that he has it until your bank draft arrives.

We will look into the typewriter situation and buy one wholesale for him if he wants it. [Daddyji had requested Mr. Woolly to help me get a typewriter.] However, *we furnish them in the dormitories* for pupil use.

In closing, I want to say again that we will look after him as if he were our own son, and we do have two of our own. I hope his mother will not be too anxious about him, nor worry about his welfare.

With personal regards, I am,

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly

2 September, 1949

My Dear Mr. Woolly,

I am grateful for your letter of the 29th August just received. I am glad to learn that Ved has reached Little Rock and that your first impressions of the boy are as I had expected.

As regards how to utilize the funds for the education of Ved, you are the very best judge to decide. All I can say is that since the Partition of India, we have lost all and have to make the two ends meet from my salary, which I shall continue to get for another year before I am retired compulsorily, and, being on a non-pensionable post, I shall have to find some appointment to keep the wolf away from the door. But at the same time, I may assure you that I shall see that Ved's education does not suffer on any account, and my ambition is to make him a self-supporting citizen of the world. Your assurance that Ved will be treated like your own son has put the mind of his mother, myself, and the family entirely at ease and I cannot find words to thank you adequately for this generous offer.

I know Ved would like to have a portable typewriter of his own, as he is a very good correspondent indeed, and I shall be grateful if you buy him one as soon as the draft for 520 dollars is received by you.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
A. R. Mehta

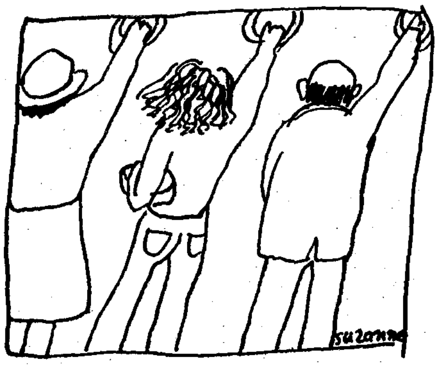
Get in the Hole, Buck

All Work and No Play

School is out. It's three-fifteen.
Oh, no, my friend, you still must sing.
Oh well, so what? It's only four,
And now we're free to hit the door.
Now, just a minute! Remember band.
From four to five we must demand.
Oh, my! *There's wrestling until six.*
(Of all the mean and dirty tricks!)
The evening now has waned away.
I guess I'll have to wait for play.

—Kenneth Bruton, a schoolmate.

THE hour bell in the clock tower clanged six times on the morning of the first day of classes. "The wakeup bells are calling you, gents. It's time to face the world." It was the supervisor of the big boys, a man I'll call Mr. Warren Clay, addressing us from the door of the sleeping hall. He was an old man with a slow, almost mocking way of speaking. "Ding-dong, ding-dong. Hear that church music? Hit the road, boys! Yea, Lord, ain't no justice. But hear those birds chirping outside? The world ain't all cruel, as long as there's church music in it."



"You mean *chirp* music," George McNabb said, from his bed, on the far side of the sleeping hall. Since childhood, he had had something wrong with his sinuses, which made his voice come out in a flat, nasal whine. Although he was twenty-one, he sounded almost as old as Mr. Clay.

"Rise up, men, God damn your hide!" Mr. Clay said. He was addicted to strong language, and the boys said that it was because he was a lifelong bachelor and a retired railroad man. "The cook is cooking ham and eggs, and is going to serve you a big glass of orange juice, and Wheaties, too. Come on, champions, curry that mule. Tickle that tiger—don't let him get away!"

"We ain't never had ham and eggs," Kenneth Bruton said, from his bed. He was seventeen, but he had the high-pitched voice of a child.

"Mind your trap, Bruton," Mr. Clay said sharply—Bruton often got under his skin, for no reason we could determine—and then he said in his normal, relaxed way, "There ain't no justice."

Oather Brown, who was eighteen and, like McNabb and Bruton, was in the tenth grade, turned over in his bed, ostentatiously rustling his bedclothes, and snored loudly. There was a round of mimicking snores from several beds.

"Yea, Lord," intoned Mr. Clay. He went into his rooms, which were just outside the sleeping hall, and closed the door. It was a matter of great pride with him that he, through some fluke, had two rooms, while other staff members, including some who were married, had only one.

Presently, McNabb and Bruton (they were known by their surnames), who were inseparable, and were notorious practical jokers, went over to Max Cary. He was nineteen and was also in the tenth grade. They lifted up his bed and swung it from side to side, asking him to beg for mercy. He wouldn't, so they left his bed, with him in it, precariously balanced on two chairs.

There were yells and screams from all around. Everyone feared that he would be the next victim. My bed was next to Max's bed, and I lay very still, dreading their attack but at the same time hoping for it—I didn't want to be left out of anything. McNabb and Bruton, however, turned on Joe Wright. He was a year older than I was, but was in the fifth grade. They tipped him from his bed onto the floor. He was so good-natured that he hardly protested.

The clock struck twice, this time with a higher-pitched bell. It was six-thirty, and we had just half an hour to make our beds, get ready, and line up for breakfast. Suddenly, almost everyone was out of his bed and hurriedly fixing it up. McNabb and Bruton paused long enough to get Max's bed down from the chairs.

Mr. Clay returned, and ambled from bed to bed, inspecting and remonstrating, telling one boy to pull up his sheets, another to smooth out a bulge. Partially sighted boys said that his eyes were blue as blue and missed nothing. He prodded the few laggards to get along, muttering, "Yea, Lord, ain't no justice."

Downstairs in the locker room, there was bedlam. Some boys were whistling and joking as they hurried up other boys at the sinks or at the toilets and showers. Still other boys were standing at their lockers and applying talcum powder, deodorant, hair oil, or after-shave lotion, or pulling on their clothes. There was so little room between the lockers and the bench that if a locker door was fully open no one could get by. My locker was near the end with the sinks, and boys were always knocking into me; the simplest task, like combing my hair or putting on my socks, took longer than it ordinarily would have.

There were only three toilet stalls and one shower cubicle with three shower heads. I was reluctant to go into a toilet stall, because it was open at the top and bottom, or into the shower cubicle, because that involved taking a shower with other boys. I couldn't even get used to the idea that boys stood up half-naked at the sink to shave; at home, Daddyji shaved in pajamas and dressing gown, sitting comfortably at a table. For a different reason, I couldn't get used to the idea of hot running water that didn't have to be husbanded and shared. I washed myself perfunctorily at the sink and got ready as best I could.

"Get in the hole, buck!" Mr. Clay said, swinging open the locker-room door. "Three minutes to line up for breakfast."

When the clock struck seven, we all rushed out of the locker room and started forming a line in the hall. Mr. Clay wouldn't let the line move forward until every last one of us was in place. Then he went ahead and we trooped after him, some boys combing their hair or buttoning their shirts. As we went along the hall, we could hear the little and middle-sized boys getting ready; their breakfast would follow ours.

We arrived in the students' dining room at the same time as the older girls, and went to the boys' side, where we found our designated chairs at tables for six. We all stood while Miss Mary Harper, the high-school English teacher and the sighted dining-room supervisor for the week, said grace at a rapid clip from the middle of the floor: "Lord, we give thanks for our daily bread, for all our joyful associations, and for the many blessed things we have here at A.S.B. Amen."

"Amen," we all repeated. I hadn't realized that one word could be said in so many different ways, or that there were so many distinct voices in the school.

There was the screech of scooting chairs as we all sat down.

Miss Harper walked over to our table to chat.

"Miss Harper, Ved doesn't believe that you can sit on your hair," Bruton announced, out of the blue. "Can he feel it?" Miss Harper was recently out of college, and Bruton teased her as if she were an older sister.

"Don't y'all be fresh," Miss Harper said.

"Ved, her hair is soft, and she wears it in pigtails," Oather said, laughing. But I noticed that, however the boys teased her, they were always respectful.

Miss Harper moved on to the next table. A waitress served each of us a piece of dry toast and a glass of cold milk. Before coming to America, I had hated drinking milk; at home, milk smelled foul, because it was served hot—it had to be boiled. But this milk was so cold that it was almost odorless, and I drank it happily. It was as bracing as a splash of cold water on my eyes.

"Another glass of milk?" the waitress asked, barely pausing behind my chair.

"No, thank you," I said, automatically. I had been brought up to consider it impolite to accept anything at the first or second offer, and I waited for her to return and ask me again. She never did. (I'd had similar experiences at meals in the days preceding, but I still hadn't learned my lesson.)

Within fifteen minutes, we were through with our simple breakfast and had returned to the dormitory. Some of the boys went back to the locker room to finish washing and dressing. Others messed about in the lounge or went down to the tobacco room, under the lounge, to smoke or chew tobacco. I was on housekeeping duty for the week, and busied myself dusting the lounge furniture and windowsills.

Mr. Clay came over to me. "How you getting along?"

"All right, sir. It's not hard, but I've never dusted before."

"Yea, Lord, give me that cloth!" Before I knew it, he was dusting and wiping for me, and muttering that he was getting behind in his real duties, such as writing letters for boys and looking after their money.

Charlie Wren—he was fifteen, and in the seventh grade—was mopping the floor. "Totally blind boys can mop the floor as well as we can, sir," he said to Mr. Clay. Charlie was half-sighted, and mopping floors was a housekeeping duty reserved for boys who had some sight.

"But the bucks will miss the dead bugs on the floor," Mr. Clay said. "Yea, Lord."

"Don't listen to Bull," Oather said, coming in. Charlie was generally called Bull.

But Mr. Clay took the mop and the pail from Charlie and started mopping the floor himself.

At eight-fifteen, I went to class with Wayne Tidman. Mr. Woolly had placed me in the ninth grade, explaining, "That's where a boy of your age belongs, and Wayne Tidman is in that grade. He'll take care of you."

"Mr. Chiles is almost totally blind, you know," Wayne told me as we walked to our first class. "But he's a teacher at the school—one of the very best. He went to Hendrix College, in Conway, one of the best colleges in the world. You might say he's the best graduate of this school. I tell you, John Ed Chiles is a walking encyclopedia."

Mr. Chiles greeted me warmly—he had a very pleasant voice and a kind but precise way of speaking—and said to the class, "Ved is perhaps the only Indian in Arkansas, and certainly in Little Rock. We're mighty glad to have him with us." He showed me around the classroom. Just inside the door, on a little platform, were a chair and a desk for him, and opposite were half a dozen chairs with small desk tops attached to them. There was a bookcase full of big Braille books—they gave the room a pleasant smell of glue and thick Braille paper—and, opposite it, a couple of freestanding wooden relief maps of the United States and Europe, each state or country removable, like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle.

Besides Wayne and me, there were two other ninth graders, Evelyn Worrell and Lois Woodward, and Mr. Chiles told them to say a few words, so that I could get acquainted with them. Lois said that she was eighteen, was *almost totally blind, and was from* Morrilton. Her voice was so small and withdrawn that she might have been twelve years old. Evelyn said that she was fifteen, was half-sighted, and was from North Little Rock. In contrast to Lois's voice, Evelyn's was so strident and low that she could have been mistaken for a teen-age boy.

"Lois, Evelyn, and Wayne have been here since elementary school," Mr. Chiles said. "What kind of schooling did you have in India, Ved?"

"I didn't have much formal education, sir," I said. Wayne and Evelyn shifted in their seats, as if they disapproved of my being placed in the ninth grade. "At home, education for the blind is very bad."

Mr. Chiles gave each of us a Braille textbook and asked me to read out the title.

" 'An Introduction to Ciwics,' " I read.

"Not 'Ciwics,' 'Civics,' " Wayne said.

"Do you have a 'v' in your language, Ved?" Mr. Chiles asked.

I had to think for a moment. There was no Punjabi or Hindi Braille, and I didn't even know the alphabet for either of the languages. "I don't think we have a letter that sounds quite like it," I said. In fact, now that I thought about it, I realized that my family pronounced my own name one way when they were speaking to me in English and another way when they were speaking to me in Punjabi.

Mr. Chiles explained to me that the English "v" sound was made by pressing the lower lip against the upper teeth. I did what he said—pressed my lip so hard that I nearly drew blood—but still I couldn't make the correct sound.

"Vvvee," Wayne buzzed.

"Vvvee," Evelyn joined in.

"In time, with practice, you'll get it," Mr. Chiles said reassuringly, and then he asked the class, "Can anyone tell us what civics is?"

"Civics is the study of government," Wayne said.

"Yes," Mr. Chiles said. "And in this class we'll study the Constitution, its Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation, by which Negroes were freed."

"The only nigger I have any use for is a dead nigger," Wayne said.

"Wayne, that's no way to talk," Mr. Chiles said.

"Niggers are descendants of Ham. They're from the land of Egypt. They're all damned. The Bible says so. I'm a preacher in my church—I should know."

"Negroes have rights under the Constitution, just like you and me," Mr. Chiles said.

"They aren't saved," Wayne said. "They're not in the Lord's house."

"That's enough, now, Wayne," Mr. Chiles said. "We must keep religion out of the class." He called on me. "Ved, do you know what Negroes are?"

I said I did, and asked where the blind Negroes in Little Rock went to school.

"If I were you, I'd keep my nose out of the nigger business," Wayne said.

"Blind Negroes have their own school in Little Rock," Mr. Chiles said. He changed the subject. "Can anyone tell me how many people sit in the House of Representatives?"

Neither Lois nor Evelyn knew, but Wayne provided the right answer.

As we were waiting in the corridor for our next class, Wayne said to me, in his fast twang, "If you stick your nose in the dirty nigger business too much, you'll become one yourself. Maybe you belong in the nigger school anyway. Did Mr. Woolly know your color when he accepted you?"

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I felt angry, but I said nothing. I was beginning to be frightened of him.

For second period, we had junior business, with the principal, J. E. Tyson, who was sighted, and whom the boys referred to as Mr. Scarecrow or Mr. Basketball. He certainly spoke from a great height, and his voice had the intensity I associated with nervous, thin men.

"No doubt y'all have already seen the new vending stand in the boys' solarium," Mr. Tyson said. "Mr. Woolly had it installed over the summer, so that y'all could get your feet wet in business. It has a cooler, a cash drawer, and a glass candy case, and it's well stocked. We've arranged for the juniors and seniors to take turns working at it during the recess periods, so before graduating y'all will get a turn at running it. The profits of the vending stand will be used to buy the seniors their class rings and take care of all their graduating expenses. It's probably the most practical thing some of you will get out of the school. The state rehabilitation agency has a very good program of vending stands for the blind. A vending stand may be the best way for you to earn your livelihood—unless, of course, you have an ear for piano tuning, which remains the best career open to a blind individual."

In civics, I had got the impression that Mr. Chiles might prepare us for a career in government, like Daddyji's. But now Mr. Tyson was talking as if we were only fit to work at a vending stand. I decided I didn't like junior business. Then Mr. Tyson said, "The vending stand will be a good place for you boys and girls to meet and mix." My interest was aroused.

The bell for third period rang, and the entire high school went to the auditorium for a half-hour assembly. (Periods were generally forty-five minutes long.)

Mr. Tyson told us from the stage that once every few weeks we would have a special speaker or a special program during assembly. Otherwise, assembly would be devoted to social-adjustment classes, taught by different teachers. "This is our first class," he said, and, turning to the side of the auditorium where all of us boys were seated, he continued, "Now, boys, sup-

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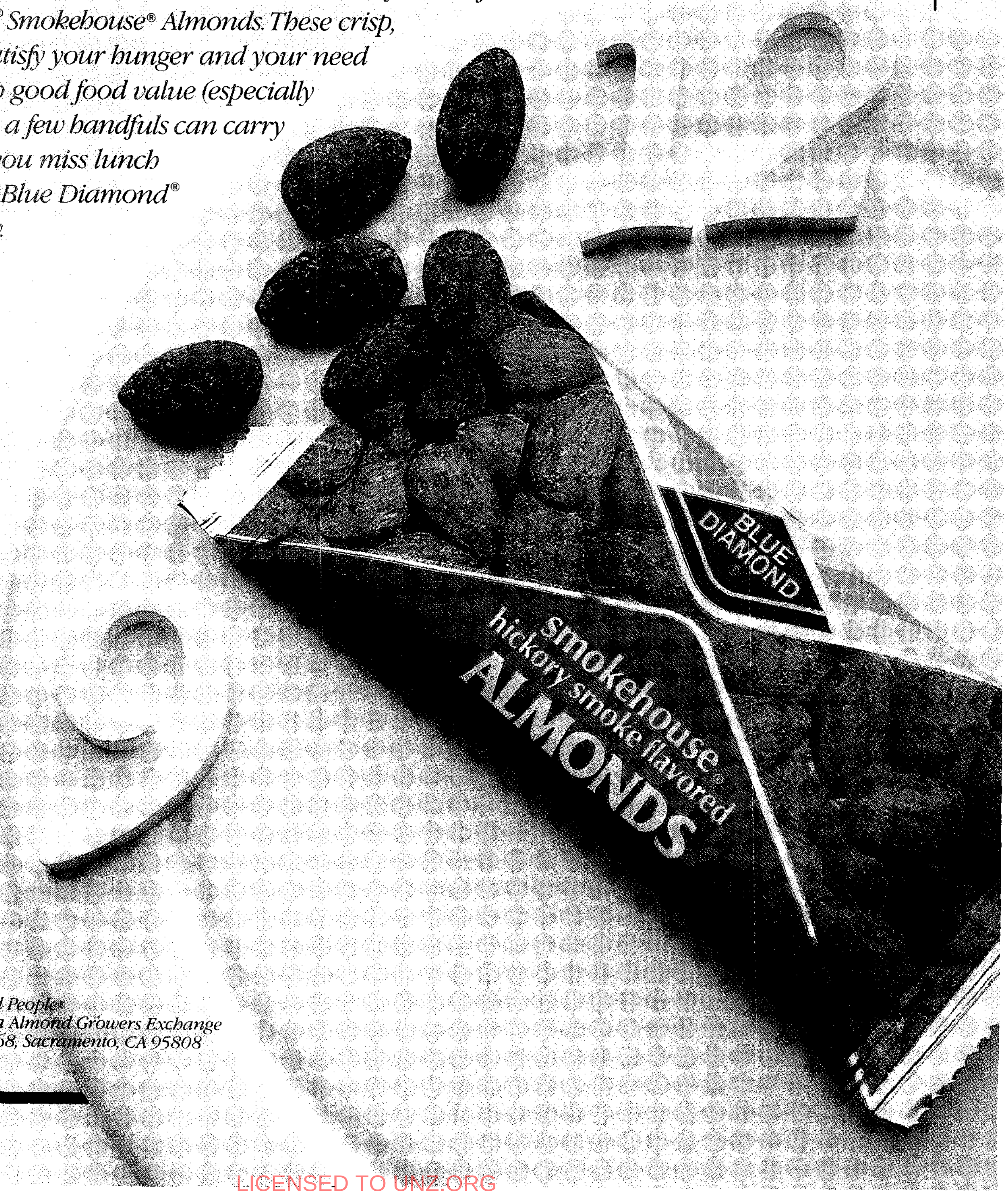
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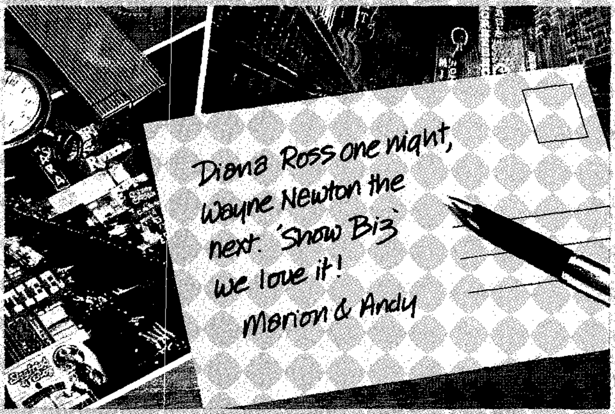

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posing you want to ask Mary Ann to the dance in the gym, how would you go about it?"

A girl laughed from the girls' side of the auditorium. I'd never heard such a laugh—sweet, winging, musical, like ice tinkling in a delicate sherbet glass.

"Who's that?" I whispered to Bruton, who was sitting next to me.

"Mary Ann Lambert," he whispered back. "She's a partially sighted senior. Mr. Tyson is sweet on her." The pulse in my forehead quickened.

"Now, boys, when you're asking Mary Ann for a date don't beat about the bush," Mr. Tyson was saying. "Don't say 'Isn't it a nice day?' or 'Can we get together sometime?' or 'Mary Ann, are you going to be around on Saturday?' Come right out and say, 'Mary Ann, would you like to go to the dance with me this Saturday?' After all, you want her to be your date. Any questions?"

I sat wondering whether "date" had *anything to do with the delicious fruit.* I had heard Englishmen say of a girl that she was a "peach," but peaches were soft and juicy; dates were hard and chewy. I felt too shy to pursue the thought. Then I thought that perhaps the term came from the date on the calendar, and wondered whether Americans asked out different girls on different days, and how many dates they had. Perhaps a date was a girlfriend for the day, the way someone was Queen for a Day on a radio program to which I had just been introduced. But I was afraid to voice these questions and thoughts, in case the Americans sitting around me laughed at them. Of one thing I felt certain: Americans led a very fast life.

"After you finish your date with Mary Ann, be sure to thank her and ask her for a second date," Mr. Tyson was saying. "That way, she'll know that you like her and are interested in dating her."

"What Mr. Tyson really means is that if any boy asks Mary Ann for a date he'll chop his head off," McNabb whispered to Bruton from the row behind us. "He's as bold as a bulldog."

I suddenly heard Mr. Tyson call my name. "Ved, now pretend you're asking Mary Ann for a date."

I remembered in a rush Daddyji's terrifying image of the difficulty of getting me married—Brother Om without his face. I timorously stood up and turned toward the place where Mary Ann's laugh had come from. I stuttered, my voice barely audible, "Saturday night, will you come?"

There was sporadic clapping and general laughter. I felt like a fool.

"Sit down," Mr. Tyson said, from the stage. "When you ask for a date, you should sound confident, and you should remember to say where, when, and how."

Mary Ann laughed, as if the business of the date were a shared joke between her and Mr. Tyson. Mr. Tyson went on talking about the best way to ask for a date, but I stopped listening.

At ten-fifteen, we had a fifteen-minute recess, and I went with Bruton and McNabb to the vending stand. Magically, Mary Ann was already working behind the half-moon of the counter, with its candy case, filling orders for exotic snacks like Life Savers and Mounds bars, Red Hots and cheese crackers, Fritos, peanuts, Cokes, Pepsis, 7UPs, Dr Peppers—all the while talking and laughing, running back and forth with short, clicking steps between the cooler and the candy case, and serving the teachers, girls, and boys, with a pert, penetrating remark, it seemed, for everybody.

With a trembling hand, I held out a nickel and called for a cold drink.

"Coke, you must mean," she said, barely stopping to flip the cap off the bottle and hand it to me. She immediately turned to someone else, saying over her shoulder, "I liked your Indian speech to me. It was very cute."

The word "cute" was new to me. It sounded fetching—all the more so because Mary Ann flicked it off her tongue like a pomegranate seed. I stood there mesmerized by her—by the thump of the cooler's lid, the whish of carbonated air from the bottles, the crackle of candy wrappers in the candy case, the clink of coins in the cash drawer, the general rattle-plunk of bottles and packets along the counter. I was captivated by the speed of her movements. She's like a goddess with many arms and hands, I thought, and she's so lively that she could hold her own with Sister Umi. And yet she can't be more than a couple of years older than I am.

Then I heard Mr. Tyson's voice next to me, saying, "The usual, Mary Ann."

"The usual, Mr. Tyson," she echoed.

I felt frightened, as if Mr. Tyson had read my mind.

The clock struck ten-thirty, and everyone immediately cleared out. I

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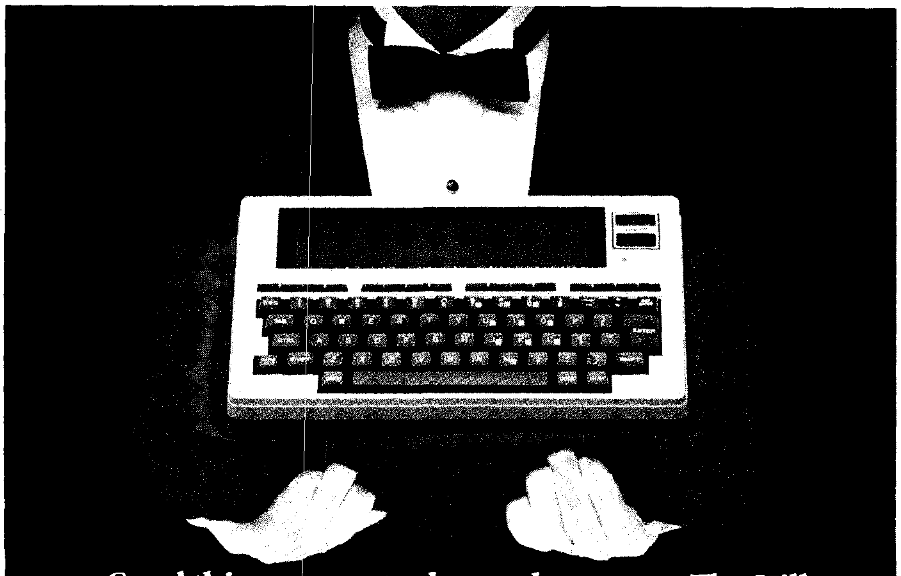

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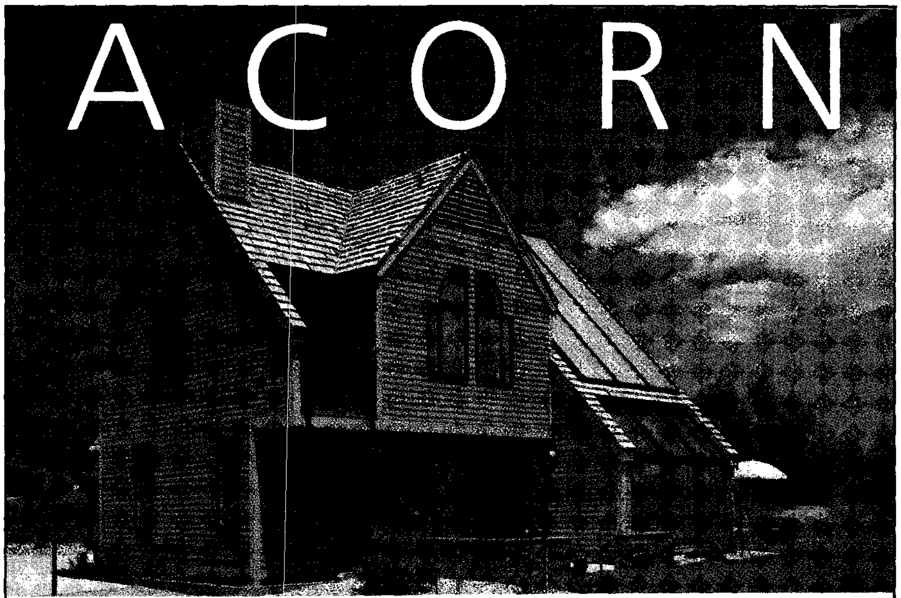

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couldn't get over how orderly everyone was; it was breathtaking.

For fourth period, Wayne, Lois, and Evelyn went to Mr. Tyson for ninth-grade mathematics. I, however, went to fourth- and fifth-grade arithmetic class, taught by Miss Jeanne Mitchell. Since I barely knew long division, Mr. Woolly had decided to start me out there.

There were many boys my age or older who were in elementary school. Still, I hated the thought of being a laggard teen-ager and sitting with little children, so I sneaked very quietly into Miss Mitchell's classroom and sat down at a desk in the back.

One boy heard me, however, and he ran over to me and started feeling my face, chanting, "The new Red Indian in fourth grade! The new Red Indian!"

"Kenneth Grider, you go back to your seat!" Miss Mitchell, who was sighted, called to him from the front of the room. She sounded hoarse, like someone who has had to shout a lot.

But Kenneth wouldn't listen, and Miss Mitchell came over and practically yanked him away from me. "A thirteen-year-old boy should know better," she said. I was surprised at Kenneth's age; from his size and his behavior, I would have taken him for eight or nine.

Miss Mitchell called the class to order. "As some of you children may know, we have a new boy with us," she said. "He's come to us all the way from India, because they don't have a school like ours over there. So he doesn't know as much arithmetic as you children do." I felt small and humiliated. But she went on, "Mr. Woolly says he's very quick. So before you children know it he will have caught up in arithmetic with the ninth graders."

There was a low buzz in the class.

"Now, children, open your books to page seven. Kenneth, how do you multiply one-third by three-fourths?"

Kenneth didn't know.

"Little Sue, what is a denominator and what is a numerator?"

"The denominator is the divisor," Sue Harrison replied. "The numerator is the number of parts of the denominator."

Miss Mitchell looked toward me. "Did you understand that, Ved?"

"No," I said, feeling embarrassed about my grownup voice.

Miss Mitchell asked Little Sue to give me an example of how a denominator and a numerator were used.

During the period, Miss Mitchell would ask questions, and before I had even set the problem down on the special arithmetic slate for the blind, Little Sue would give the answer; she was three years younger than I was, and seemed to be something of a showoff. The class went very badly for me.

For my fifth period, I went upstairs to the conservatory for an individual piano lesson with Mr. Raymond Sykes, a partially sighted teacher. Music was a recommended subject for ninth graders.

"Do you know any piano?" Mr. Sykes asked. He was relaxed and cheerful.

"I know only the harmonium, but I can play a few scales on the piano." I haltingly played for him.

"What do you plan to do when you leave school?" he asked.

"I don't know. Go to college."

"When I was a student here, in the thirties, music and industrial arts were about the only things a blind person could do."

"Mr. Tyson seemed to think we could do little more than run a vending stand," I said.

"Oh, I think you can do more than that nowadays."

"What sort of things?" I asked, getting interested.

"Like selling insurance. But I'm not the best person to ask. You'd have to go to New York or Boston to find out. I grew up in Booneville, in western Arkansas, and the only place I know besides Booneville and Little Rock is Arkadelphia, where I studied music at Ouachita College."

There was a fifteen-minute recess, and then, at twelve-fifteen, Mr. Clay led us down for lunch. While Miss Harper said grace, I once again wondered how I would manage my food, and was relieved to find that we were served only a sandwich and potato chips. The sandwich had a strange smell and texture, and I asked about it.

"It's tuna fish," Bruton said.

I had never had tuna fish before. I didn't like it, but I ate it quickly, washing it down with cold milk. Milk seemed to be a regular item at meals.

Classes resumed at one, and Lois, Evelyn, Wayne, and I went for science to Mrs. Betty Wilkes. She was a petite, slow-speaking woman, probably no more than a few years older than Lois. She spent the entire period defining terms like "mammal" and "reptile." For the next period, the seventh, while Lois and Evelyn went to the Cottage for a class in sewing with

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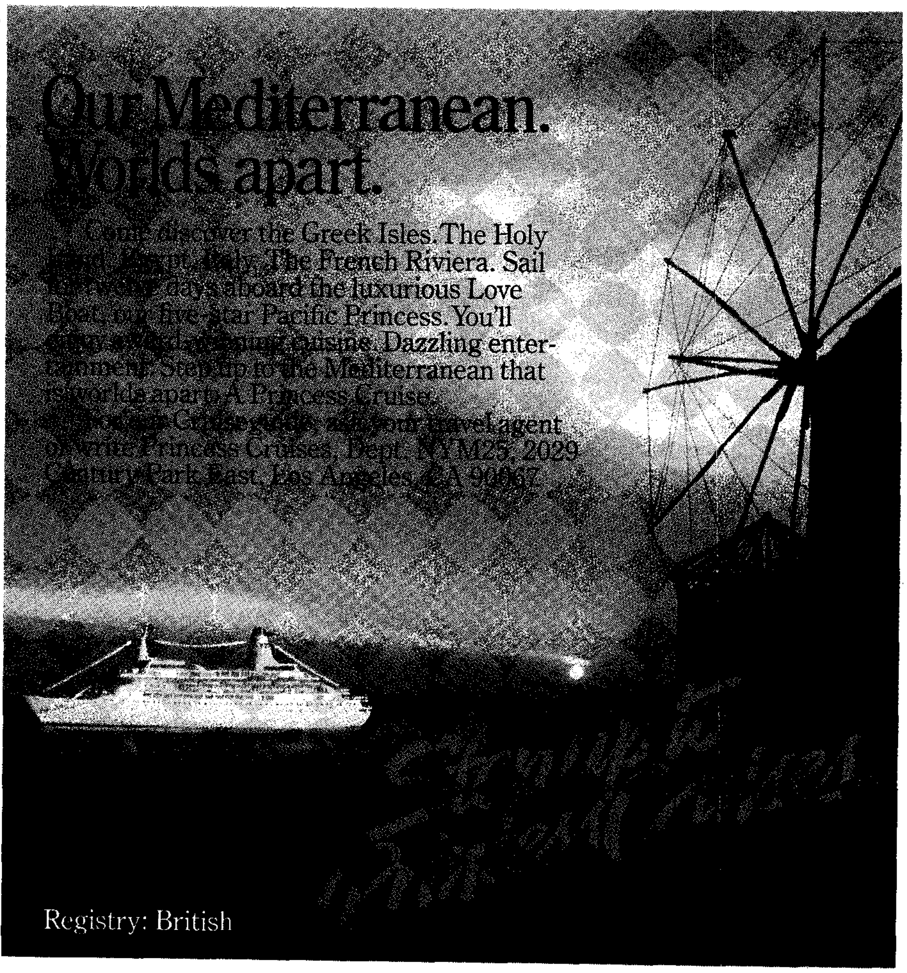

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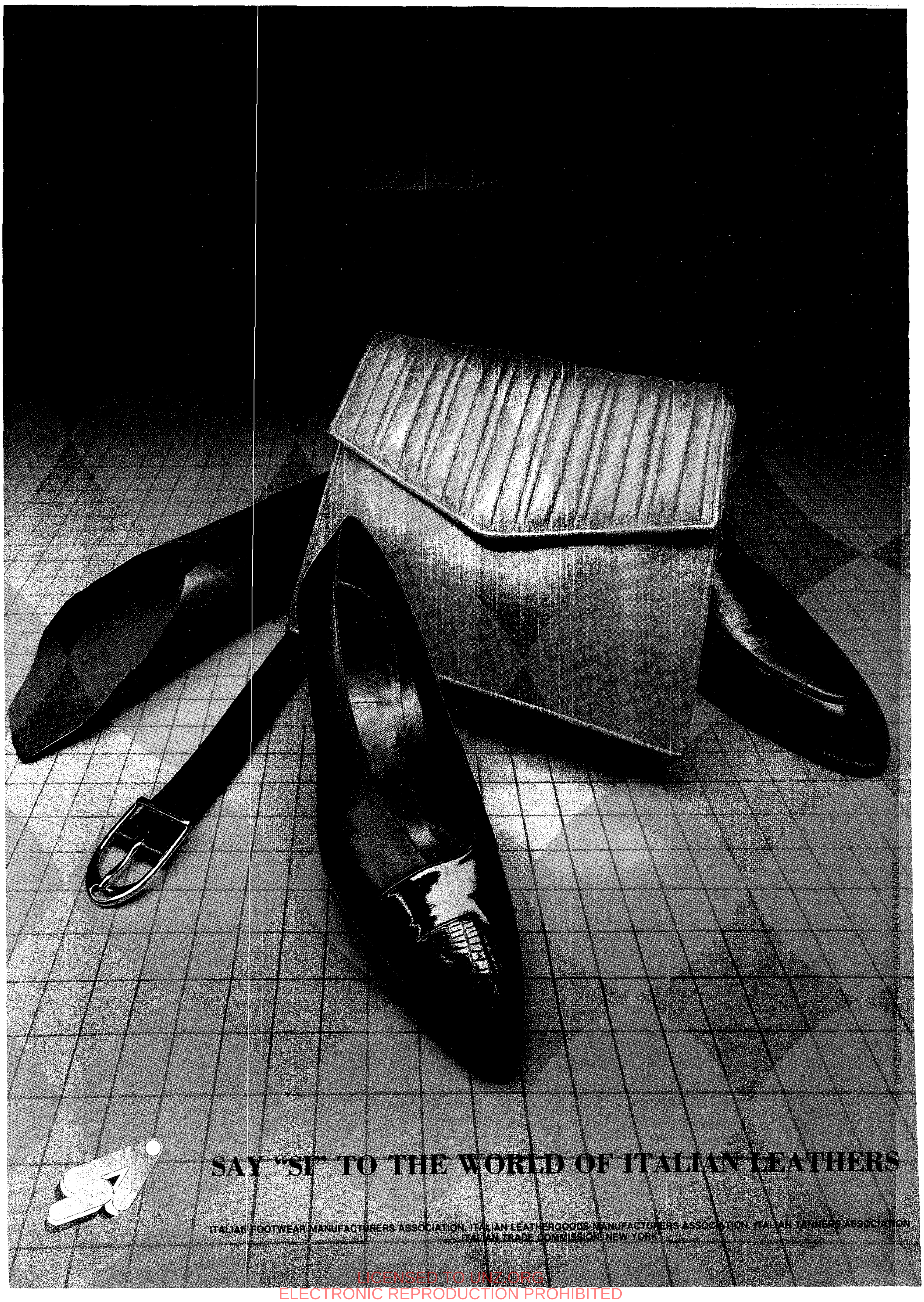SAY "SI" TO THE WORLD OF ITALIAN LEATHERS

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PH. GRAZIANO [illegible] GIANCARLO ILIPRANDI

Miss Eula Shults, Wayne and I went to Shop for a class in woodworking with Mr. Tyson. (Mr. Tyson had been promoted from Shop teacher to principal, but he was still temporarily teaching the subject.) In Shop, boys were learning to make bookends, leather moccasins, brooms, mops, and rubber doormats.

While Mr. Tyson was showing me how to use rubber treads and wire to make a doormat, Mr. Woolly walked in. "Mr. Tyson, Ved's father wants him to concentrate on his studies," he said.

"But, Mr. Woolly, Shop is the best insurance policy for blind people. You know they can always find work in sheltered workshops. Anyways, he shouldn't be treated differently from other boys."

I stood there listening to Mr. Woolly and Mr. Tyson, imagining that they were having a tug-of-war over me. I myself was torn: I was frightened of ending up in a sheltered workshop, but at the same time I was excited by the buzz and whirr of the tools, many of them new to me.

Mr. Tyson got his way, and I stayed on in Shop.

For eighth period, we four ninth graders went together to English class, with Miss Harper. She read us a story by someone called O. Henry. I had never been read aloud to in English, and I could barely understand her strange accent. Moreover, she spoke at a fast clip, like an excited auctioneer I had once heard in Lahore. Anyway, I had difficulty concentrating: Miss Harper seemed to be shaking her head energetically as she read, making me wonder whether her pigtails were swinging from side to side, and how thick her hair was. I found myself thinking of Sister Umi's upcoming wedding. I thought that I had never spent such a long day, and I felt tired.

"Ved, what is the third ingredient?" Miss Harper asked, putting the book down.

I didn't know the word, and thought she was saying "Ingrid," perhaps because my sisters' favorite European actress was Ingrid Bergman, and therefore my favorite European name for a girl was Ingrid.

"The third Ingrid, Miss Harper?" I asked.

"No, ingredient," she said. "The third ingredient in the O. Henry story that I just finished reading to you."

"That's the heroine's name."

Everyone laughed.

Miss Harper shushed the class, and said, "Wayne, what is it?"

"An onion, Miss Harper."

My cheeks felt fiery hot.

After Miss Harper's class, we again had fifteen minutes of recess, and then, at three-thirty, half an hour of high-school choir practice, with Mr. Sykes, in the auditorium. Singing in a chorus was new to me. I didn't know any of the songs. All the same, I was overwhelmed by the music, and found the words, when I could catch them, very sad. I remember tears in my eyes when we sang the refrain

O, Susanna! O, don't you cry for me,
For I'm bound for Louisiana, with
my banjo on my knee.

I tried to sing the refrain (the only bit I caught) louder than everyone else, in the hope that Mr. Sykes would hear me over the others—only to have him tell me not to make my voice stick out, since the point of choir was for all the voices to blend together.

Immediately after choir practice, we older boys rushed to the gymnasium.

No sooner did we enter the gymnasium than a man called out, "You there, new Indian boy!" He was Mr. R. Eugene Hartman, the partially sighted physical-education instructor for the boys. He took me by the shoulder and led me to the damp dressing room in the basement. "You're thin and frail for your age," he said. "People will walk all over you because you're blind. I'll make you tough and combative as all getout." He abruptly put a pair of trunks for me on the bench, and left.

I changed and ran upstairs. At the head of the stairs, someone was making a lot of noise, but it sounded muffled. McNabb was coming up behind me, and I asked him what was happening. (He was partially sighted.)

"That's George Conner punching a punching bag to get strong," he said.

"It sounds funny because the walls and the floor are covered with mats—that's to keep you critters from getting hurt." He laughed his old man's laugh.

"Get down here on the mat and stretch out with your arms over your head!" Mr. Hartman called to me. In spite of the muffled, padded surroundings, his voice sounded sharp.

I hesitated; I didn't know where Mr. Hartman meant me to go. He came over, put a hairy, sweaty arm around me, and propelled me to a spot between Bruton and McNabb, where, under his direction, I lay down, stretched out my arms and legs, and started breathing deeply. The mat smelled of sweat and age, and the gymnasium felt oppressively close.

Mr. Hartman went around the crowded floor blowing little trills on a whistle and pushing and shoving to make places on the mats for more boys.

"Boys, you're now in gym," Mr. Hartman said, from one end of the floor. "What does 'in gym' mean? I'll tell you. It means participating in our physical-education program, which is an ambitious one. It's intended to stimulate the favorable traits you have and expand them to their fullest. For all I know, many of you are born athletes. If you're not, I'll find out what your defects are and help you to overcome them through calisthenics. I will make many valuable alterations in your physique and personality. I will see that you develop your natural physical coördination to the fullest and, if you're any good, make you a Bronco Buster." That was the name of the school's wrestling team. "Whether you're on the team or not, the physical-education program will help you develop perseverance. That's very important for you blind people. You have to be tough and combative to get on out in the world."

Mr. Hartman barked some instructions, and everyone else seemed to understand what to do. But every two minutes he would come up to me and show me something—how to hold my ankles and try to sway from side to side, how to keep my knees straight and try to touch my toes, how to get down on my hands and toes and try to raise myself up. He was dressed only in trunks, over which his fat stomach bulged, and his body was oily with sweat. I recoiled from every contact with him.

Soon Mr. Hartman was vigorously drilling us. As he counted, "*One* and *two* and *three* and *four* and," all of us, in time to his counting, sat up without using our arms and stretched our torsos over our legs. "*Five* and *six* and *seven* and *eight*."

My heart raced like a clock gone haywire. I felt so dizzy that I thought my head was going to fly off my neck. My stomach heaved as if it were going to vomit up everything.

I felt I couldn't survive one more sit-up. "*Up* and *down* and *up* and *down!*" Mr. Hartman shouted. "Come on, boys, you can get your heads down lower!"

What seemed like aeons later, Mr. Hartman finally said, "O.K., boys, rest!"

We all lay back, panting like spent dogs.

"Have you ever wrestled?" Mr. Hartman asked, coming over to me.

I barely shook my head—or, rather, rolled it on the mat.

"You're over fifteen, but you have the body of a ten-year-old. That's a perfect combination for a champion featherweight wrestler. With some good rough training, you can be a Bronco Buster. Wrestling is the best sport for blind people, and this winter we have some wonderful wrestling meets coming up."

I felt nearly dead, and was scarcely able to take in what Mr. Hartman was saying.

"The first day, boy, is the hardest," Mr. Hartman went on. "But you'll shape up. I'll see to it." He turned to Bruton.

It was five-thirty, the end of the gym session. I somehow lifted myself off the mat and dragged myself down to the dressing room, my limbs aching, my head spinning, my heart beating so rapidly that I was afraid it would never return to its normal rhythm. In the dressing room, I sat on the bench, trembling, my head in my hands, waiting my turn at one of the three trickling shower spouts.

"Yea, Lordy, ain't no justice," Mr. Clay said, back in the lounge, as he lined us up for supper at the stroke of six. "Get in the hole, buck. Time to get down there and eat up the filet mignon that the cook has fried for you."

The light breakfast, the very light lunch, no tiffin—and Mr. Hartman—had left me ravenous. But in the dining room there was only a thin piece of meat on my plate, almost hidden beneath gravy, with French fries, peas, and a lettuce leaf. The meat was alternately tough and fatty, and I had trouble cutting it; the plate and the vegetables slid around, causing a minor tempest at the table.

Miss Harper came over, laid her firm hands on my shaky ones, and showed me how to hold the knife and fork closer to the blade and tines, how to find the end of the meat, and how to tell the slippery fat from the hard meat with my fork and then cut it off.

Miss Harper turned to Bruton and scolded him for piercing a French fry at the end and sucking it into his mouth instead of piercing it in the middle and putting it in his mouth all at once.

"The doggone fries are so heaped up I can't find the ends," Bruton said.

"You'll learn, Kenneth," Miss Harper said reassuringly, and she turned to Oather. "Watch out, Oather, your lettuce leaf is flapping from your fork. It's spraying your shirt with gravy."

"I'm just a country boy, Miss Harper," Oather said, laughing. "No matter how I saw at the darn leaf, it just won't be cut. It's stubborn, like me."

Miss Harper cut the lettuce for Oather while he grumbled away good-humoredly.

At seven-thirty, all of us in the junior and senior high school went to the library for a forty-five-minute study hall. From everywhere in the packed room came the friendly, familiar sounds of people reading and writing—of fingers running along an embossed page and the *tick-tick* of dots being punched, of the crackle of large, thick Braille book pages being turned and the clatter of guides being moved down Braille writing slates.

Finally, we were free for the day. I sat with some boys gathered around the radio in the lounge, but I couldn't catch the words. I went into the locker room, but it was noisy. I went downstairs to the tobacco room to talk to Oather, but he was in the middle of what he called a "spit-and-argue session" with Pat Thennes. I went out on the little terrace alongside the lounge, but it was deserted. I walked over to the woods, where I had spent most of my first night at the school, but every time I took a step the leaves underfoot crunched irritatingly. I recalled my years of idleness at home, when I dreamed of going to a proper school, as my older brother and my sisters did. Each year that I grew older and was not in school, I feared that a day would come when my own brothers and sisters wouldn't want to talk to me, because I was uneducated. For me, school had come to represent all that was good, and here, at last, I was at a school in America. But I felt out of sorts.

Two birds fluttered overhead. I wondered what color they were. I wondered whether in some part of my mind I could remember the colors I had seen before I went blind, and whether, if I did, that would help me to understand Wayne's hatred of Negroes. I repeated to myself, "White, Negro, white, black." Sometimes people spoke of white as clean and black as dirty, but how could "clean" or "dirty" be applied to a whole race of people? Some people thought that the blind lived in darkness, but that was nonsense. The point was that the blind had no perception of light or darkness. Perhaps darkness was like the quiet of the night. I wondered how dark I was, how much I looked like a Negro, and what my kinship with the Negro was—where I fitted into the social puzzle. I wanted somehow or other to find out where I stood in the shading from white to black, to connect myself to the rest of the world. I ached to see, even for just a moment.

In the distance, the clock struck nine-thirty, the official bedtime. I hurried into the school building. Mr. Clay was shuffling in and out of the locker room, up and down the lounge, calling out, "Get in the hole, buck. . . . Time to turn in. Heads on the pillows. Hands out of the covers. . . . You are all old and wise, gents. . . . You know the rules. Yea, Lord, ain't no justice."

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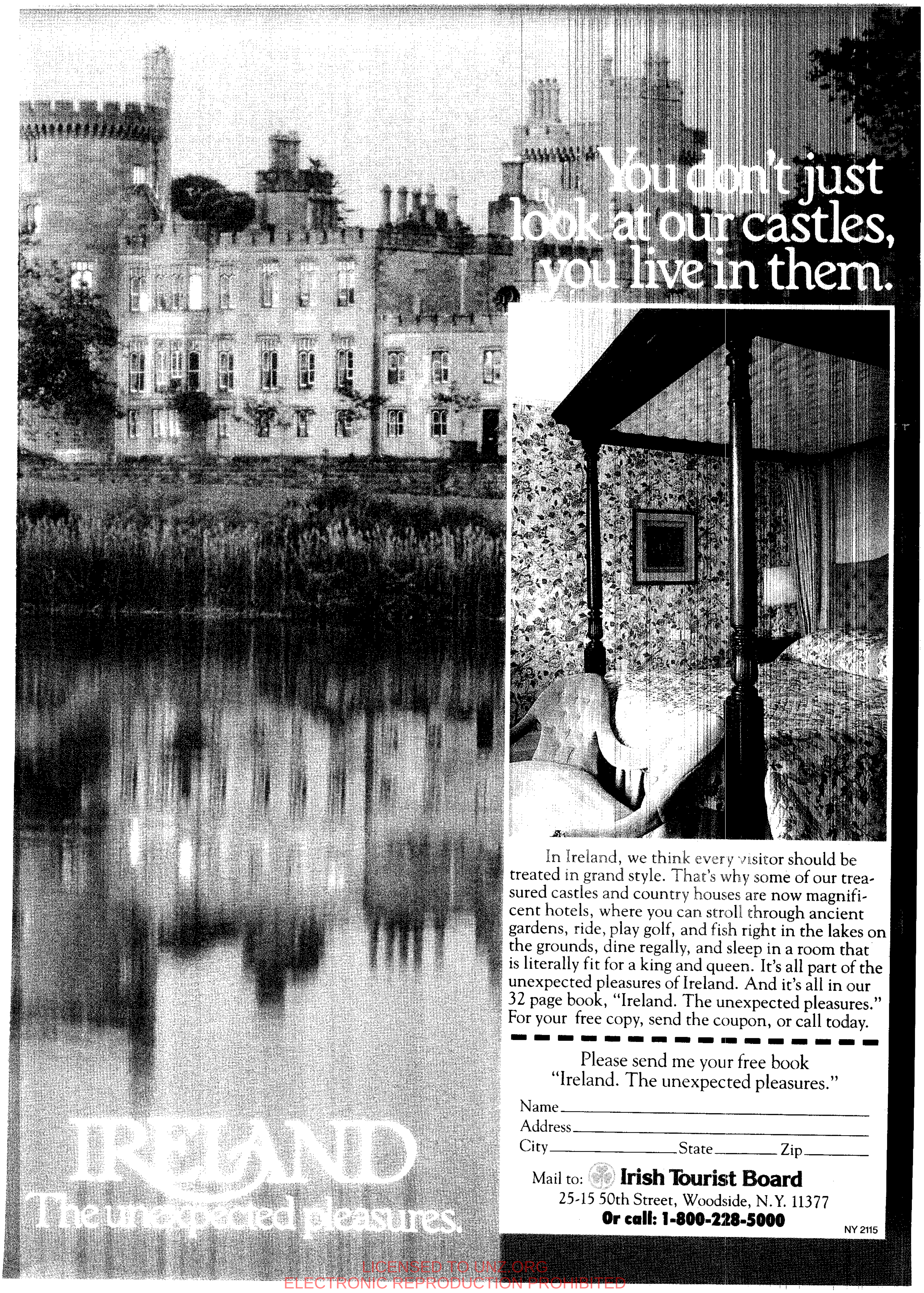
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tempt at self-promotion. T'aint so, say Ved and Mr. Woolly.—*Arkansas Gazette, c. February 15, 1950.*

"WHAT are we having for sweet?" I asked at dinner one evening.

"You sweet on someone?" Bruton asked me.

"No, I mean dessert, like a biscuit," I said.

"You better ask Mr. Clay, and he'll get you biscuits with his imaginary ham and eggs in the morning," Bruton said, with a laugh.

Miss Harper, who was taking her turn again as sighted dining-room supervisor, overheard us. "In India, I guess, you call cookies 'biscuits.' Here a biscuit is a roll." Then Miss Harper addressed the table. "Boys, this is a good time to get yourself a date for the Saturday-night dance, if you want to."

Arlie Treadway immediately walked over to the girls' side of the dining room and said, for all to hear, "Vernelle, will you be my date this Saturday?"

I thought I would never be able to do that, and then I said to myself, self-righteously, "I will never have a date. Americans go in for temporary pleasures. I am out for permanent pleasures. Daddyji always asked us to concentrate on the permanent pleasures, and I am my father's son." This got me wondering what the fathers of the other students did, and I asked Oather about it.

"Most of them are sharecroppers."

"What's that?"

"Why, sharecroppers! Don't you know? In the hills, land is going cheap. Fellows can buy their land. But in farmland, where most of us come from, a poor farmer has quite a job buying land, so he leases it from someone who owns it but doesn't want to farm it. Sharecroppers have very little money in the bank and live on borrowings. They charge their provisions against the day they'll bring in the crop."

"Is Mr. Chiles's father a sharecropper?"

"John Ed Chiles? Certainly not! Mr. Chiles's father owns a fair piece alongside the Mississippi River, in Pecan Point."

"Where is Pecan Point?"

"It's near Joiner."

"Where is Joiner?"

"It's near Jonesboro."

"Where is that?"

"It's near Pocahontas."

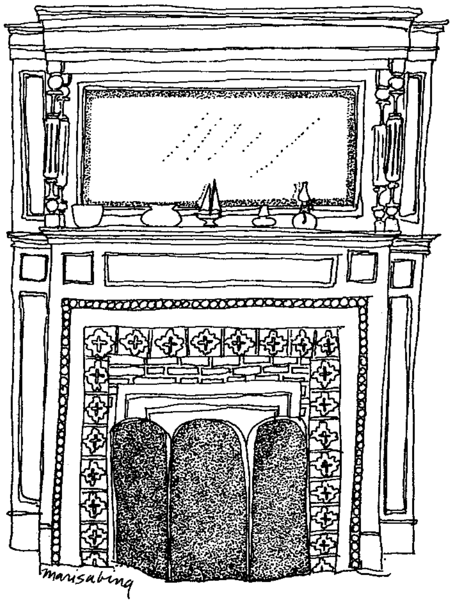
I decided I wouldn't learn exactly where Mr. Chiles came from, and I asked, "Is he really called John Ed? I wish I had a name like that." Indian names suddenly seemed drab.

"John Ed, sure enough. This is the South, ain't it, Whip?" From that day on, the boys often called me Whip or Veep, perhaps because my first two initials were V.P. and I sometimes mispronounced "v" as "w." It was the first in a series of nicknames that they pinned on me at the school.

IN the locker room, there was a nervous, expectant air. Everyone was getting ready for the Saturday-night dance in the gymnasium. Water running in the sinks and showers kept up a steady roar. Boys were opening or slamming locker doors, banging into them, or stumbling over one another. The place smelled of damp towels and drying shoe polish, of after-shave and hair oil. People were in different stages of dress, and each of them was carrying on in his own way. Charlie Wren was idly swinging the door to the lounge and thumping out a rhythm. Max was singing "How Many Biscuits Did You Eat This Morning?" Billy Tabor was trying to drown out both Charlie and Max by doing runs on a clarinet. Oather was taking his time shaving at the sink, and a number of boys were prodding him to hurry up.

"The blind must learn patience," Oather said into the sink, washing his face. "Just be grateful y'all don't have stubble like mine." He walked away from the sink, merrily whistling.

I was crouching on the floor looking in the bottom of my locker for a pair of socks. Oather came up so quickly that his knee caught me in the back. He flung his wet arms around my neck apologetically.



"My clean white shirt! Oather, you're ruining it!" I cried.

"Sorry, Veep," he said, and moved on.

"Max! McNabb! Pat!" Bruton shouted, his voice cracking. No one answered. "There are so many of you partially sighted boys around, why doesn't one of you answer me? Bull! What color is this here damn tie?"

Charlie Wren had one good eye and could see better than many partially sighted boys. In fact, his vision seemed to us so impressive that the boys used to say that his good eye glowed at night.

Charlie left the door and went over to Bruton to inspect his tie. "It's blood red. Just right for you."

Next, he reached over and straightened my tie and, with his comb, put a few strands of my hair in place. I could be a figure in Mme. Tussaud's museum that Daddyji used to tell us about, I thought.

"Bull, you should charge money for being a mirror for the blind folks," Joe Wright said. Joe himself was partially sighted, and he was giving a shine to Big Jim Pickett. Big Jim had his shoe propped up on the bench.

"You're dumb, Joe," Big Jim said contemptuously, over Joe's head. "Have you ever heard of bulls getting paid?" He went on, in what the boys called his "leg-pulling style," "I'm telling you, if that old blind Bruton over there can't see his face in the toes of my shoes I'll ring your chimes so hard you'll never be able to think again."

"What does Big Jim expect for a nickel?" Joe whined, trying to enlist our sympathy.

Treadway, who was buffing his shoes himself with a chamois cloth, put in, "Who says Dumb Joe can think?"

"What plagues you, Joe?" Bruton asked, joining in. "You never show up at any of the dances."

"Oh, hell, what would I do at a dance?" Joe said.

Big Jim sniggered.

Boys started imagining what they would do to the girls if all the teachers and Mr. Woolly were blind.

"I'd make a picnic of Mary Ann Lambert," Max said. "I'd take all those chicks from the Cottage into the woods back there and make them see stars."

"Vernelle, too?" McNabb asked mischievously, coming into the locker room. Vernelle Stewart had the reputation of being the best-looking totally blind girl around. Partially sighted boys often talked about her thick black hair, which came down to her waist. She had the best contralto singing voice in the school, and could play at least a dozen tunes on the piano.

"You leave my girl out of this," Treadway said.

"No harm meant," McNabb said soothingly, now that he had got his barb in. When he wanted it to be, his voice was as smooth as cold milk.

Treadway left the locker room, muttering something, and McNabb turned to Max and said, "Hell, you could take Vernelle away from Treadway, couldn't *you*, Max? After all, everyone knows you're the handsomest boy this side of Pine Bluff."

Max hopped up and down the locker-room bench, clapping. He was known for his flamboyance. I remembered that a few days earlier we had heard someone racing a motor and blowing a horn just behind the locker room, in the back driveway. We had all run out to see who it was. There was Max, sitting in the driver's seat of a new Buick. As we were feeling the car incredulously, he drove away, right out from under our hands. He returned some time later on foot. We all asked him whose car it was, how he'd managed to get hold of it, how he could drive it, how much vision he really had, whether he had a driver's license. He wouldn't explain much. "I've always tooled around Springhill," he said mysteriously, and added, "In fact, my favorite pastime is to drive my date to a drive-in movie and spend the whole time necking." He had a way of making us all feel very jealous.

"Who are you going to dance with, Veep?" Max now asked me.

"You know I don't know how to dance," I said quietly, not wishing to be made the butt of locker-room jokes, like Joe Wright. "I'm only going because it's a school requirement."

"Don't you worry," Max said. "I'll pair you up with Peggy Lou."

The whole locker room howled. Peggy Lou (that's not her real name), who was nineteen and a grade behind me, was one of the slowest girls at school. She had a harsh, grating voice and was afflicted with club feet. She walked with an unmistakable heavy step.

"Max, cut it out," Bruton said, coming to my defense.

Max and many of the other boys set out for the girls' side to collect their dates. I went out onto the little terrace, and found Oather there. He was sitting on the wall above the steps, chewing tobacco. I joined him on the wall.

"You're one of the most popular boys at school," I said. "But the boys say that you always go alone to dances."

"I enjoy the company of my Bull Durham," he said, turning and spitting onto the grass. "There are a lot of us country boys here. We like to go to dances and have a good time dancing with all the girls. You could join us—or are you going to turn out to be a slick rascal, like Max Cary? He'll steal a kiss on the first date before he's ever even danced with the girl."

"Where? How?" I waited as tensely as if the wall we were sitting on were the edge of a precipice.

"On the grassy path to the gym—on the mouth, of course."

"Mouth! " I exclaimed. "What about germs? Don't they get sick?"

"Sick with love."

"They actually lie down on the grass?"

"You kidding? Mr. Woolly would tan their hides. They kiss standing up. That's all the chaperones allow them to do."

"You mean Peggy Lou kisses on the way to the gymnasium?"

Oather laughed. "Believe you me, she would if she could. But no one has ever asked her to a dance."

"Vernelle Stewart and Mary Ann Lambert—they kiss, too?"

"Why not? They get plenty of opportunity. Vernelle is going steady with Treadway, and Mary Ann with Max—or, you could say, with Max and Mr. Tyson. Didn't you know?"

The idea made my cheeks tingle. I couldn't imagine that they could do such a dirty thing as kiss—not nice, pretty girls like them. Peggy Lou was different. I could imagine kissing her, but the thought of kissing any other girl was frightening and overwhelming—it suffused me with shame.

d.ehrenberg

The clock struck a quarter to eight—the dance was supposed to start at seven-thirty—and Oather and I and a few other stragglers rushed over to the gymnasium, now a dance hall, festooned with balloons and crêpe paper. A Strauss waltz was playing full tilt on the public-address system, and the boys with dates were dancing the first dance. Those of us without dates clustered by the wall. But then boys asked girls for a dance, and in a moment all of them, including Oather, had disappeared into the lighthearted gaiety circling the floor.

I stood alone, listening to the bustle, which sounded all the livelier because the thronged floor was so small. I felt exposed and awkward until I reminded myself that some of the dancers, at least, were totally blind and the others had no time to give me a thought.

"Ved, would you like to dance?" It was Mary Ann Lambert speaking to *me* through the noise. She has the prettiest voice in the school, I thought. Once again, I recalled that haunting image of Brother Om without his face and, at the same time, something that Bruton had gratuitously told me: "Don't you get sweet on her, even if Mr. Tyson puts her up to it. He'll use her to catch you like a fish, and then fry you good and proper. You can ask anyone. Fishing is his hobby." Mr. Tyson is capable of anything, I thought. It was said that he would walk down the hall touching the girls' hair, sometimes right in front of Mr. Woolly, and that Mr. Woolly didn't like it but was afraid to say anything to Mr. Tyson. And yet I thought that even if Mr. Tyson had never set foot in the school only the most brazen boy would have dared to go near Mary Ann Lambert. I recalled that when we boys were sitting in the lounge and heard her laughter from the vending stand echoing down the hall a certain hush would descend on us, as if everyone felt her vibrant presence but knew that she was an unobtainable sweetheart, an unearthly tease, whose mission was to thrill us all with sad longing.

"No, thank you," I now barely brought out, and, in some confusion, added, "I don't know how to dance."

"I'll teach you," she said simply.

"I'd rather not," I said, almost choking on my words.

She was gone, and instead Wayne

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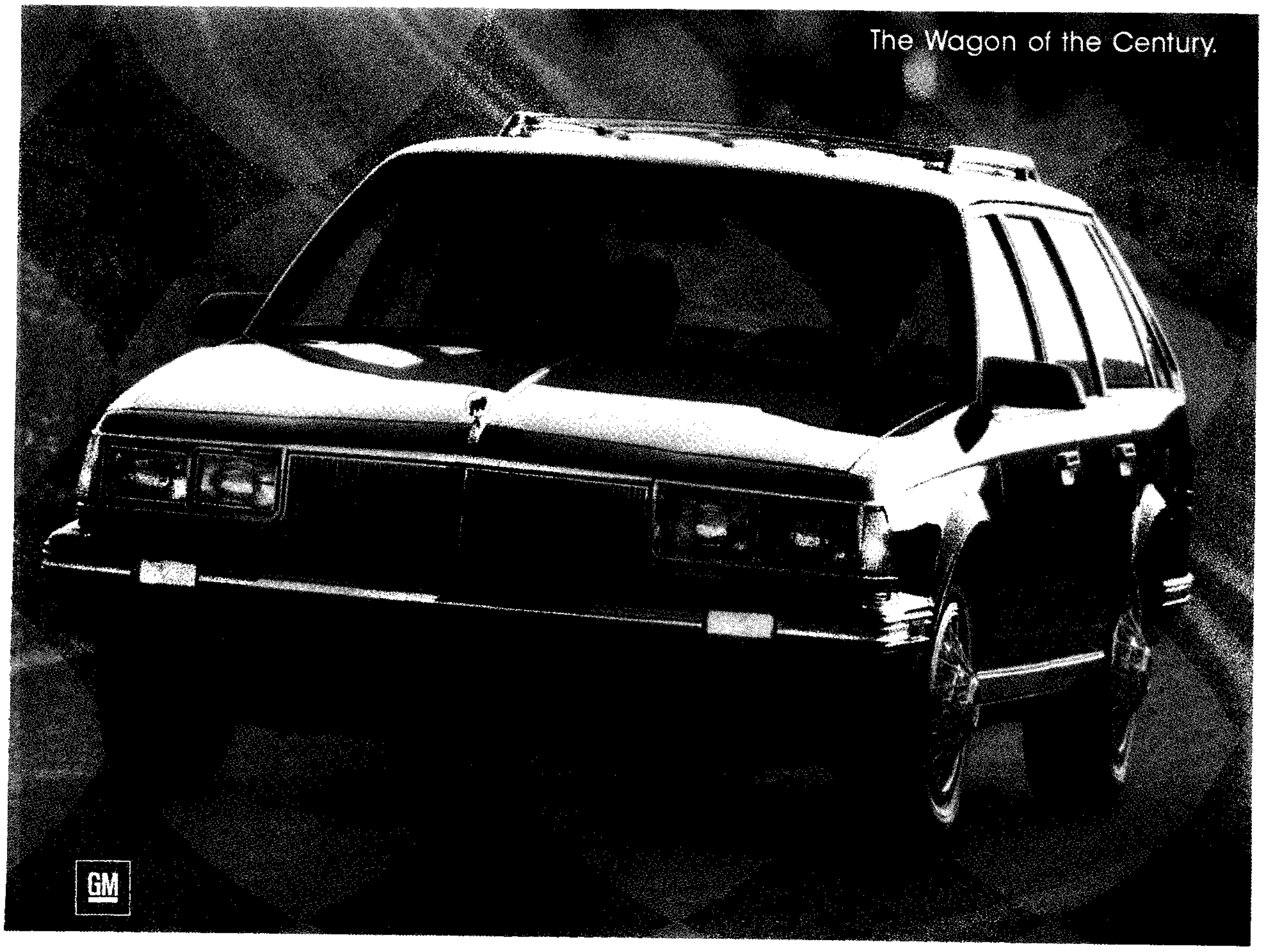

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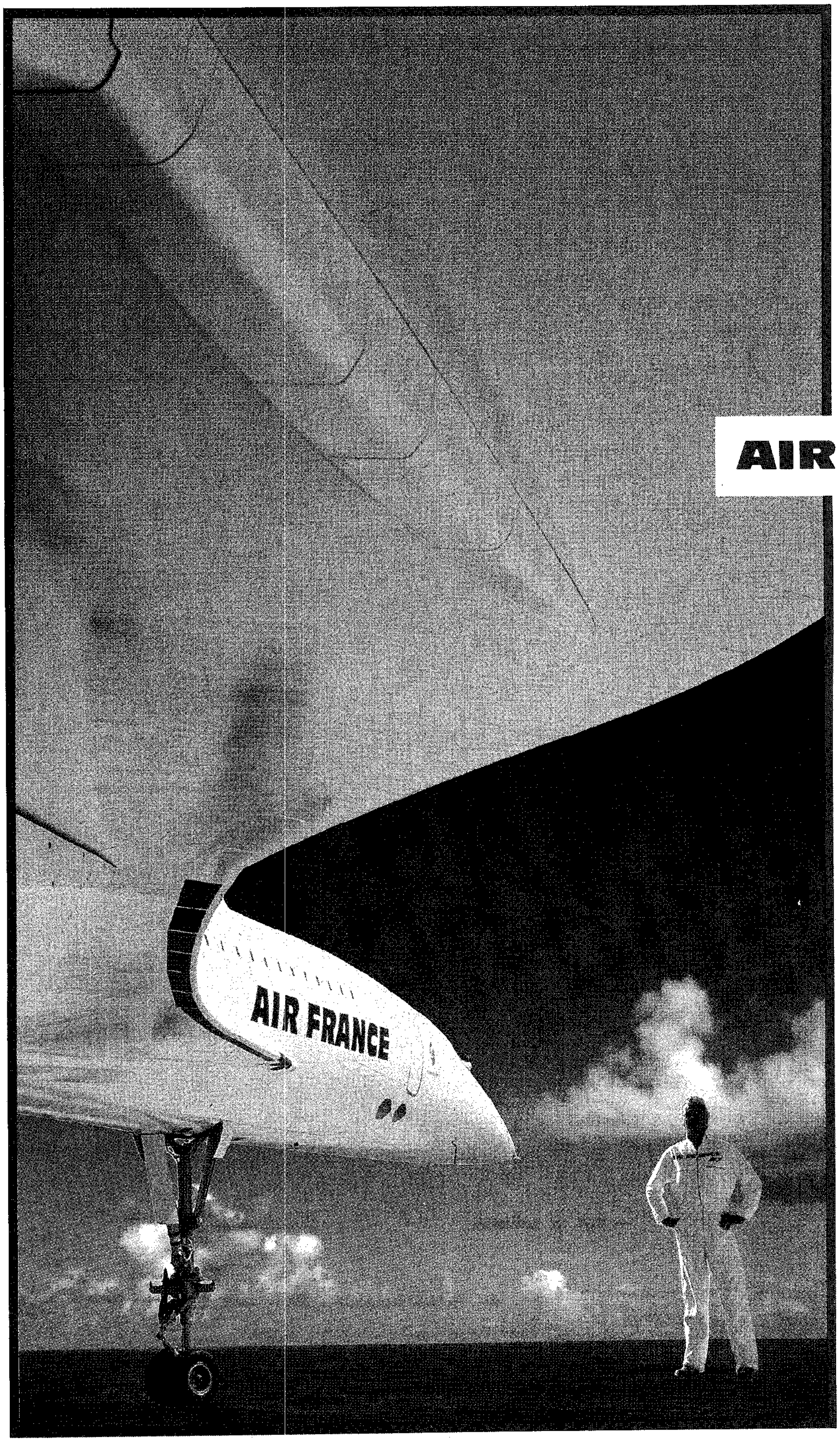

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AIR FRANCE

was standing next to me. "You're a real idiot. Do you know who asked you to dance?"

"Leave me alone," I said.

"The most gorgeous and the smartest girl in school, and for the first dance, too. Any fool would give his right arm to dance with her."

I left Wayne in the gymnasium and went back to the locker room. Joe was sitting on the bench, humming. The place had never seemed so forlorn.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me," I said. I started undressing.

"Everyone is required to be at the dance on Saturday night," he said. "If you aren't, you'll get bad character marks on your report card, like me." He went back to his humming.

I went upstairs to the sleeping hall.

As I was running to my civics class, I tripped on a step in the boys' solarium and hit my head against the wall. Before I reached the classroom, I could feel the blood pounding in my forehead and a bump rising. If Daddyji saw me hit my head against the wall, he would quickly blow into his handkerchief, to make it warm, and put it over the bump. The handkerchief would feel like the best medicine in the world, its warmth spreading through me like the cup of hot cocoa that Mamaji always brought me at bedtime. I felt vaguely sad.

"Wayne, wake Ved up," Mr. Chiles said, his voice pitched unusually high, as if he were irritated.

"I'm not asleep," I said.

"Then why don't you answer the question?" Mr. Chiles asked.

"Which question? I didn't hear it," I said.

"Well, then, I think you'd better go to the infirmary and have your ears washed out. Wayne, what's the answer?"

"The Bill of Rights," Wayne said.

Mr. Chiles ignored me for the rest of the period. I thought he had been very unfair. I decided that I would speak to him after class, but the moment the bell rang he hurried out of the room.

"What happened to *you*, buddy?" Wayne asked, out in the corridor. "Mr. Chiles asked you three times what the first ten amendments to the Constitution are called."

"Really? I had no idea," I said, and I went in search of Mr. Chiles. I found him in the small reception room opposite the office, playing the piano and singing with a group of teachers. When he finished, I stumbled through an apology, mentioning my injury but not going into details, for fear of seeming to seek his sympathy.

"I suppose we both owe each other an apology," he said quietly. "I don't mind telling you that my patience was mightily tried, but I shouldn't have lost my temper."

From that day, we were like mentor and disciple. I would go up to him when he was outside taking a stroll, or stand next to him at the vending stand and talk to him about things that were bothering me. "The boys are always cursing," I once confided to him. "They're always talking about how they want to get a girl. They don't seem to study at all. They seem so childish."

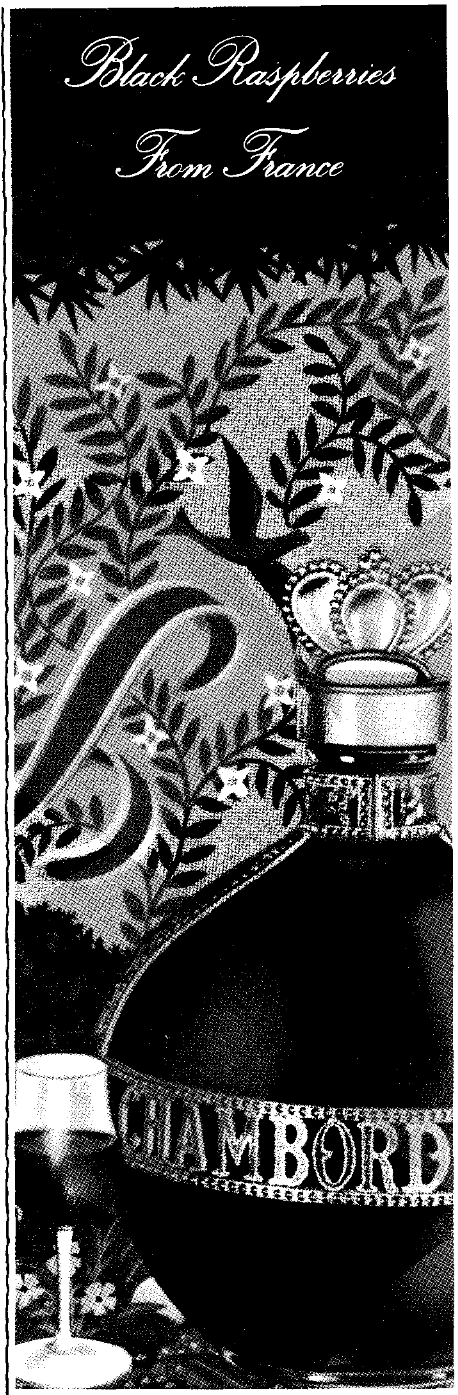
"Ours is a young and rich country, where people can afford to be children longer," he said. "But once responsibility is forced upon us Americans we mature very quickly. To understand what I mean, you just have to see the difference in an American boy before he gets a job and after he gets a job. We Americans may play hard, but when the time comes we work hard, too."

He's so intelligent, I thought. I respect him more than any other blind person I have ever met. I recalled that he was a man of means and didn't have to work, but worked because he enjoyed it—enjoyed the activity of the mind. ("The activity of the mind" was his phrase.) He was so independent, so good in mobility, so free of "blindisms," like walking with his hands out in front of him and shuffling along as if the ground would give way under his feet, that sighted people regarded him almost as one of them.

It used to trouble us older boys that Mr. Chiles, who was a kind of model for all of us, remained unmarried.

Bruton expressed our feeling by saying, "Marriage is the best thing you can wish a blind person. A sighted person can get along on his own, but no matter how independent a blind person becomes he's always going to need a hand."

It was a favorite occupation with us boys to match Mr. Chiles up with one sighted woman teacher after another. At one time, we were sure he would marry the arithmetic teacher, Miss Mitchell. We noticed that he often stood next to her at the vending stand and had a Coke with her. Then Miss Mitchell stopped coming to the vend-



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ing stand, and everyone said that Mr. Chiles had become sweet on Miss Shults—he was often found coming from the direction of the Cottage. We waited, but nothing happened. Then he started jointly chaperoning our Saturday-night dances with Miss Harper, and would usually have the first and the last dance with her. We would try to dance near them (I had learned to dance a little by then), hoping to hear an exchange of endearments, but all we ever heard them talk about was whether the lieutenant governor of Arkansas could be impeached, and things like that. We fixed on her as the ideal mate for him.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, McNabb walked into the lounge and said, in his usual inflectionless voice, as if he were reciting a multiplication table, "Mr. Chiles has gone and got himself a car. He told me so himself. It's sitting right out there in the back driveway."

Joe, who was listening to a baseball game, switched off the radio. Bruton, who was snoring on the couch, woke up. Treadway came running out of the locker room. We had never heard of a blind person owning a car. This was very different from Max's attempt to impress us by taking a spin in a mysteriously obtained car. We couldn't imagine what possible use Mr. Chiles would have for a car, since he hardly ever left the school. None of the teachers did—not even the sighted ones, who were all, without exception, carless. If the source of the report had been anyone but McNabb, we would have laughed it off. But McNabb, far from embellishing stories, was known for sticking to the most indisputable, flat facts.

"Mr. Chiles must be all ready to get married," Treadway said. "He must have gotten himself a bride, who's going to drive him around. He may not be long for the school."

Practically all of us older boys rushed out—from the sleeping hall and the locker room, from the lounge and the tobacco room—to the back driveway to examine the car. We touched it all over. It was an Oldsmobile, and felt as new as a new penny. Its doors weren't locked, and we opened them. Inside, it smelled of new seats and new rubber mats. Bruton, who was a great toucher, ran his hand all over the rubber mats to see if there was any trace of dirt, but they were as clean as a sterilized needle. The tires were so new and clean that even though we stuck our fingers in the treads we couldn't detect a particle of dust. The car might have been deposited by a crane in the back driveway, straight from the factory.

We went to the vending stand to discuss the whole matter. There was Mr. Chiles, deep in conversation with Miss Harper.

"Miss Harper, can you drive?" Mr. Chiles was asking her.

"Yes, Mr. Chiles," she said. "Where shall we go?"

That night, in the sleeping hall, Bruton said, "Those two are now sure to slip away to a drive-in movie. At the drive-in, Miss Harper will be able to explain the movie to Mr. Chiles without disturbing any of their neighbors, and I'm sure that during the long, silent romantic scenes they'll neck, just like Max Cary and his Springhill dames."

We fell asleep.

EVERY day, one or another of us would go over to the car and touch it, but it seemed never to have been moved—it was as free of road dust as ever.

Then, one day, when we were teasing Miss Harper about Mr. Chiles, she said, "Y'all should know that Mr. Chiles is set in his ways, and doesn't want to be messed up by a lady friend. He never gets personal."

We all protested. Many of us were set in our ways, and we had trouble being personal with girls, but we didn't think that ruled out lady friends.

"It's so easy for y'all to daydream in this sheltered little world," Miss Harper said. We decided that Miss Harper was too independent, and not suitable for Mr. Chiles after all.

In civics and at parties, Mr. Chiles would talk about the joys of family life in small American towns, or what he called "the America behind the headlines," and about finding his own personal happiness in what he called "an America not shrouded by morbid radio programs and scandalous tabloids." "I'm not a big-time, big-town man," he once told us in civics. "I believe that blind people would be happy if they got married and settled in a small town and raised a family in its carefree atmosphere, away from big, bustling Little Rock, where each good action gets lost."

We noticed that he didn't say, "I should get married." Moreover, as time went on, we ran out of candidates at the school for Mr. Chiles's future wife, and decided that he could get married only if he left us and became a teacher at Hendrix, his alma mater. Mr. Woolly, however, soon punctured that idea by telling us that Mr. Chiles would probably need a Ph.D. to teach there, and he had only an M.A. I remember once asking Mr. Chiles why he didn't go on and get a Ph.D. "In graduate school, I went to see a professor I think the world of," he said. "The professor said, 'John Ed, you'll either get a Ph.D. with ulcers or get an M.A. without ulcers.' I thought it was a very wise remark, and I got an M.A. and got out."

We kept on hoping that the bride of our imaginations—someone who had Miss Mitchell's firm hand with children, Miss Shults's domestic skills, Miss Harper's extraordinary energy—would appear in Mr. Chiles's life, and that the two of them would go to the altar together. At the time, we thought that our castles in the air were real houses, though I remember Oather's saying, "I tell you, wedding bells ain't going to ring for Mr. Chiles. Whatever people might say, he's cursed with an independent character, like me." Years later, I learned that Mr. Chiles had gone blind as a result of retinitis pigmentosa, that he had an older sister who was blind from the same cause, and that their blindness was hereditary. So perhaps Mr. Chiles had been afraid all along to get married and raise a family.

IN time, I began to catch on to the English of the dormitory and the classroom. I also stopped going to the elementary-arithmetic class and, with extra coaching from Mr. Tyson, was able to keep up with ninth-grade mathematics. In civics, I started getting marks as good as Wayne's. I discovered, however, that in many of my classes little real work got done. Much of the time was spent arguing about things that had nothing to do with our studies, like the perennial subjects of Negroes and religion. I remember that one day in our English class Miss Harper started reading "Tom Sawyer" to us. Wayne made a scathing remark about Negroes. Miss Harper told him that he had better change his attitude. Wayne quoted the Bible to her, mentioning Ham. Lois said that Ham was in the Old Testament, and Wayne, as a Baptist, should hearken to the New Testament. Eve-

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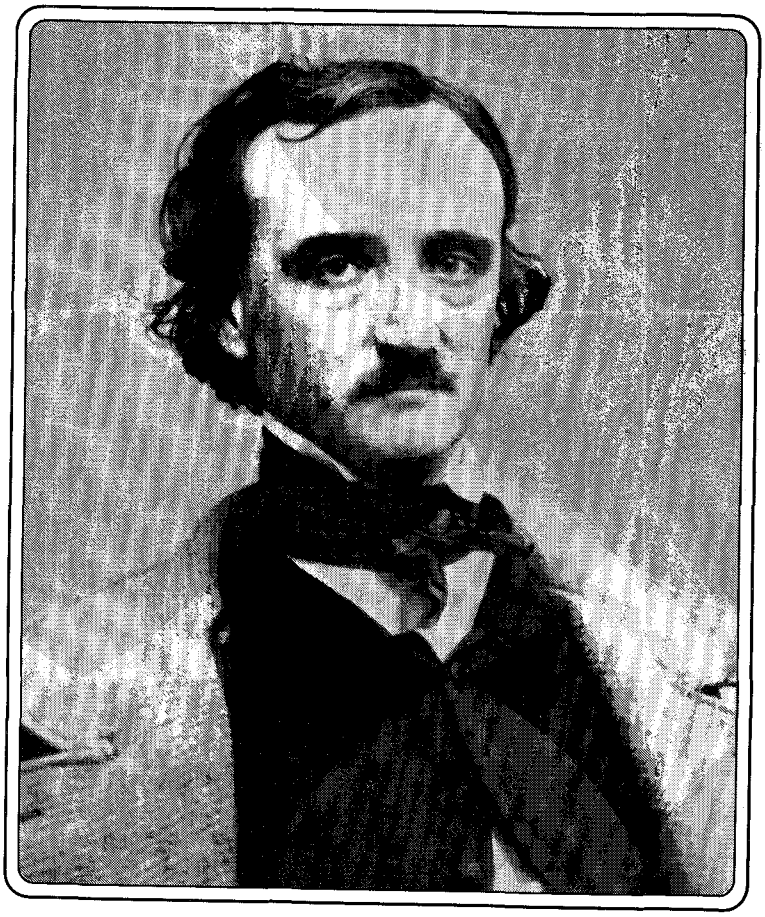

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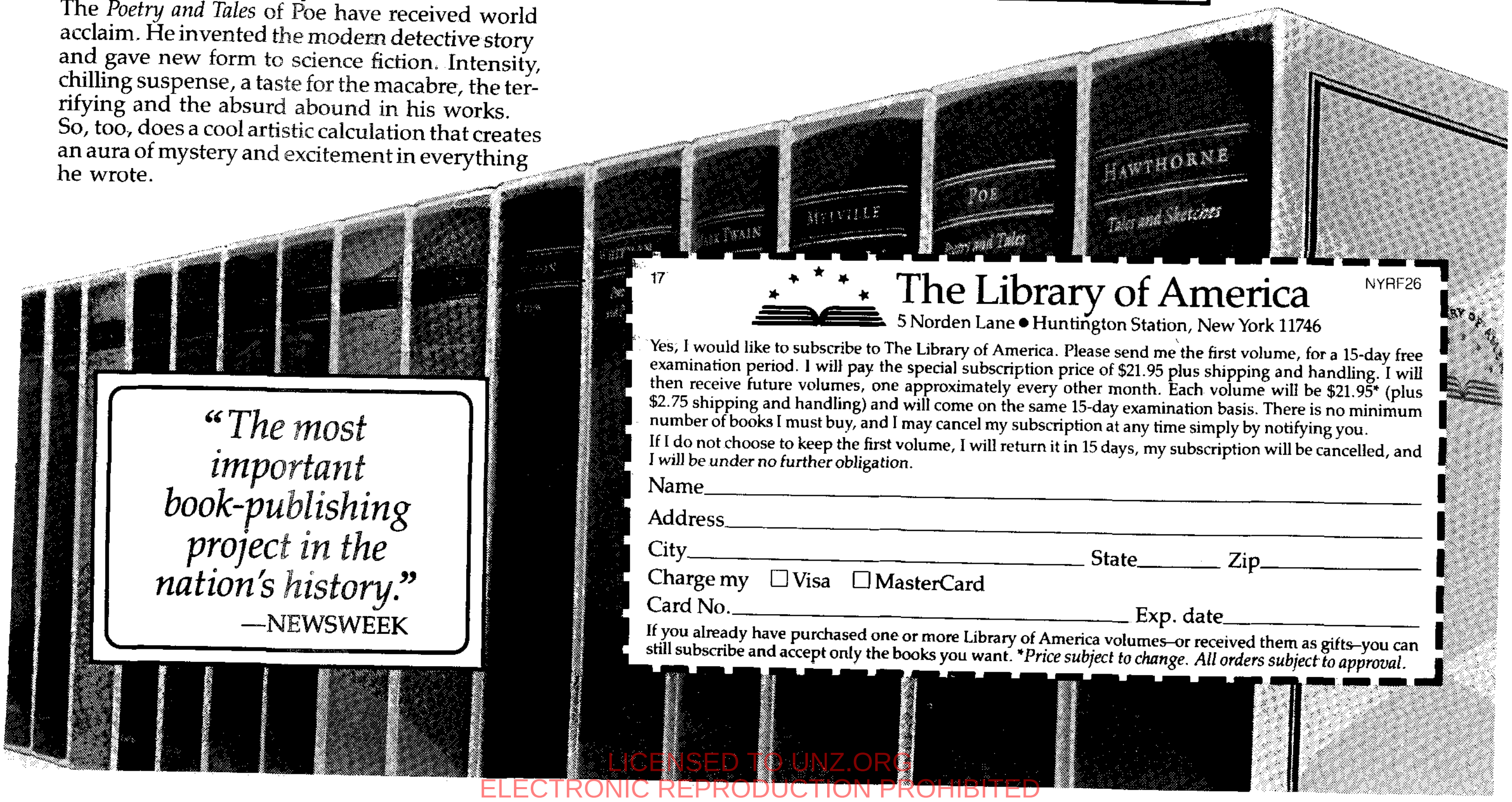

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lyn said that the Old and the New Testaments had nothing to do with Negroes, since slaves had only come to America afterward. For my benefit, Miss Harper explained who Ham was, what the Old and the New Testaments were, how Christians were divided into Baptists and other denominations, and when Negroes had arrived in America. At every stage, her explanation provoked controversy. Days went by in explanations and controversy, without our making much progress in "Tom Sawyer."

Then Miss Harper learned that the book was in our library in both Talking Book and Braille, and decided that she would read "Jane Eyre" to us instead, observing, "There are no Negroes in this book, so we should have some peace and quiet in the classroom. Besides, it's one novel that every blind person should read, and it's not available in our library." Miss Harper was able to read us only fifteen or twenty pages a day, so it took us many weeks to get through it. It was wonderful to have a personal reader, and we became so engrossed in the novel that we hated to hear the bell ring at the end of the period. Now and again, Miss Harper would feel guilty about reading a novel to us during class time, and we would spend the last five minutes of the period discussing Jane's experiences in the orphanage and Mr. Rochester's character. Once or twice, she also gave us a Braille true-or-false quiz.

After some time, I began to worry that I wasn't learning enough. I would make a grammatical mistake while discussing "Jane Eyre," and everyone would laugh. Miss Harper would tell me about some rule of grammar, which would whet my appetite for more rules, but there was never any time for them in class. Once, after class, I said to Wayne, "Which is correct—'a little black dog' or 'a black little dog'? What is the rule?"

"Rule?" he said. "You have to be born an American, and then you just know that 'a little black dog' is right."

Many years later, Mr. Woolly, discussing the deficiencies of the school, told me, "When I became superintendent, in 1947, my total annual appropriation was eighty-two thousand dollars. When you came, two years later, it was probably a few thousand dollars more, but not much more. That had to buy food. That had to pay the food-services staff. That had to pay for building-and-ground maintenance. That had to pay for heat, light, and the office telephone. That had to pay for equipment in the Shop and for instruments in the conservatory. That had to pay for refreshments at the parties, for the school bus, for trips to other states for wrestling meets. That had to pay for the infirmary and the school nurse. And that also had to pay teachers. We operated on such a shoestring that I couldn't afford to pay more than eighteen hundred dollars a year to a teacher, and a number of the teachers got only twelve hundred dollars. And they were all required to live at the school and double as house staff, with all kinds of supervisory and chaperon duties. When we did find good teachers willing to live under our conditions, they were generally straight out of college. Some of them were younger than the students they had to teach, and none of them had had any training in teaching the blind. That was hardly surprising, since in those days there were only two places in the country with a program for training such teachers. One of them was Columbia Teachers College, in New York, which was too far away for our folks. The other was George Peabody College for Teachers, in Tennessee, and the best I could do was to encourage our young teachers to take a summer session or two there. Even when we were able to improve our teaching, our facilities remained poor. They bore no comparison with those at Perkins, for instance, which was a private school. Our facilities were so cramped that we had to keep you boys and girls on a short leash, and keep you going all the time, so that you wouldn't get into mischief. But eventually I established a relationship of trust with the governor and the legislature, and we got a lot of building money. Before I retired, in 1982, I was able to build nine new buildings, with the result that nowadays students live in suites, with no more than three to a suite. There are conference rooms and a swimming pool and a hundred other facilities that were unknown in your day. But, after all that, everyone is now deciding that residential schools are not the best way to educate the blind."

FROM almost my first day at school, I pined for letters from home the way I pined for Indian food. Indian food was out of the question—as far as anyone at the school knew, there was scarcely an Indian restaurant in the country—but a letter did arrive once or twice a week. I remember the thrill I would feel when, in the locker room or the halls, a boy or a teacher would stop me and say, "You're wanted in the office. You have a letter from India." I would race to the office, and Mr. Woolly or the school's secretary and bookkeeper, Mrs. Lollie Hankins, would hand me my letter and wait for me to ask to have it read. Some boys got Mr. Clay to read their letters, but he stood in the middle of the lounge and declaimed them. At first, I myself had got one of my half-sighted friends to read my letter to me, but then I had decided that it was best to keep the boys in the dark about my Indian life, in case it jeopardized their acceptance of me as one of them. Even so, if Mr. Tyson was in the office—he and Mrs. Hankins sat in a room just outside the open door of Mr. Woolly's room—I would carry the letter away unread, for fear of being overheard and being derided. I would catch Mr. Woolly or Mrs. Hankins some other time. Luckily, Mr. Tyson was a restless man, and hardly ever sat at his desk.

I wrote letters home frequently, often sending one to each member of the family in a single envelope. The envelope was fat even if there was only one letter inside, because it was not unusual for me to begin a letter one day and continue it, off and on, on subsequent days, adding and amplifying. Since I was never able to read what I had typed, I would sometimes repeat myself. That, too, would swell the envelope. One of my early letters home reads:

> 23rd September, 1949
>
> MY DEAR DADDYJEE,
>
> You shall notice the difference between my first letters from U.S.A. and this one. I am writing this letter to you on my brand new Typewriter which I got two days back, but could not get time to write to you as I was so busy with all my papers [tests]. But now it is Friday night and I can be awake till ten. And the other thing, I will not have to attend classes for the following two days.
>
> I have received $176 for the loss of my things on my way to U.S.A., which I claimed for. A bank Draft was sent to me by the Airlines People on the 12th instant. That means that the loss was fully payed within a month's time, which is absolutely amazing.
>
> I have been extremely busy, and I am very happy that after all the work I did I got hundred per cent marks in my four papers. I competed with all the good students in our class. They all have been here since their childhood, in other words, from the kindergarten.
>
> I have been elected secretary of my class (ninth grade). The faculty have gained a good impression of me, and all the students

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like to be my friends, too. In other words, I am doing well and am making good friends.

24th Sep.

I know that the subjects I have taken are the most difficult ones to manage. But unfortunately, I did not have choice. They are pretty hard, especially science. One fault in this school is not providing classes for us to learn languages, which are the easiest subjects for the Blind to manage.

I have been thinking very carefully that after spending one year in U.S.A., I should go to U.K. This thought came to me after I heard the news that the English people, like Indians, had devalued their money. That means that a pound, which was worth four dollars and three cents before, now is only worth two dollars and seventy cents.

26th Sep.

The school throws a party once a fortnight where they have dancing and other such things and where the boys are permitted to have dates with the girls for nearly three hours. I stay away from mixing, of course. They had a party about a week ago. I was not proposing to go, but it seemed very rude on my part not to go when almost every person, Faculty and students, was going. Therefore I did go and join them, but more or less minded my own business. I just listened to the music. There were plenty of students who were interested to know about India, and to best of my knowledge I told them. I was also asked to dance, but as you know, I do not know how. However, I like the thought of dancing and would like to learn. Afterwards, I took one lesson from a teacher, and I know I shall learn it somehow or other. Every person over here knows how to dance, and if one does not know it, it seems quite awful. Daddyjee, I do not think that there is any harm, is there, in learning dancing?

I would like to draw your attention now toward the boys in this school. They lead very fast life but are quite nice in their own way. They are happy go lucky. They seldom bother about any other person. It is quite a mess to mix with them because their jokes are quite fast and strange, and their way of doing everything differs from us.

The boys speak about their parents as "the old man," "the old biddy." They sound quite disrespectful. Whenever I hear them talk that way, it makes me shy. That's why I'm in a way happy that your letters are read by Mr. Woolly, and not by half-sighted boys. They would make fun of me. I propose to lead a quiet life, and that is the only good thing for a person to do at such a strange place. But however, everything is going perfectly all right. I have made two or three real good friends and with who I propose to stay friends. But I do not know what is going to happen. But there is nothing to worry about.

Daddyjee, I hope you have received my letters in which I mentioned to you about my further talks with Dr. Milton Stauffer of the John Milton Society about transferring to Perkins. I have appreciated quite a bit you not writing in your letters about any such thing, since Mr. Woolly or Mrs. Hankins reads out my letters. . . . I would like you to send me a typed letter about what you think, which I shall be able to get read by one of my half-sighted friends. I am enclosing a special envelope therefore, so that when you write to me, I will be able to know from the envelope that you have written me privately.

I propose to buy a Radio with Intermixed Record Changer for eighty dollars. Intermixed means that you can mix ten- and twelve-inch, six- and four-inch records at a time, and it shall be regulated by itself and shall keep on changing records. It can hold twelve records at a time. But I shall not buy the same unless you write to me, as well as to Mr. Woolly, that I can buy one. You know that it is always better if the Superintendent is told. He then gets little importance, and Mr. Woolly is such a man who wants feeling of little importance.

I was very pleased to read the letter from Mamajee, and please thank her for taking so much trouble, and I shall write to her next time when I write to you and other members of the family.

Love to all and especially to Ashok.

With respects,

Yours affectionately,

Ved

As a rule, I sent home mostly good news, because I didn't want to disturb anyone. I reserved my complaints for Cousin Nitya Nand, in England, who, like me, was studying far away from home, and therefore, I thought, could understand my plight. I wrote this to Cousin Nitya Nand on the twenty-seventh of September:

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

What I hate about this school is that they make us go to school right after breakfast and keep us busy until nine-thirty, when we are supposed to be in bed. We do not even have a half hour which we can call one's own. It is ridiculous. There is no account or amount of things which you have to do. Even on weekends they expect you to be attending their social adjustment parties and what not. If I have to do any extra homework or want to read some psychology book or other books, I read them in the nighttime. There is dead silence then up in the sleeping hall, but reading is not allowed though most students do it. I had to get special permission

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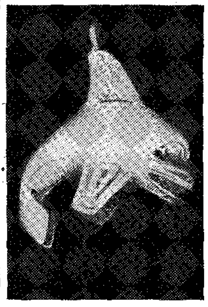

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to write this letter, because it is ten o'clock, when I should be in bed.

The main object of my coming to this country was to make the best of my life. I did not want any person to feel superior to me and I didn't want to feel inferior to any person, even though I do not have my sight. I am trying my best to make a success of it here.

I shall close now thinking that you are fine and everything is going smoothly for you.

With respects,
Yours affectionately,
Ved

Weeks would go by and I wouldn't hear from Cousin Nitya Nand. When at last I did hear from him, his letters would be just a few lines, dashed off at the end of a tiring day in the library or the laboratory. But Daddyji made a point of writing to me at least once a fortnight, and his letters were long and reflective:

3rd October, 1949

MY DEAR VED,

I am very, very glad to receive your affectionate letter of the 23rd September. It is really good that you obtained 100% marks in your four papers, but please do not overwork yourself for such results. You should certainly do your best, but health should be your first consideration. I do hope you are eating well, and all kinds of food, particularly vegetables, which are so essential to fill up your bones, and which in your growing age are so very necessary.

I am glad to note that Mr. Woolly has very kindly permitted you to purchase a typewriter. . . . I agree that you ought to have a radio or perhaps a combined radio and radiogram so that the records of Indian music that you took with you can be played. They will not only remind you of home, but also give you a sort of background, which you may find useful in combining the melody of the East with the harmony of the West. Who knows, one day you may blossom out as a composer. Now that Sterling, to which Rupee is linked, has been devalued vis-à-vis the Dollar, fewer American films will be imported into India, and Indian films are bound to have very bright future. The composers of good music will reap a rich harvest, and I would strongly urge upon you to specialize in music, both vocal and instrumental. This will stand you in very good stead to earn a decent living in due course. I am writing accordingly to Mr. Woolly, and if he will permit, a radio and radiogram may be purchased for you, and one hundred dollars or so may be spent on this item.

As regards dancing, do learn it, and I am sure with an ear for music, you will become a good dancer. I only wish that in my younger days, when I had such opportunities, I might have learnt to do so, which in a country like USA is, I consider, a social necessity.

Please give my best regards to Mr. Woolly. With best wishes and love from us all, I remain,

Yours affectionately,
Daddy

P.S. I am enclosing a short letter in Hindustani in Roman script to enable you

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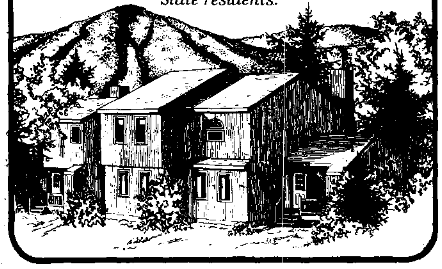

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to hear our vernacular. If the sense is well-conveyed, I will write to you in this way, off and on, to keep you in touch with our vocabulary, which you may use to compose songs. Do let me know how you like it. You will have to tell the reader how to pronounce nasal "n" and soft "t" as in French and long "a" as in father.

Your Daddy

I immediately grasped the meaning of Daddyji's postscript: Instead of sending me a separate letter in the special envelope, as I'd asked him to do for our private communications, he had decided to use phonetic Hindustani. That was just as well, since a letter in English could be read by unintended eyes. The postscript said:

MERAI PIYARE VED,

Mujhe tumhári chiththi parh kar bahut khushi hui. Tum ko abhi kisi aur sckool ká khiyál nahin karná chahiye. Yeh bahut achhchhá sckool malum hotā hai aur sastá bhi hai. Purá dil lagáo. Jab main aoongá to phir badli ká khiyál karenge.

Pital aur háthi dánt ki chizon ká beopár karne ká khiyál hai. Kharch kam se kam karna aur koi vazifa mial sake to lená. Tá tá se koi jawáb nahin ayá. Aur koi ummid bhi nahin hai.

Jo ivory chizain main ne bhehi hain un ke dám wohi hain.

Khoob kháyá karo aur sehat banáo.

Namaste aur piyár,

Your affectionate
Daddy

The translation is:

MY DEAR VED,

I was very glad to read your letter. You should not think of any other school. Yours appears to be a very good school, and is also cheaper. Put your heart into the studies. And when I come, then we will consider changing the school.

I am thinking of doing some trading in brass and ivory articles. Please spend as little as you can, and please accept any scholarship that may be offered. No reply has been received from Tatas. Nor is any expected. [Daddyji had applied for a scholarship for me from the celebrated Indian company.]

I have sent you some ivory articles. The prices are marked.

Do eat well and build up your health.

Namaste and love,

Your affectionate
Daddy

IT was November 19th, the appointed day for Sister Umi's marriage. For weeks, I had waited for a letter from home giving me all the details. But there was no word. Although I had been away less than three months, and constantly asked after every member of the family, there had already been a falling-off of day-to-day news from home. It was as if such news were not considered fit for the notice of someone in America. But Sister Umi's wedding was the biggest family event since I left home. I

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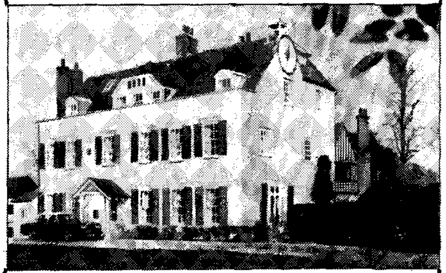
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couldn't understand why no one had written to me about it. I sat down and typed out a series of letters—both asking for news and giving news of myself—for one of my fat envelopes:

19th November, 1949

My Dearest Sister Umi,

Your last letter said the date for your marriage was fixed for the 19th of November. But if you were getting married today I am pretty sure you would have let me know it. Since you haven't, I assume you're not. But if you are, please accept my full good wishes. [As it turned out, Umi had indeed got married on the appointed day.] I hope you will be even more happy in your new home than you were with Daddyjee, although at first it may seem like a bit of a come-down.

Yours affectionately,
Ved

19th November, 1949

My Dearest Sister Nimi,

Your last letter was so uninformative that you did not even tell me how you were. I hate to be so ignorant about what is going on with the family. When you can find nothing else to write to me about, write about what is going on in the country. For instance, what was the reaction when Nathuram Godse and his cohort were hanged. [After a long trial, Godse, Gandhi's assassin, was sentenced to die by hanging.] Because here, I am sometimes asked to give a speech and I have no way of getting any news about home. You should write to me everything new happening in the Government of India.

After coming here, something has really gone wrong with me. It seems I have forgotten how to talk. In other words, I scarcely say anything unless I have some business with someone. All I do is read and think and worry. The boys over here think I am a bookworm. In fact, they call me that. The girls think I do not like girls, and in fact I hate them. Yesterday one girl asked me if I had any sisters. I said Four. She told me I didn't act like it. Nimi, I am trying to talk, but I don't know what to say. People here are so different; their talk is so different. I don't know what I can talk to American girls about. I don't know anything about dates, so I don't know how to behave with them. I cannot keep on praising them when I do not want to or do not think that they are worth praising. I just cannot be hypocrite.

Affectionately yours,
Ved

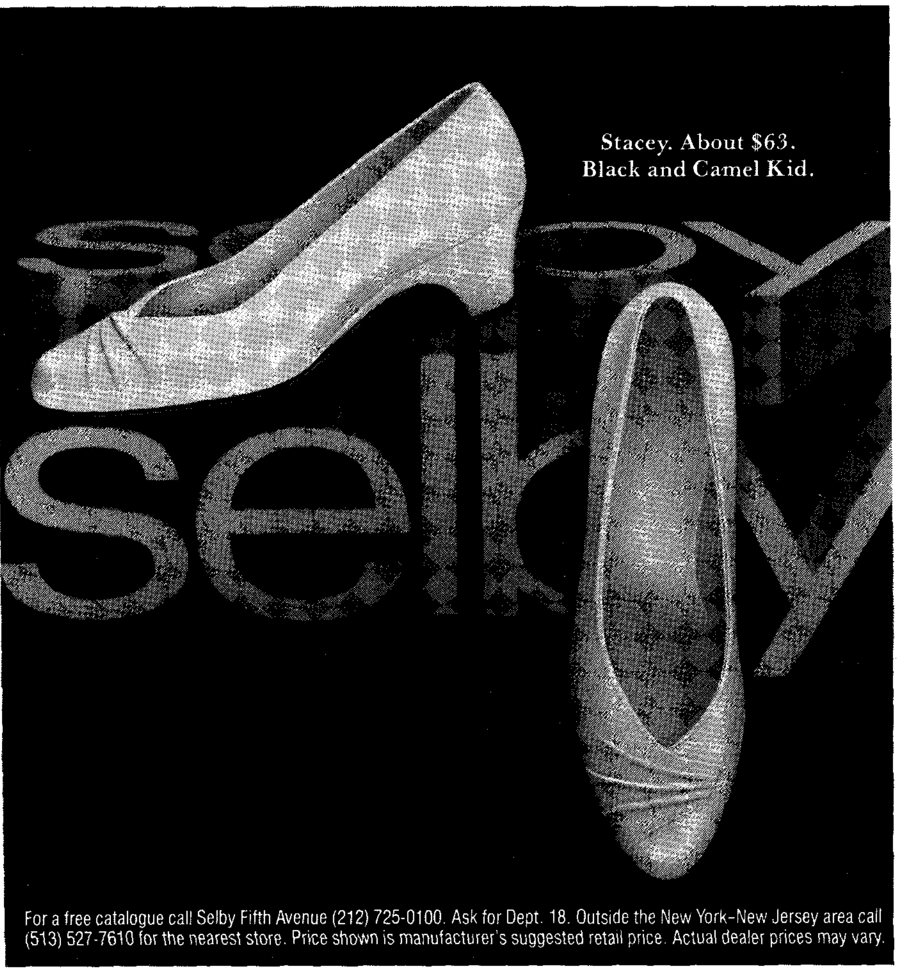
19th November, 1949

My Dearest Mamajee,

I am fine except that I am stiff and sore from head to foot because of wrestling. As I wrote to Daddyjee earlier, I've gone in for wrestling, and Mr. Hartman says that if I work hard on the mat I have a chance for wrestling in intermural matches. But I am pleased that I will not have to go to Gym for the next two days—it is the weekend. Finally, I'll be able to get some rest.

Yours affectionately,
Ved

As I soon learned from Mr. Woolly (he often shared his letters and cables from Daddyji with me), Daddyji was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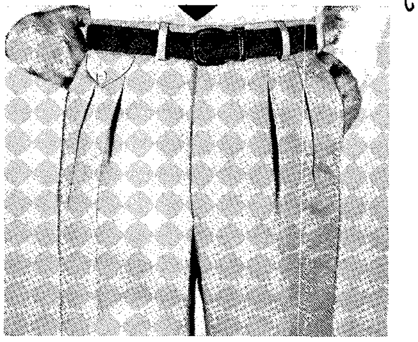

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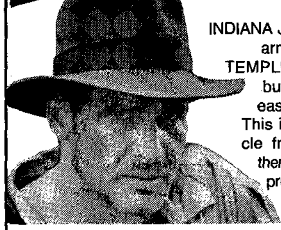

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alarmed about my wrestling. Immediately after receiving my letter, he cabled Mr. Woolly:

1949 Nov 20 AM 7 33
VED UNDERWEIGHT DELICATE GROWING FAST STRENUOUS EXERCISES WRESTLING RUNNING INADVISABLE WEIGHT INCREASING DIET REST WALKS RECOMMENDED
MEHTA

Daddyji followed up his cable with this letter to Mr. Woolly, in which he elaborated on the theme of my health:

22nd November, 1949

MY DEAR MR. WOOLLY,

I learnt from Ved's recent letter that he proposes to become a featherweight wrestler and that he is seriously preparing for the same by undertaking running and by avoiding weight-increasing diet. I should hardly have interfered in his selection, but I feel it my duty to acquaint you that since his blindness, he has not remained in very good health, and any strenuous exercise and exhaustion have had an adverse effect upon his health. What he needs, is plenty of nourishing diet to enable him to put on weight in this growing period in his life. As I attach much importance to this aspect, I sent you a cablegram, thereby enabling my views to reach you as early as possible.

My only fear has been Ved's general health. He is rather underweight for his height and is practically skin and bones; and efforts appear to be necessary to make him put on weight, to give him some reserve to avoid deterioration in his health.

It may interest Ved to know that a couple of days ago, I met Pandit Nehru on his return from America. He inquired about Ved's progress, and I assured him that Ved was being very well looked-after—making good progress at your school.

Yours sincerely,
A. R. Mehta

In the meantime, in reply to Daddyji's cable Mr. Woolly had written this letter:

November 21, 1949

DEAR DR. MEHTA:

I had your cable this morning and hasten to assure you that Ved is not taking undue exercise. It is true that he is working with the wrestling team, but this simply gives him a little more personal supervision in his physical activities. We were happy when Ved indicated a desire to go out for the team because we felt it would widen his perspective and make him more a part of the student body. He is not working with the team with any idea of wrestling in an interschool match this year. However, Mr. Hartman had thought he might use him a time or two late in the year in an intramural match here in school. However, if you had rather he not wrestle at all, it will be no trouble to change him from the wrestling class to the usual Physical Education class. I have checked his weight, finding he weighed in at 96 pounds in September and now weighs 106½. That in itself is encouraging.

Sincerely yours,
J. M. Woolly, Superintendent

As Mr. Woolly had suggested, I had been keen to join the wrestling team, but I soon found that the training was so rigorous that I had merely to think about it to set off heart palpitations, which sometimes lasted for an hour. I appealed to Mr. Woolly to allow me to leave the team, but he said he didn't want to naysay Mr. Hartman until he had some further word from Daddyji—Daddyji's and Mr. Woolly's letters had crossed. Then, one morning early in December, Mr. Woolly called me to his office and read me this letter from Daddyji:

26th November, 1949

MY DEAR MR. WOOLLY,

Thank you for your kind letter of 21st November. . . . My only anxiety is that in this growing age, as Ved is already underweight for his height, he may not overexert himself. He has inherited the family tendency to do things with all his might—with perhaps little or no consideration for his physical and mental well-being in the future. I myself am a victim of this tendency. I was, in my time, the only athlete in the university who excelled in sprints as well as in long-distance races, and as such, did not realize the consequences of strenuous training, which I underwent with practically no coaching, with the result that it affected my heart. Eventually I had to give up not only hockey, but also playing tennis in tournaments, and now I just play what you may call a little social tennis, though off and on I still persist in taking on younger men who are competing in championships. I have great difficulty in curbing this tendency, in spite of being a medical man myself.

Please convey my gratitude to Mr. Hartman for his personal interest in Ved. I am sure you and he know what is best for Ved. It was perhaps the overanxiety of the father who is thousands of miles away from the son that was responsible for my sending the cablegram that I did. All I can say is that Ved needs careful watching and perhaps some brake on his enthusiasm in anything he may be doing. In his case rest and recreation should play an equal part with his other activities.

In one of your letters you mentioned your wife and two sons. All good news from Ved makes us feel so grateful to you, that the family shall feel a great satisfaction to have a photograph of you and your family on our mantelpiece. May I, therefore, hope that you would very kindly oblige us by sending a copy.

With kindest regards and all good wishes, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
A. R. Mehta

After reading this letter, Mr. Woolly told Mr. Hartman that I had to be taken off the wrestling team. But my relief was short-lived, because Mr. Hartman put me on a regimen of rigorous calisthenics. So the end result was that I had none of the prestige of a school wrestler and all the pain. On top of this, I had to bear the undisguised resentment of Mr. Hartman, who felt that he had been frustrated in his ambitions for me and the team.

ONE morning, Mr. Woolly came up to me at the vending stand and said, "Son, you think you can talk about your homeland and Communism to a group of ladies in town?" I must have looked puzzled, because he went on, "They belong to the Wesleyan Service Guild No. 1 of the Little Rock First Methodist Church. They read about you in the paper, and want you to come over and talk to them on November 28th. I'm sure that whatever you say to the good ladies will be appreciated. I'm sure you'll do the school and yourself mighty proud."

"I've never given a speech in my life," I said, trying to control a fit of trembling. "I'll try to figure out something to say."

"That's the boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder. "I'll come with you, and bring along the school's public-address system."

Every evening, I would stay on in the library after study hall and try to write something out in Braille, but either I would have so many ideas that I wouldn't know where to start or my mind would go blank. I wished Daddyji had given me some training in public speaking. As the day for the talk approached, I had trouble sleeping, and when I did sleep I often woke up in the middle of the night, my heart beating fast, with a vague recollection of some unpleasant dream.

One morning, Mr. Woolly and I received letters from Daddyji, who gave me many pointers for my speech and wrote to Mr. Woolly:

> Ved has been writing to me about a speech he is preparing to deliver to a small audience. Though his knowledge is limited, considering his age he knows quite a good bit of the topics of the day that affect India. Our Prime Minister Nehru's recent visit to America must have given him a real thrill. Pandit Nehru's visit to America was a great success and brought the two great nations—the one materially very far advanced, and the other, though economically backward, still rich in cultural heritage—closer together; such a fusion is bound to add to the peace and prosperity of the world.

Daddyji's confidence in me bucked me up. I decided that I would talk about Partition, Gandhiji, and Prime Minister Nehru—things I knew about—and bring in Communism somehow. I managed to write out an eighteen-page speech. I felt so good about it that I even dreamed of publishing it in

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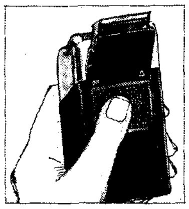

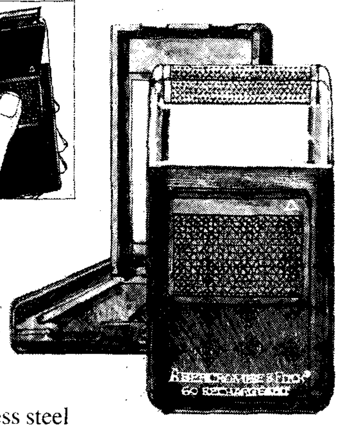

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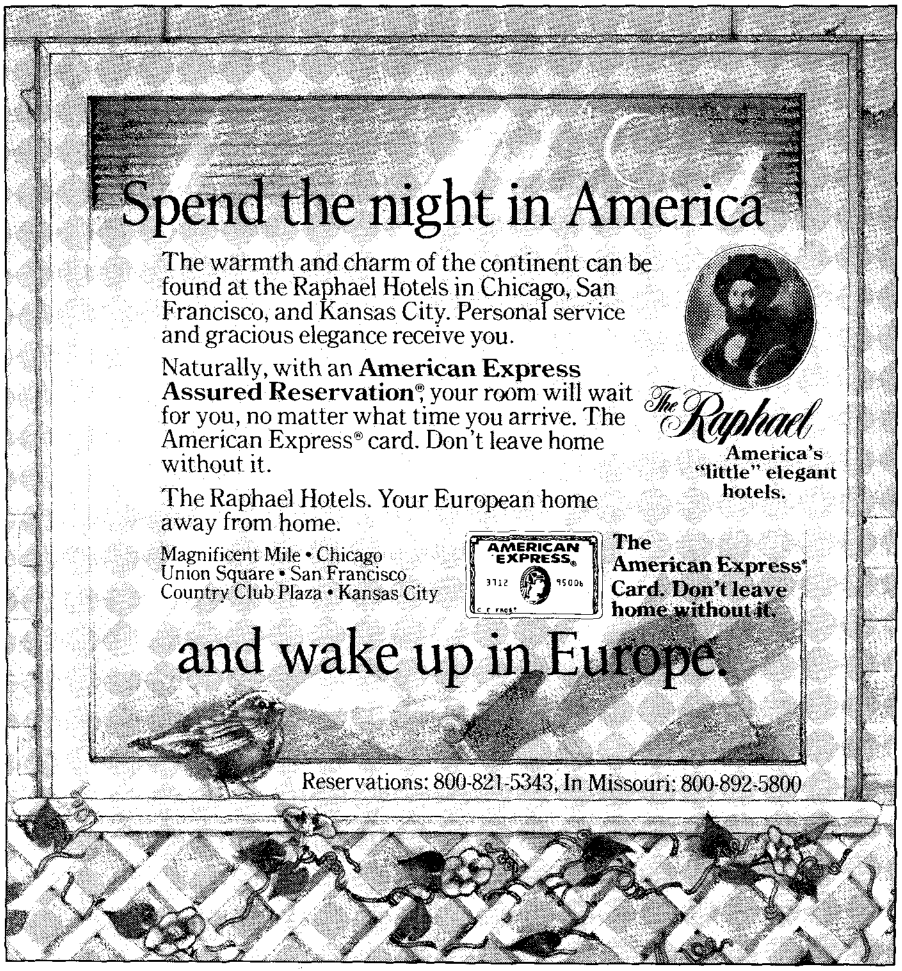

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the *Reader's Digest*, the magazine most commonly read at the school.

The day before my speech, I heard that my name had been announced on the radio. Mrs. Hankins told me that there was an article in the *Arkansas Gazette* about my pending appearance, and as a result Mr. Woolly had received calls from two other groups who wanted me to come and speak to them. I had a renewed attack of nerves.

"FRIENDS, the text for the day is Matthew, Chapter 13, Verse 57," the president of the Service Guild announced to about seventy-five women attending the meeting. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house." The loudspeaker gave a squeak, practically making me jump out of my chair on the platform.

"It's just a little feedback, son," whispered Mr. Woolly, who was sitting next to me. After the reading of the text, the president introduced Mr. Woolly, who introduced me, mentioning that India was so backward in education for the blind that I had had to come all the way to Arkansas to get a proper education.

I stepped up to the microphone with my speech. I had a terrible cold. I couldn't steady my fingers—that made reading the Braille difficult. But somehow I began, half reading, half ad-libbing, "Ladies, thank you for having me here tonight." I wanted to say more of a complimentary nature, but I couldn't think of anything, so I pressed on, talking about how Gandhi and Nehru had helped us to get our independence, and how that independence had brought in its wake the Partition, which had made all of my family members and relatives refugees, along with eleven million others—Hindus, Sikhs, and Muslims. Then I turned to the subject of Communism in India. "At present, the people of India are bitterly opposed to Communism. But Communism remains a threat. There was a village near our old home in Simla where only one man could read. That's the case in most Indian villages. If that man is a Communist, the villagers are going to be Communists, for they have no other way of getting information. Being simple people, they take a man at his word. So the Indian government is now setting up free schools in the villages, where the children of these people can be taught to read and write, so that they can get information for themselves. Our other main goal is to give the people milk and food." I turned next to Communism and India's foreign policy. "Our Prime Minister Nehru would like Joseph Stalin and President Truman to meet to discuss the Korean crisis. He would like to serve as mediator. I think this is an excellent idea. It is not that Prime Minister Nehru is trying to get the United States to give in to Communism, but only that we in India believe there must be a solution other than war to the present crisis. You see, we Hindus believe that there are many paths to salvation, but all of them must follow the way of nonviolence and truth."

There was a lot of clapping. I never knew women could clap so hard, but then no one, as far as I could remember, had ever clapped for me before. The president asked if there were any questions.

"What do you think about Gandhi's philosophy?" a woman asked me from the floor.

I had no profound thoughts about it, but I talked anyway. I went on to answer questions on other big topics. I have difficulty talking to girls my age, I thought, but here I am talking to women two and three times my age. I wished that Mary Ann Lambert, Vernelle Stewart, and Lois Woodward could have heard me.

"Let us now turn to page one hundred and fifty-six of the hymnal and sing," the president said. There was a flutter in the room as the women stood up and looked for the page in the hymnal. They sang:

Come, O thou Traveler unknown,
  Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
  And I am left alone with Thee.

I didn't know the hymn, but whenever I caught the sung words I formed them with my lips, trying not to fall too far behind.

SOON after I arrived at the school, I started keeping a journal, and I continued it intermittently during my stay in Arkansas. I always typed my entries, though this meant that, as with my letters, I had no way of reading what I'd written. But, unlike my letters, the entries tended to be short, and I was able to compose them in my head before I typed them. Then again, sometimes I was too tired to care what I typed, but it didn't seem to matter, since I never imagined that anyone would ever read them. Typing the journal was for me like talking to my pillow, which could neither remember nor repeat one syllable.

My Arkansas journal remained silent for some thirty years. Then, while I was going through some old papers in preparation for writing this narrative, I happened upon it. Even though the events recounted in it were ancient personal history, as it were, I was loath to break the seal of silence, for it would mean confronting what I dimly remembered as my embarrassing adolescent self, and exposing it to the adult eyes of someone else—those of the person who would read it to me. After a struggle, I sat down with my reader and gave myself over to my unvarnished, lonely voice speaking in the middle of Arkansas.

September 16, 1949

DADDYJEE wrote and told me that I should write something every day. He said that it should be material with universal appeal. I can write such material. But I don't quite understand what he expects me to do with it. Anyway, I've made a resolution to type out my reactions to the happenings of the day whenever I can. I would like to write about my impressions of America and myself—to put my memories in a neat order and explain the new country and my character. I think I will find this task very enjoyable and pleasant. I won't have too much time to devote to it, though. No doubt I'll make many mistakes in grammar and typing.

Some other entries:

September 18

On Sundays, there is no supper here. When we leave the noon meal, we pick up a bag of sandwiches. I ate mine at tea time and was very hungry all evening. So I drank a lot of water. Sometimes I wake up in the night and I'm so hungry that I could eat my bed.

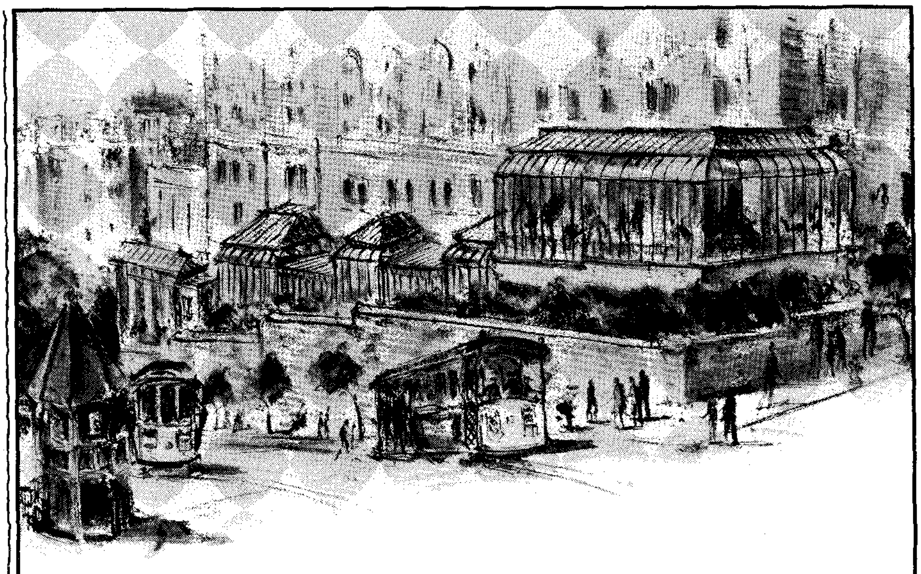
September 24

There was a social hour in the gym this evening. We new students were introduced, and were required to mix with the faculty. We were judged by how good mixers we were, I think. Daddyjee is a much better mixer than I am.

Most students talked about the summer. They all seemed to have sat around on porches and listened to the radio. The blind here, outside of school, seem to be little better off than I was at home, when I was idle all day long and longed for something to do.

September 28

Choir is getting really interesting. Today we learned the words to



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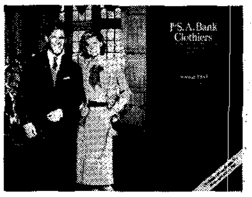

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"Skip to Maloo," "Oh Promise Me," and "Be Still My Heart." What is "Maloo"? Must somehow find out discreetly.

September 30

Lois cleared her throat in English class today. I thought of Mamajee's cough. Then I heard Mamajee clicking the knitting needles as she hummed to herself. I heard the scraping sound of Daddyjee's pumps on the bare floor as he worked his feet into them. There were raindrops on the tin roof of our Simla cottage and the hiss and rattle as the coals finally caught fire in the fireplace.

October 8

Today I went with McNabb to Stifft's Station, to take my jacket to Bumpus Cleaners. We had to cross the very busy West Markham Street in front of the school to get to it. Stifft's Station was a wondrous little place—it had only three or four shops, but you could get anything there. There was also a telephone that worked automatically when you put a nickel into it. Most surprisingly, there was no sentry at the intersection, as at home. There was just a traffic light which turned different colors, and the drivers obeyed it by themselves. What self-discipline Americans have!

October 10

After study hall, we went to the student dining room to fold Christmas seals. The tables were covered with stacks of long envelopes and sheets of what felt like stamps. McNabb explained to me that the seals said "Be Thankful You Can See," and were supposed to raise money for the Rehabilitation Center for the Blind in Little Rock.

In order to make us work faster, Mr. Woolly organized us into teams and ran contests among tables. But no matter how fast we worked, there were always more stacks of seals. We worked for four hours. At the end of the evening we were given a free Coke.

October 12

This was the third evening of folding seals. But Mr. Woolly told us that he was cancelling school tomorrow so that we could spend the whole day folding more seals. He said there was to be no school the day after, either, and we would spend that morning folding seals, too. I wish we could get on with our studies.

October 14

After folding seals, we went to the circus at Robinson Auditorium with a group called the Shriners. Most of us totally blind boys sat with partially sighted fellows so that they could tell us what was going on. There were clowns throwing buckets of confetti, acrobats flying through the air, bears, elephants, and horses running and jumping. I wish I could say that I enjoyed it, but it was mostly a lot of noise.

October 15

This evening we had a "Backward Dance." Girls asked boys for dates. No girl asked me. Everyone walked up the steps to the gym backward, went in backward, danced backward. No girl asked me to dance, although now I know a little foxtrot and waltz.

October 16

This being Sunday, we had a special lunch of Southern fried chicken and a lot of corn bread. But Joe complained that the peas were hard. Mr. Hartman overheard him, and told Joe off. He said that the students who fussed most about the food were usually those who had come from poor families and had far worse food at home than we had at school.

October 21

I got my report card for the first six-week period today. It's not very good, but I set it down here so that I can later compare it with better report cards: English—A; Civics—C+; Junior Business Training—B; General Science—C+; Industrial Arts—Incomplete; Physical Education—B; Piano—B+; Orchestral Instruction (Violin)—Incomplete; Public School Music (Choir)—A−. I was also graded on my character, and because I can't remember the character part to copy it, I'm stapling it to this entry:

	School Life		
Characteristics	Good	Average	Poor
Co-operation		✓	
Courtesy		✓	
Attitude		✓	
Personal Appearance		✓	
Dining Room Etiquette		✓	
Housekeeping			

	Dormitory Life		
Characteristics	Good	Average	Poor
Co-operation		✓	
Courtesy	✓		
Attitude		✓	
Personal Appearance		✓	
Dining Room Etiquette			
Housekeeping		✓	

October 26

Today the Shriners took us to the Livestock Show. They pinned a free pass on each of us and gave us large cowboy hats. The brim of my hat extended almost beyond my shoulders. Oather, Bruton, McNabb, and I—the four of us were in one group—had trouble walking together because our hats were always bumping into each other. I wished I knew what cowboys were and why they wore such hats.

I didn't know what to expect. I thought we might pat some cows or feed a sheep or two. Instead, the Shriner leading our group took us on some really strange rides. Everyone else called the rides amusement, but I wouldn't have gone near them if I could have seen what they were. I didn't stop screaming.

Then the Shriner took us to the sideshows and described one freakish woman after another. There was a woman with a horse's head, and one with snake scales for skin. There was also a wonderful, friendly lady who had lobster's claws for hands and feet. I asked the Shriner whether these women had been born this way, or had been dressed up for the shows. He said they were born that way. I had a fit of shudders. I asked how they lived, how they survived. The Shriner asked me a question back—how did I think horses and snakes and lobsters lived? I didn't know what to think.

November 1

In the locker room this morning, the laundrywoman said to me that she hadn't seen my underpants in the laundry pile—what did I do with them? At first, I didn't know what she was talking about, but when I finally understood, I had to tell her that I had never worn anything under my trousers. The locker room couldn't believe that I was fifteen years old and had never worn underpants.

Mr. Woolly drove me downtown and we bought some underpants in a dime-store. When I think of the incident, though, I get ashamed all over again.

November 3

Today everyone went away for fall holidays. The entire school emptied out like the bucket with a hole in it in Mr. Clay's song. I don't know how I'll get through the four days in this ghostly building.

November 6

I don't know what I would do in this country without a radio. They have such great programs during the day: "Ma Perkins," "Stella Dallas," "Lorenzo Jones," "Portia Faces Life." In the evening, there is always "Dragnet" or "Gang Busters" to lis-

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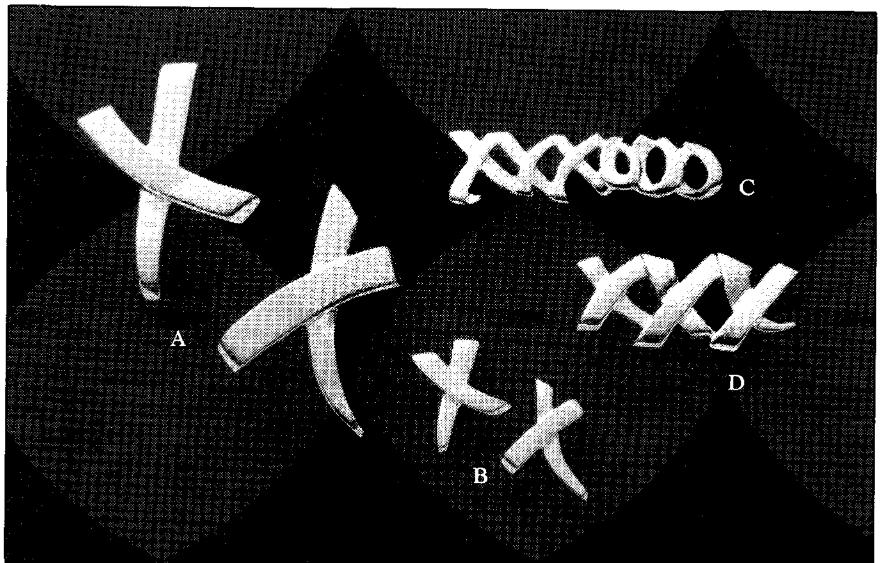

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ten to. I feel so sad when these shows end for the day.

November 18

We had a checkup by the dentist in the infirmary. He looked into my mouth and said that he would like to steal my teeth—I didn't have a single cavity. But he asked me how I had broken my front tooth. I told him about my roller-skating accident in Simla. He said that the tooth would give me trouble, and pulled it out. It really hurt a lot. Now Max Cary tells me that I should have kept it and had it capped. I feel very bad.

November 22

We had a Thanksgiving dance with hay on the floor, boys in blue jeans, girls in ginghams. But what is Thanksgiving? There are so many things I'd like to ask about, but won't—I don't want to remind people of my separateness.

December 1

Very excited. Am reading three new Talking Books: "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Twain; "The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins," by Seuss; "The Big Fisherman," by Douglas. I wish I could make people laugh and cry the way these writers do.

December 2

Today I gave a talk to an outstanding school in Little Rock. I spoke to the sixth-grade class for twenty minutes successfully and was asked many brilliant questions. One boy asked me what the main animal in India was. That question got me; then I thought of monkeys, and told them that in the hills we have plenty of monkeys, and how a monkey had once snatched a banana out of my hand while I was eating it. Then a girl asked me to define life. I was startled absolutely. I thought hard for a moment and then said with great confidence, "Struggling for existence." The more I think about it, the more I realize what a good answer it was.

December 8

Bruton, McNabb, George Conner, Treadway, Jackie Elam, Billy Tabor, Oather Brown, James Pickett, John Stewart, James Spakes, and Charlie Wren are all Bronco Busters. In fact, all the best-liked boys in the school are on the wrestling team. They have been given nice uniforms—gold tights with short black jersey trunks to be worn over them—and they will be travelling to nice places like Muskogee and Baton Rouge for meets. How I wish I could have gone on to be a Bronco Buster!

December 9

I got my report card for the second six-week period today. I did better in Civics, Violin, Piano, P.E., and Industrial Arts. Most of my character marks went from "average" to "good." But I went down in Science by almost a grade. My reputation is in danger.

December 10

We had a wrestling match with the Kentucky School for the Blind. The match started at 7:30 p.m. and lasted two-and-a-half hours. We won 33–12. After that, there was a reception for Kentucky in the Cottage. It lasted till midnight. The pretty girls seemed to talk only to wrestlers.

December 11

Today we had our Christmas dance. Everyone had to dance with everyone else, whether he or she could dance or not. During the punch-and-cookie time Mr. Woolly wrote our names on little slips of paper and held a drawing. He explained that on the night of the Christmas program, we had to give a present to the person whose name we got. I got Lois's name. I wonder what she would like.

December 13

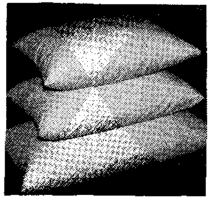
This evening we had our Christmas program. There was a tree by the stage, and we all placed our presents under it. While visitors and children sat in the auditorium, everyone in the high school sat on the stage. We all had a part in the program of singing and acting and talking. After the program, Mr. Woolly handed us all our Christmas presents. I got a record from Anna Belle Morris, with a Braille note saying that it was "Devil's Trill" by Tartini—her favorite record. I gave Lois an ivory brooch, which had a lot of little elephants carved on it.

December 14

I finally went to the infirmary for cold medicine. I've had a cold almost since the day I arrived in Little Rock. The nurse said that I have a cold because I'm underweight and I'm homesick, and that she had no medicine to help me.

December 15

In assembly today, Mr. Tyson said that in order to be on the honor roll, a student had to have no grade below B, and to receive "average" or "good" character marks. Only four people in



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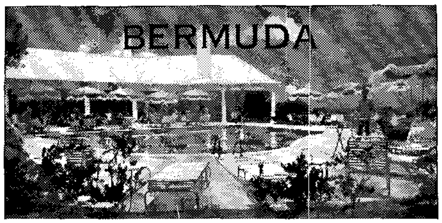

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the high school had qualified during the second six-week grading period: June Brooks and Mary Ann Lambert from the twelfth grade, George McNabb from the tenth grade, and Wayne Tidman from my grade. How I hope that I will be on it one day!

I had a letter from Daddyjee today. He said that the Reserve Bank of India had cancelled all the permits for foreign exchange it used to grant people for study abroad. Daddyjee said that we had to apply for a new permit every six months. We still haven't heard from the immigration authorities in the United States if they will approve this school for foreign students. Will I get money to stay on here? Will the school be permitted to keep me here? I'm in a big pickle.

December 25

The night watchman just brought me two presents which Mr. Woolly had kept in his office for delivery today. One present is three twelve-inch records from the Methodist group. The other is from Mr. and Mrs. Dickens. It is a beautiful gold tiepin, which must have cost them at least five dollars. Luckily, I had heard about the custom of exchanging presents at Christmas in this country and sent Mr. and Mrs. Dickens a bathmat made at our school.

January 2, 1950

Christmas vacation ended today, and everyone is drifting back to school. I thought the day would never come.

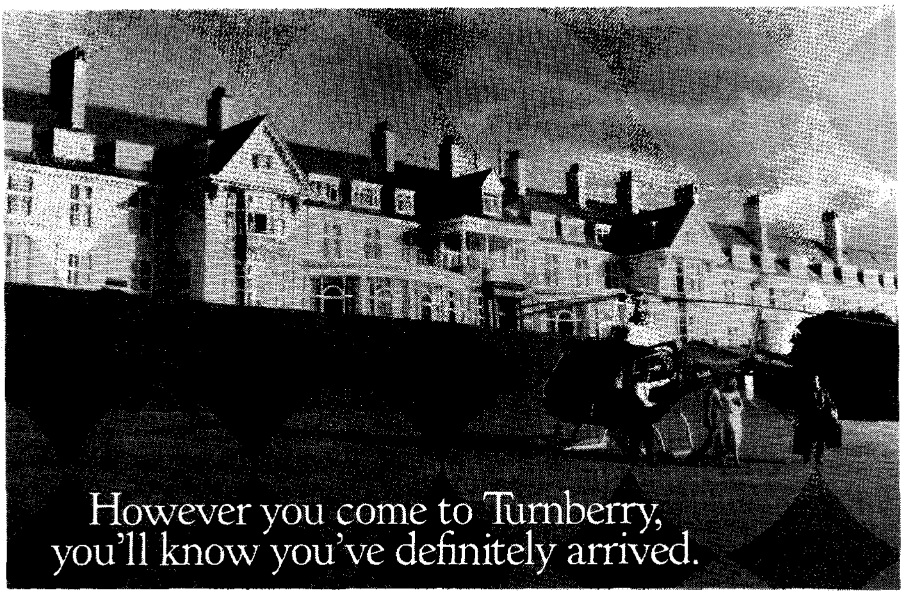
January 18

Mr. Woolly announced in assembly that Bruton and George Conner have been chosen as the school's "star grapplers." They will be going to New Orleans in March to wrestle in a tournament, and some El Dorado club will pay their way.

January 21

The United States is developing a hydrogen bomb. They say it's one thousand times more powerful than the atomic bomb. It has been said by the greatest scientists that a mere eight hydrogen bombs could finish off Russia. Just imagine!

They say scientists have invented a marvellous thing. It is called the "listening glove for the deaf." On the tip of each glove finger is some kind of electric device which is connected to a portable machine. When someone talks to the deaf person, the machine changes the sound waves into little harmless electric shocks. The deaf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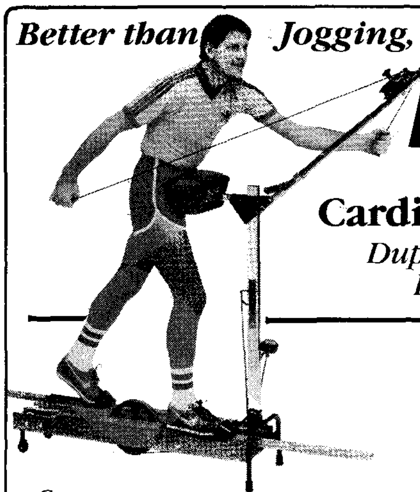

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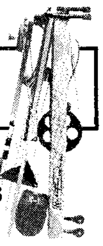


person can "listen" by feeling those electric shocks from the glove, much as a telegraph operator can "read" Morse code.

March 1

I just cannot figure out what I can do for my summer vacation. Whenever I think of the summer, I have a sinking feeling.

March 3

I am making inquiries about going to a small school for amateur radio operators in Little Rock this summer. That way, I will get some training in electronics, and possibly be able to talk to my family in India. Also, Mr. Woolly has written to Mr. F. E. Davis, of the Printing House for the Blind, in Kentucky, asking if I could get a summer job working at the Braille press. We are bound to set up a Braille printing press in India someday, and then my training would be useful.

March 4

They have put Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe" on Talking Books. They don't have it in the school library, but I think I can order it directly from the Library of Congress. I remember how sad I felt when Sister Nimi was reading it and I couldn't read it.

March 5

A state photographer came to our school and took class and group pictures. I have ordered ten copies of each picture to send home.

March 24

I went to the annual senior play, "Let's Pretend." It featured Mary Ann Lambert as a girl who leaves college to get married. This girl is sweet and lovable but unreachable by the people around her because she lives almost completely in her imagination. Whenever I heard Mary Ann Lambert's voice, I got goosebumps.

March 25

I got a record from home that the family had had specially made by going to a studio. I was able to hear everyone's voice for the first time in seven months. I couldn't control my tears.

April 7

Mary Ann Lambert gave a piano recital today. She has been taking piano at the school since she was eight, and now she's a blossoming eighteen. The recital was superb. The piece I liked best was "Clair de Lune." It was composed by a French composer. That's why the name is in French. I am fixing to learn that piece.

April 12

For three days, I was confined to bed in the school infirmary. There were such terrible sores under my toes that I could not even stand. The disease has a terrible name—athlete's foot. I am telling everyone that I cut my foot on a piece of broken glass in the shower and it will take a long time to heal. I have written that home, too. I am so embarrassed.

April 19

Mr. Tyson announced in assembly today that Lois Woodward and I, from the ninth grade, and James Pickett and Mary Ann Lambert, from the twelfth grade, had made the honor roll for the last six-week period. I have been walking on air ever since.

May 1

I don't know what I'm going to do about clothes. The laundry has lost two of my shirts, and my other clothes are worn out.

May 2

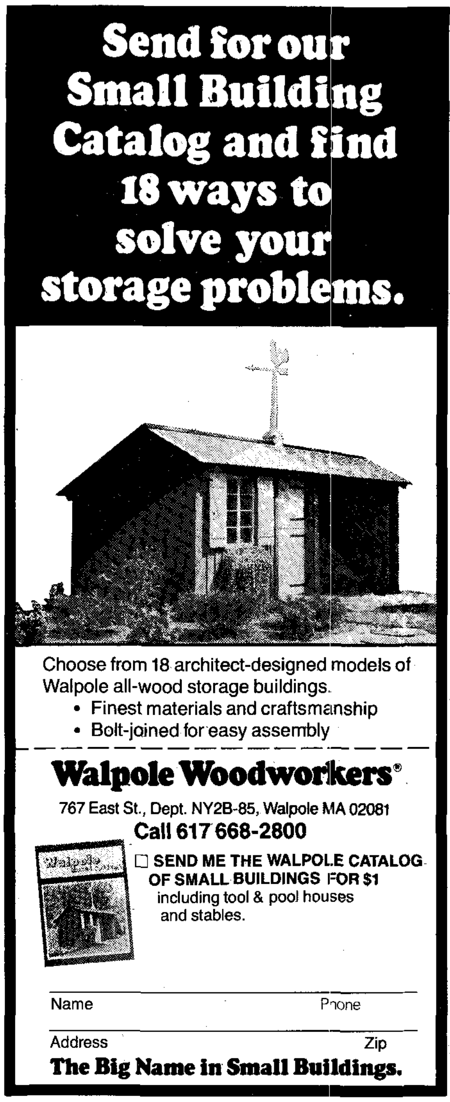
I hope Brother Om does well in his B.A. exam. All his career depends on it. Sister Nimi will be graduating this year, too. I hope she's not still refusing to get married. She was very unrealistic about marriage when I left. Ashok, Usha, and Brother Om will all be home for the summer. How I wish I could be, too!

May 7

It is getting hotter and more humid by the day.

Whenever I think of the money Daddyjee is spending on me, I feel sad. He has already had to pay six hundred dollars for my tuition and board here this year. I had the extra expense of staying in New York when I arrived. Because this was my first year, there have also been other extraordinary expenses for a typewriter, a radio-phonograph combination, a battery-powered radio, a Braille wristwatch. I'm practically out of money, and I need to buy summer clothes and pay for my long-vacation room and board somewhere. I was expecting four hundred dollars for the summer, but Daddyjee's latest draft was only for three hundred. I must get a summer job.

I have applied for permission to work, to the immigration authorities, but have heard nothing. They still haven't approved this school for foreign students. Also, there has been no word from the Reserve Bank of India about sanctioning dollars for my stud-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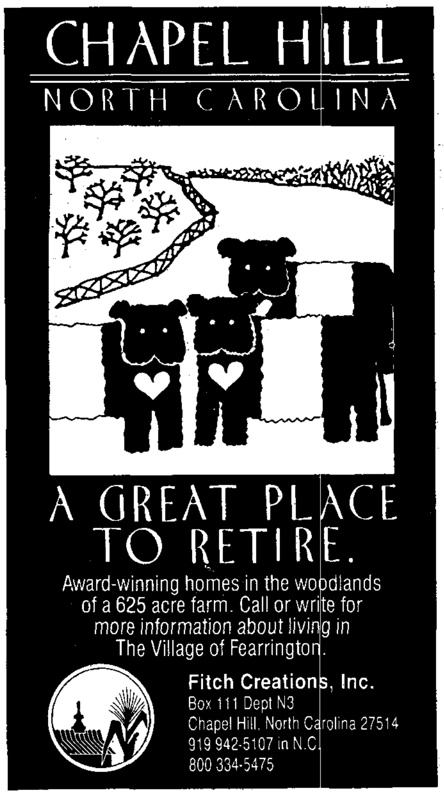
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ies next year. Oh, God, I don't know what will happen to me!

May 17

Mr. Woolly announced in assembly that the town authorities had finally installed a special traffic light for the blind to the west of the school, at the corner of West Markham and South Woodrow. Mr. Woolly said that there is a button at waist height on a pole on each side of West Markham. When you press the button, the permanent green light changes to red for fourteen seconds and a bell rings while the light is red. This means that even totally blind people lacking in mobility will be able to cross to the trolley stop or to Stifft's Station.

May 23

School closed for the summer today after the commencement exercises at 8 P.M. My sleep is ruined. Mary Ann Lambert has graduated and left the school for good. Oh, God, why did this happen to me? I have lost all reason, but I am not going to let my infatuation with Mary Ann Lambert be termed love. I won't allow myself to fall in love. I have too many responsibilities. I will never marry a half-sighted or blind girl. I shall not marry merely for love. I want to marry for more solid reasons. I want my marriage to last. My mind is in a thousand pieces. Sighs are concealed in my breathing. Tears are in my eyes. Tears are a sign of weakness. I abhor weakness.

—VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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MARSHA B. WEINER
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—*The Times Book Review, page 20.*

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For a book about cows, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has photographs, paintings, recollections or references.

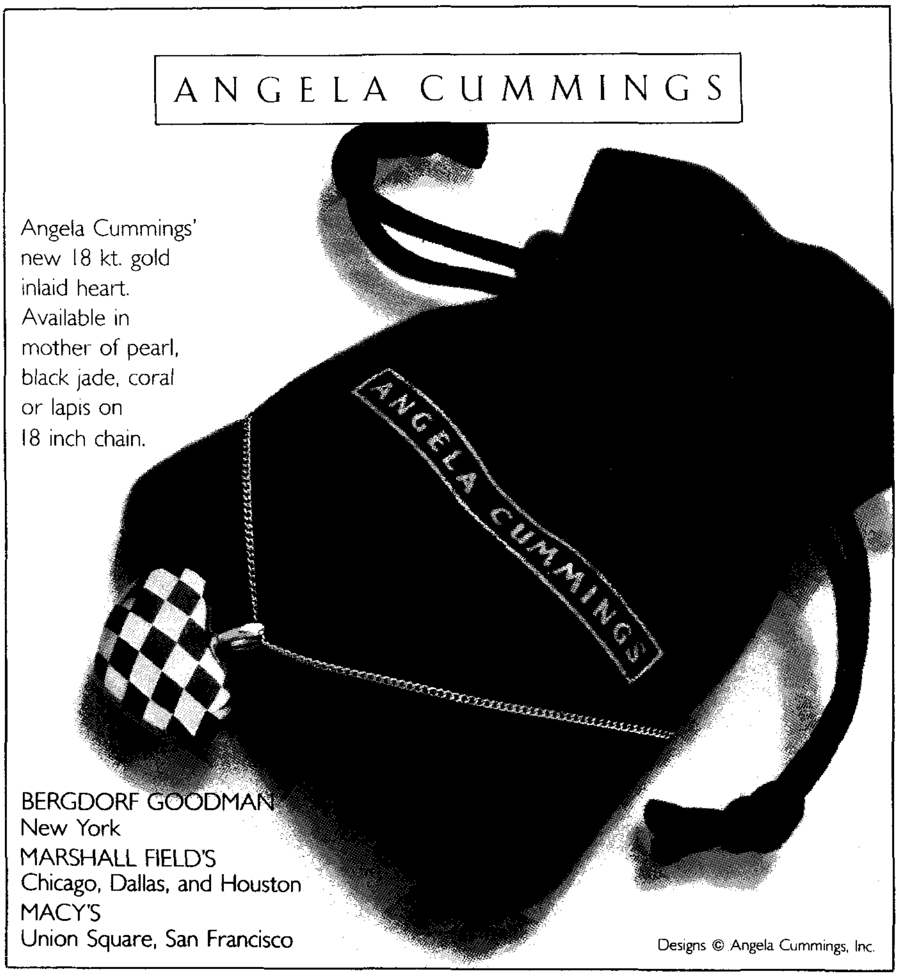
EMILY GWATHMEY
241 Central Park West
New York City 10024

—*Same issue, page 35.*

•

King Solomon had 700 wives, and almost half that many mistresses. He had great wisdom.—*Lebanon (N.H.) Valley News.*

Be careful with the facts, please.



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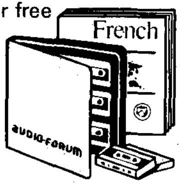
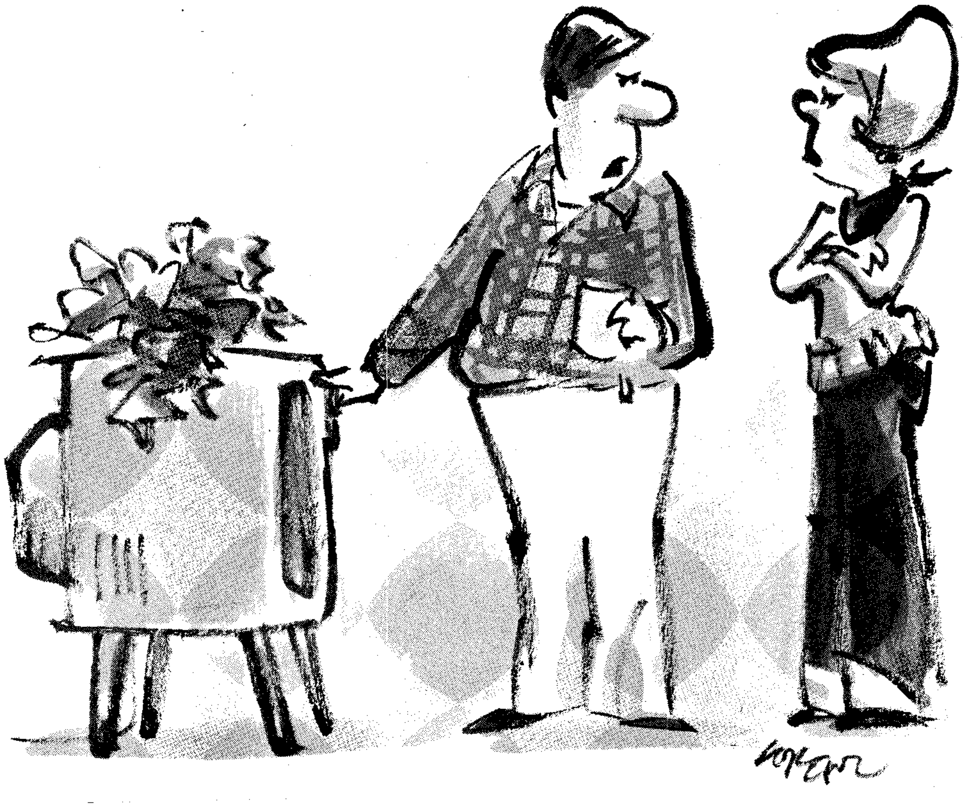


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Schoolboys

John Schlesinger's hour-long 1983 TV film "An Englishman Abroad," starring Alan Bates as Guy Burgess in Moscow, is probably the best hour of television I've ever seen. (It was first shown here late in 1984.) Though it was clear that what made it memorable was the script, by Alan Bennett, and Bates' entering into the squirmy soul of a traitor who's in exile from everything he cares about, Schlesinger directed it so simply that I was really cranked up for his new movie, "The Falcon and the Snowman," which is another tale of traitors—ours this time. The story of Christopher Boyce and Daulton Lee seemed a natural anyway; when it was reported in the press, it had everything—bravado, black humor, and a kind of all-American kinkiness. Boyce and Lee, parochial-school pupils in one of the best-heeled communities in Southern California—Palos Verdes Peninsula, on Santa Monica Bay—were altar boys together; they became close friends on the high-school football squad, and developed a common interest in falconry. The intelligent Boyce, who couldn't get along with his father (an F.B.I. man turned security specialist in the aerospace industry), idealized earlier centuries and thought he would like to go back about five hundred years. He entered a seminary to prepare for the priesthood, and then, questioning his faith, left, and went to a secular college. Lee, the adopted son of a Second World War hero who became a doctor, dealt in pot in high school and, after graduation, began to push cocaine and heroin; by the time—July, 1974—that Boyce decided to knock off college for a year or so and took a clerical job that his father arranged for him in a company under contract to the C.I.A., Lee (who had stopped growing in the fifth grade, when he was five feet two) was on probation, with legal problems hanging over him—and a junkie.

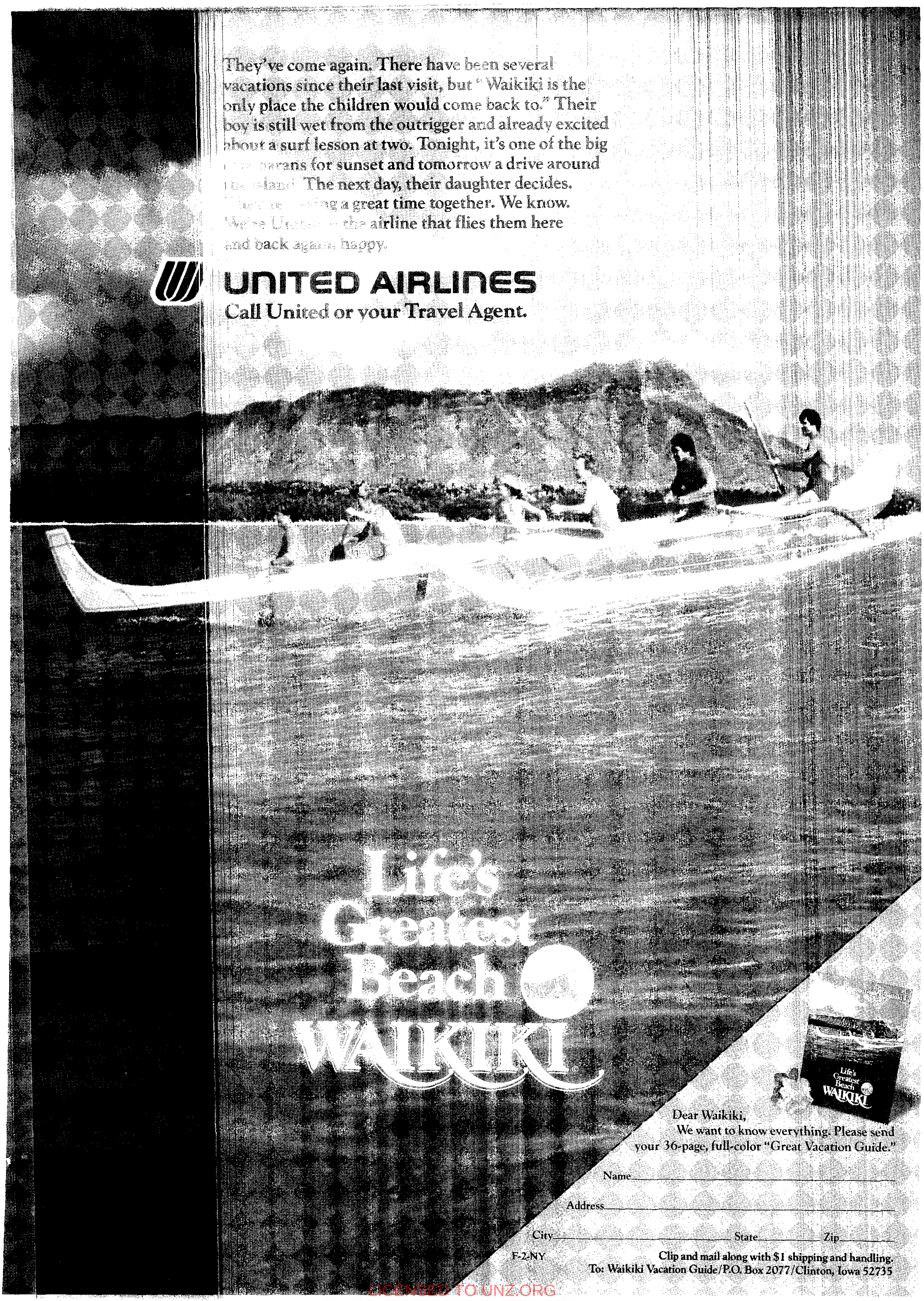
Clean-cut and quiet, Chris Boyce did well in his job, and after a few months he was (at the age of twenty-one) given top-secret clearance and sent to work in the Black Vault, a communications center for surveillance satellites that the C.I.A. denied the existence of. He was shocked to discover the extent of C.I.A. manipulations of the internal affairs of allies, like Australia (where the Agency was maneuvering to discredit the Labour Prime Minister). And, for a mixture of motives, including revenge on the C.I.A. for its crimes, he decided to sell some of this information to the Soviet Union. It was like a secret (and lucrative) form of protest. He saved key documents that were supposed to be shredded, and in April, 1975, his coked-up buddy Lee, acting as courier, presented himself at the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City and established relations with the K.G.B. Out on bail, still dealing dope, and with all kinds of charges against him, Lee kept slipping back and forth over the border. These two casual, sloppy spies delivered documents to the Russians for two years, until January of 1977, when the Mexican police arrested Lee for causing a disturbance outside the Soviet Embassy. Boyce, who had quit his job and gone back to college with plans to become a lawyer, was picked up ten days later. (The code name that he used in his espionage activities was Falcon.)



"So I'm not Leo Buscaglia, but I'm not Attila the Hun, either."

The story of Boyce, who when he was out with his falcons dreamt that he was a Renaissance prince, and of the wastrel Lee, who had a genuine talent for cabinetwork but was discouraged by the Palos Verdes teachers from doing anything that smacked of manual labor, is a gorgeous sick comedy. (And it didn't end when the two were sent to maximum-security prisons—Boyce for forty years, Lee for life. Boyce escaped and robbed a few banks, and he might have stayed free if he hadn't started to fly falcons again.) At first, I gave the Schlesinger movie the benefit of the doubt, and kept waiting for it to get to the good stuff. He does get to some of it, but only glancingly; he pretty much throws the story away. We don't see the boys' weekends together flying falcons, and we don't get a sense of their relationship. (Schlesinger may think that if he shows a thing once—such as Boyce greeting Lee warmly—he has done his duty and established what we need to know.) And maybe because the movie is based on a reporter's factual account (Robert Lindsey's "The Falcon and the Snowman"), Schlesinger doesn't bother to make it credible that the coolheaded Boyce would be in partnership with the strung-out, hysterical Lee. The director seems hardly interested in the absurdist aspects of the case, such as Lee's living high, giving parties in his parents' house, and boasting of his exploits as a spy. The script, by Steven Zaillian, is disjointed; it never takes hold of anything, and Schlesinger doesn't, either.

The sumptuousness of Schlesinger's style is impressive. A falcon vaults



They've come again. There have been several vacations since their last visit, but "Waikiki is the only place the children would come back to." Their boy is still wet from the outrigger and already excited about a surf lesson at two. Tonight, it's one of the big catamarans for sunset and tomorrow a drive around the island. The next day, their daughter decides. They're having a great time together. We know. We're United — the airline that flies them here and back again, happy.

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ESPRIT

Regan VanDine
Esprit News Editor
Age: 36

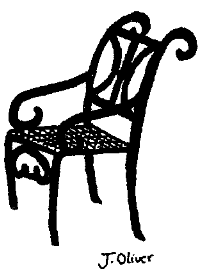
I'm afraid of ten speed bikes because I can't seem to think past three gears. In high school I was a kick line dancer for auto shows which led to a career as a dancer with Dan Wagoner and Dancers in NYC. I love anything Deco especially satin negligees and chrome furniture. I spend my time reading Raymond Chandler novels and watching films with Ben Hecht scripts. My dream is to ride a horse through the desert while only wearing one of my bowling shirts.

Photography: Toscani

across the sky onto its prey; the shot has a perfect cruel zing to it. There's something lordly (and a little bored) in this director's command of the medium. While he gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power. He doesn't develop the idea of the élitist parents, with their rigid, out-of-date thinking and their lackadaisical permissiveness—he falls back on such staples as closeups of Boyce's mother (Joyce Van Patten) that suggest she's some sort of inept, piggy monster, an emblem of America's grotesque shallowness. He tosses in spy complications that you can't quite follow. He lays on shot after shot of jetting falcons without ever indicating what this (rather horrible) chivalric sport means to the two deeply reactionary kids.

"It's not so much *what* they did as *why* that interests me," Schlesinger says in the publicity material. "Without condoning their actions, we explore what was going on in their heads—and in the world around them—in the early seventies." But if we don't get a clear idea of what happened how can we perceive the why of it? Schlesinger seems to think he's exploring the boys' thoughts when he flashes reminders of the Vietnam era: Martin Luther King, Nixon, Agnew, the Kennedys, John Lennon—the whole bloody mess. He's busy making a countercultural statement and a work of art when if he had just told the story straight it might have really been those things—it might have meant something. Maybe the more deeply Schlesinger understands the material he's working with, the simpler he is. (Hence the lucidity of "An Englishman Abroad.") And when the material is alien to him he goes for art and political thunder. So in "The Falcon and the Snowman" he explicitly makes the point that Chris Boyce's actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. The movie isn't really interested in either the what or the why of the Boyce and Lee case—Schlesinger wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce's actions. But we've had so many movie directors shooting off at us that all the flash and denunciation have lost their impact. (They've become modern conventions.) We keep trying to get into the boys' characters, and neither the writer nor the director gives us much help. All they supply of Boyce's motives is a multiple-choice test. We're to take our pick of (a) loss of faith in God, (b) not getting along with Dad, (c) the cynical, circus atmosphere in the Black Vault, and so on.

In the early scenes, Timothy Hutton brings some excitement to the underwritten role of Chris Boyce. The conscientiousness and the physical timidity of Hutton's earlier performances seem to have been burned out of him. At twenty-three, he's no longer the sensitive stripling of "Ordinary People;" he has a new physical stature—he's turning into a strikingly good-looking man, with a sexual presence, like a young Warren Beatty. This young actor is ready to take off into uncharted realms, and he makes you respond to the secret Chris Boyce, the freak hidden inside the proper manners, the good clothes, the young prince. (As an innocent-faced altar boy, Chris had a sly little trick: he dragged his feet on the carpeting and worked up enough electricity to administer shocks on the chin from the platter as people received the host.) But by the time Boyce is making speeches about how the C.I.A. preys on weaker governments, you've almost forgotten the foxy intensity he had in the first half, and how furtive and gleaming his eyes were when he talked to his father and his father's friends who were his bosses at work. In those scenes, Hutton's Chris Boyce takes the center of the picture, because he's too smart and too cagey and dishonest to show those people what he thinks. He plays along with them while doing tiny double takes with his eyes for the amusement of another side of himself. Schlesinger probably has no idea why the boys did it, but Hutton does have an idea, and the flickers of subversive life inside his clean-cut, regular-featured handsomeness suggest possibilities that we want to see explored. This Boyce is secretly out for kicks, and then some. (Boyce named his favorite falcon "Fawkes"—for Guy Fawkes, who tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament.) That's what we expect the movie to be about—that's where the drama is. But it isn't developed. And the last part of the picture—which is when it really goes bad—has Schlesinger doing his ritual song and dance: showing us how we are really the guilty ones. At the very end, we get the sanctimony of David Bowie singing "This Is Not America."



Sean Penn's whiny Daulton Lee, with a thick head of hair that's like a homemade wig, and dark glasses and a measly, pencil-line mustache, is like Rupert Pupkin's little brother. It's an embarrassment—the kind of fanatic actor's performance that's obvious and empty in a way that's bound to be compared admiringly to De Niro's run of bum work. Sean Penn earned the praise he received for "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" and "Bad Boys" and "Racing with the Moon," but he's a self-conscious catastrophe here, complete right down to the choked voice—he sounds as if his lungs had collapsed. Daulton Lee is supposed to be a braggart and a hustler, but all Penn's energy goes into the impersonation—he has nothing left for his big scenes, and they're lifeless. (You get the impression that Penn thinks the only part of character creation that's authentic is the groping; he abdicates half the actor's job—the projecting and shaping. A good actor takes on a different character—he doesn't dissolve into it. Here, you feel as if the artist had disappeared, and you were left watching a twerp playing a twerp.) Partly because of the blubbering and flailing about that Sean Penn does, the two principal K.G.B. men—Alex (David Suchet), who is Lee's regular contact, and the senior official (Boris Leskin)—seem to be the only ones who know what they're doing, the only sane and responsible people in the movie. (They're far from this levelheaded in Lindsey's account.) Suchet, who spent ten years with the Royal Shakespeare Company and is appearing now as Freud in a BBC series on cable, has wide, dark eyes and the suavity of an actor who never wastes a motion; he modulates his soft-edged voice ever so slightly to suggest Alex's bafflement in his dealings with the strutting, shouting Lee, who at one point tries to talk the Russians into a heroin deal. And Dorian Harewood, as one of Boyce's co-workers in the Black Vault, livens up the scenes he's in. The goddessy young Lori Singer is cast as Boyce's girlfriend, but has nothing to do except get in bed with him; she appears to be in the picture for the sole purpose of letting us know that the boys aren't homosexual.

Schlesinger is no slouch when it comes to directing actors. He casts Pat Hingle as Chris Boyce's father, who's still an F.B.I. man at heart. It's a role Hingle has played dozens of times—

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he's a pop-culture joke in this role—but I doubt if he has ever done it as well. And Schlesinger always has some dynamic activity going (even if it's off-key or confusing or there's something missing and things don't add up right). He has many of the attributes of a first-rate director. There's one he's missing. If you think back to his calamities, such as "The Day of the Locust" and "Marathon Man," you can see that they fail for the same reason "The Falcon and the Snowman" does. It's his failure to be involved on the simplest level. It's his detachment from the events and the people, from the plain facts of a story.

A FRIEND of mine said that she liked the book "Birdy," by William Wharton (a pseudonym), which was published in the late seventies, because Birdy "wasn't a metaphor for anything—he was simply a kid who wanted to fly like a bird," and I can see how someone might take the novel literally, because of all the terrific bird lore in it. But the movie version, directed by Alan Parker, and updated from the Depression and the Second World War to the sixties and Vietnam by the adapters, Sandy Kroopf and Jack Behr, is all metaphor. Part satire, part Christ myth, it's like "The Little Prince" rewritten by Kurt Vonnegut. The central characters are two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia. Al (Nicolas Cage), a high-school athlete, has come back from Vietnam a sergeant with battle stripes on his uniform, a steel jaw, and a mutilated face wrapped in bandages. He has been summoned to the psychiatric section of a military hospital to see if he can help his friend Birdy (Matthew Modine), who was wounded and missing in action, and now squats naked on the floor. Crumpled like a broken bird, and with his head slightly twisted, Modine peers up at the window high in his cell, as if he wanted to fly up and away, but it's crossbarred and covered with wire. The cell seems as tall as a Gothic cathedral, and the light streaming from the window comes down from the sign of the cross onto the mute, suffering boy—he's a deformed Christ figure in a cloister-cage.

Al, bandaged and in pain, continues to visit Birdy, who doesn't acknowledge his presence, and in flashbacks, through the two boys' thoughts and fantasies, we see them in their high-school days, when they caught and raised pigeons together and then, after Al's interest in birds had waned and he was concentrating on sports and girls, Birdy kept canaries in his room. In those days, birds were Birdy's hobby and passion. He could watch them fly, build winged contraptions, and create an aviary-world of his own—a world without the meanness of the corrupt society. In his bird world, he could escape the heartlessness of his crazy mother, the despondency of his school-janitor father, and the taunting of the neighborhood kids, who called him Weirdo. The two boys stayed close, because Al didn't laugh at Birdy's dreams; they needed each other. With Cage playing flesh to Modine's spirit, the movie is made in a process that's like simultaneous translation. Everything that happens instantly converts itself into vaguely abstract terms. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with the war-ravaged Al sitting on the hospital floor in that stream of light, holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another.

The movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths, and everything you're supposed to react to is laid out for you. When the adolescent Birdy puts on wings he has made and attempts to soar over a garbage dump, the bluntness of the metaphor is deadening. At times, every shot seems metaphoric. We have no sooner seen Birdy's rhapsodic love of a golden-yellow canary, whose feathers glow brighter than anything else in the movie, than we see a cat sneaking upstairs to his room. The incidents we are shown and the ones we hear about all relate to victimization: Birdy's mother kills the two boys' pigeons; Al's father sells the '53 Ford the boys have put together; the boys get a job with a dogcatcher who grabs animals off the streets and rushes them straight to the slaughterhouse; and then there's Vietnam.

Fooling around with the novel's time frame produces some odd results. Though the physical details of the boys' lives in the sixties seem accurate enough, what's missing—the pop culture of the sixties—makes their adventures seem still to be happening in the quieter Depression years. And the omnipresence of choppers in the boys' Vietnam recollections may make you wonder why Birdy didn't graduate from wanting to fly to wanting to be a flier, and why he expresses no interest in planes or gliders. (He's in ecstasy when he's up in the shoot-the-chutes at the beach, so his lack of expression when he's up in a helicopter seems a glitch.) Most of all, the change in the period encourages the moviemakers in their sense of mission. The movie has the tone of a requiem for the two maimed boys, for Vietnam, for the human condition.

Alan Parker gives you surface realism, but he keeps you aware of his accomplishment. He makes a great show of serving the material. He keeps you standing back, watching him bring off emotional numbers full of torment and pathos. His work here—with an elegant Peter Gabriel score mated to it—has a high-tech industrial finish, an impersonal sheen. He achieves some fairly amazing swooping, flying-over-the-neighborhood shots when we see things from Birdy's fantasy perspective. But if ever there was a sequence that called for silence this dream of flying is it. Gabriel's synthesized drum music is far too clever for Birdy's flight—it outclasses Birdy, with his awe of wings and his sexual immaturity. And Parker's assured approach gives the material a slickness that finally locks a viewer out. (It may even be that Parker and his regular team—the cinematographer Michael Seresin, and the camera operator, the editor, the designer, and the production people—have become too smooth a unit.) I found myself watching the actors as actors—not as Al and Birdy—and the visual effects as visual effects. I don't know that anyone could have brought this material off. (Robert Altman stumbled with his bird-boy story, the 1970 "Brewster McCloud.") It's material that should be magical—straightforward yet elusive. It probably needed a director who found the story lulling, tantalizing, its meanings hidden—a director who would risk making us laugh at what he was doing. Parker's technological sophistication nails everything down. John Schlesinger wasn't interested in boys who use birds to create their own worlds, and neither is Parker. The movie feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors, who make everything they can of the humorous rapport between the adolescent boys.

Matthew Modine puts his whole body into character; he doesn't hold anything back, and he has a clean style, unencumbered with actors' tricks. When he grins (in the flashback scenes), his Huck Finn goofiness helps to cauterize the pure-boy, Little Prince aspect of the role; he's as "natural" as anybody could be who's posed as a contorted Christ figure. Modine has remarkable control, and he's still young enough to be convincing as a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old Catholic angel. His is the showier role—an actor playing a catatonic is almost certain to be intense and riveting. Al is probably the more difficult role. He has to be muscular and earthbound; he has to be a kid who's treated brutally by his vicious old man (Sandy Baron, in a convincingly dark performance). And he also has to spend a lot of time with his face half obscured by bandages while he grieves over Birdy's silence. Al is supposed to be ordinary, except for his friendship with Birdy, and ordinariness is one of those bad, literary ideas that can destroy an actor. Nicolas Cage has some of the dopey soulfulness that was so charming in his appearance as the Hollywood High boy in Martha Coolidge's 1983 "Valley Girl," but he can't infringe on Modine's terrain—he has to be raw and girl-crazy and scared of his father. He's fine in the flashback scenes, when he and Birdy are just kids doing reckless teen-age things; the two boys have matching smiles, the way best friends with shared secrets often do. They move together, as if they were both hearing the same signals, the same music. Cage doesn't quite sustain his hospital scenes, but he's at a terrible disadvantage in them—he's the noisy supplicant, begging Birdy for a sign of intelligent life.

Near the end, Al gets his sign, in a scene so misconceived that I can hardly believe that it actually made it to the film's final cut. Talking to the unresponsive Birdy, Al suddenly delivers an impassioned anti-war statement. It's totally out of character, and you're groaning at the moviemakers' intruding in this way when damned if Birdy doesn't react against it, too. But he doesn't blame the writers or the director for it; he blames Al, and, rousing himself from his stupor, he says, laughing, "Al, sometimes you're so full of shit." This flip scene invalidates the two hours of movie that preceded it. After all of Birdy's Christlike, broken-bird posturing, how can he suddenly turn up his nose at something phony? It's not as if Birdy had come to his senses; it's as if Matthew Modine had waked up, seen through the role he'd been straining to play, and walked off the set.

—PAULINE KAEL

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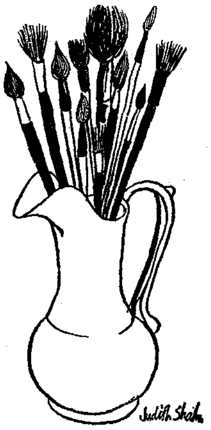
THE ART WORLD

Heavyweights

THE topography of the coffee-table art book is changing. Each year, it seems, larger and more daunting mountains of text rise from the lush lowlands of visual reproduction, obliging the reader to sit up and take notice. It used to be commonly accepted that the text of a large-format art book was a joke—a harmless effusion of bold type between the title page and the color reproductions—but these days you are likely to find yourself scaling craggy massifs of prose by some well-known scholar or art historian. My own feelings about this are ambivalent. Art scholarship takes it out of you under the best of circumstances. It also tends to make you suspect that the reproductions in a book are a very far cry from the original paintings—which is true, of course, but not necessarily what you long to hear when you have just paid seventy-five dollars plus tax for the book in question. The fact that books of this calibre have to be read at a desk or a table—they are too cumbersome for all but world-class laps—adds to the inner conflicts that they set up. Objects that used to be associated with conspicuous display or with sybaritic leafing-through are coming to be associated increasingly with hard work.



Pierre Schneider's "Matisse" (Rizzoli; $95) is the reigning exemplar of the trend. It is seven hundred and fifty-two pages long, it has nine hundred and thirty illustrations (more than two hundred of them in color), and the text probably runs to more than a hundred thousand words. Its author, who is described by the publisher as a Belgian-born, Harvard-educated American art critic who lives in Paris, is one of the leading international authorities on Matisse. He organized the great Matisse retrospective exhibition in Paris in 1970, and he is reported to have spent fourteen years writing this book. There is no way anyone is going to feel comfortable just looking at the pictures here. A serious assault upon the text is obviously required.

And what do we encounter at the very outset, on page 1 of the introduction? A disclaimer, that's what. The book's length "gives it the appearance of being exhaustive and definitive, which it is not," Mr. Schneider writes. "It does not contain 'everything about Matisse.' Such a book would have been beyond my powers." We soon discover that this is not false modesty. One of the many things this leviathan of a book does not contain is any clear correlation between Matisse's life and his work. A rather perfunctory biographical sketch of the artist is provided in an appendix, but for seven hundred pages the text wanders here and there through the various stages of Matisse's long career, in chapters that are thematic rather than strictly chronological, with the emphasis for the most part on ideas, aesthetics, and intellectual crosscurrents. It is the sort of text that comes more naturally to critics who write in French than to those who write in English. (Mr. Schneider seems to be an American critic who writes in French; his text was translated by Michael Taylor and Bridget Strevens Romer.) The prose is unhurried, digressive, repetitious, occasionally purple, often brilliant, and maddeningly diffuse. The illustrations are glorious, but they are not numbered, and they rarely coincide with the text, so a good deal of backward-and-forward leafing is in order. Mr. Schneider is undoubtedly correct in insisting that this is not the "definitive" Matisse; Alfred H. Barr's 1951 "Matisse: His Art and His Public" is still the indispensable work on the artist, and seems likely to remain so for years to come. The hard work of reading Mr. Schneider's book carries substantial rewards, however, one of which is a persuasive and, in the end, deeply moving picture of Henri Matisse as a religious artist: an artist whose work "restores, after a divorce lasting several centuries, the ties between European art and the sacred, that is to say, the origins."

Chapter 10, on Matisse's great painting "La Joie de Vivre" (1905-1906), presents the religious element as the key to Matisse's art, and is probably as good an example as any of the book's strengths and weaknesses. Mr. Schneider couples "La Joie de Vivre" with Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" (1907) as "the pillars of Hercules of twentieth century painting," and he goes on, for thirty-three pages, to discuss the sources of the Matisse painting's profound originality. The first third of the chapter is clear, focussed, and extremely interesting. Up until 1905, he writes, everything Matisse did was rooted in the basic rule of realist painting: paint what you see. In "La Joie de Vivre," however, an idyllic landscape is peopled with human figures from the world of pure imagination—nude forms defined by sinuous, rhythmic lines that are "signs" for the figure rather than observed reality. Matisse broke with illusionism and developed his language of signs because he wanted to go beyond what he understood to be the limitations of nineteenth-century art. For the same reason, he chose in this breakthrough painting a subject from classical antiquity: the myth of the Golden Age. Mr. Schneider gives us several pages on the pastoral tradition in classical literature; he also sets out to prove, with help from Hegel, Schelling, and other heavy-duty sources, that what appears to be the depiction of pure pleasure in pastoral poetry is in reality a device to lead us into the realm of the sacred. The myth of the Golden Age was a myth of origins, he points out, and origins per se are sacred. Because it has no specific locale or cast of characters, moreover, it is the ideal myth for a modern artist—free of literary storytelling, virtually abstract.

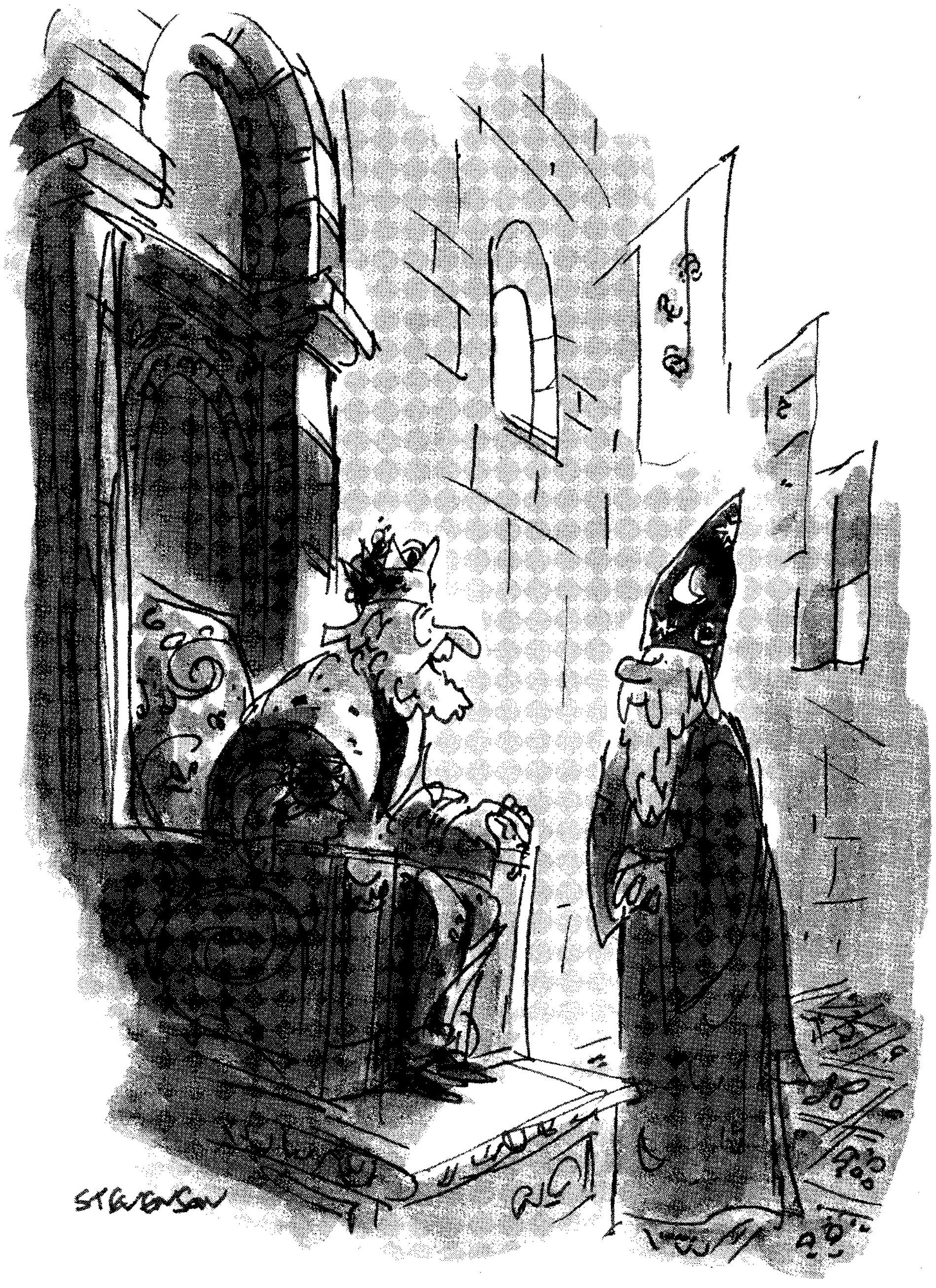
At this point, the argument begins to cloud up. We hear about Gustave Moreau, Matisse's teacher, and his problems in dealing with mythical subjects. Marcel Proust nods in—Matisse shares his quest for "the potent spell of the first impression." A digression on Saint-Tropez, where Matisse painted during the summer of 1904, suggests that for Matisse and for others the South of France has always made the Golden Age seem close in spirit. Ruminations on what Matisse called "the eternal problem of the objective and the subjective" in art lead by no easy stages to "the eternal conflict between line and color," which preoccupied him throughout his life. Mircea Eliade, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and Stéphane Mallarmé are called upon to discuss the anatomy of mythical imagining. Mr. Schneider then becomes specific again, and turns to "Luxe, Calme, et Volupté," of 1904—the Matisse painting that preceded and in a sense prepared the way for "La

Joie de Vivre." Fauvism, which has been discussed in a previous chapter, is recapitulated to show that the Fauvist liberation of color led directly to a pictorial language of signs. A long section on Gauguin argues that Matisse succeeded in realizing what Gauguin described as his "merely sketched" dream of a new art of profound simplicity and "primitive" color harmonies. On and on. And then, after quoting a statement by the French artist and critic Maurice Denis that the fin de siècle was "despite everything, filled with belief," Mr. Schneider suddenly brings the whole long, meandering discourse to life: "For it was no longer the theme of death and resurrection that inspired religious feeling, but—and this at the most diverse points on the intellectual horizon of the time—that of the joy of living. Beyond personal experience, beyond even the context of pictorial influences, it was this philosophical context that shed light on, sustained, and justified the enormous and almost inconceivable step forward (for the realistic painter, Matisse) from reality to myth."

Those two sentences tell us a great deal about the artist, and I suppose it is unfair to complain of having to get to them by such a circuitous and prickly route. Six pages farther on, after hacking a path through thickets of Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Baudelaire, and Marx, we get to another: "To restore color to its inherent purity, and drawing to its linearity, is to rediscover simultaneously the language and the message of the origins." The text is not really as hermetic as I make it sound. Mr. Schneider backs up his speculations and insights with many quotations from Matisse's writings, letters, remarks to friends, and other recorded statements, and these are often extraordinarily revealing. "All art worthy of the name is religious," Matisse said, late in his life. "Be it a creation of lines and colors: if it is not religious, it does not exist. If it is not religious, it is only a matter of documentary art, anecdotal art, which is no longer art. Which has nothing to do with art." In the end, we are convinced—by the artist and by Mr. Schneider—that this is true.

ABOUT the only thing that Barbara Ehrlich White's huge study of Renoir has in common with Mr. Schneider's "Matisse" is that a long time was spent in preparing it—in her case, twenty-three years. "Renoir: His Life, Art, and Letters" (Abrams; $75) is primarily and unblushingly biographical. In fact, the author, an American art historian who actually writes in English (and who teaches at Tufts), says straight out that her purpose is to show how Renoir's life and art were intertwined—to point out the "links between changes in his life and innovations in his art." Spurning the published memoir by Renoir's son Jean, and the recollections of friends and acquaintances, Ms. White based her research exclusively on primary sources—letters, diaries, contemporary reviews, official documents, photographs. This makes for a certain flatness in the narrative texture (as opposed to Mr. Schneider's dense weave), but Renoir's life was a good deal more eventful than Matisse's, and its unfolding, which more or less parallels the birth, flowering, and decline of Impressionism, is presented here in cogent and satisfying detail.

Neither Mr. Schneider nor Ms. White has much to say about the eroticism that played a significant part in the work of both artists. The link between the Golden Age and sexual gratification might appear to offer no end of opportunities for Mr. Schneider's wide-ranging intellect, but it is scarcely mentioned. The astonishingly sensual nudes that Renoir painted toward the end of his life, when he was so crippled by arthritis that he could hardly hold a brush, are acknowledged by Ms. White with this stiff explana-



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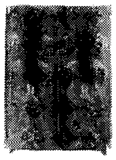

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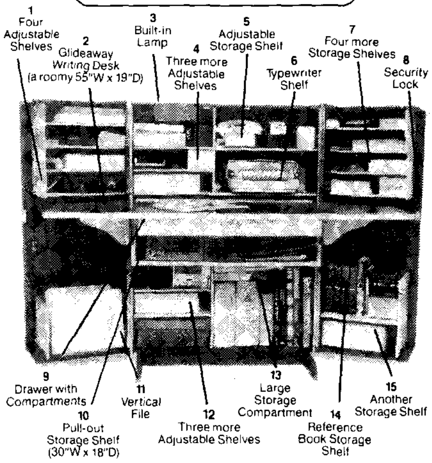

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tion: "He compensated for his own sickness, emaciation, and paralysis by brilliantly expressing health, corpulence, and vitality. His powerfully optimistic nudes express his resilient defiance." The documentary approach can be as exasperating at times as the rhetorical ocean of words.

WHAT other recent art books demand and reward serious reading? "19th-Century Art," by Robert Rosenblum and H. W. Janson (Abrams; $45), is to my mind the most nearly impeccable offering. Relatively modest in girth (a mere five hundred and twenty-seven pages), it is the first general survey to reflect the enormous amount of revisionist scholarship that has been going on lately in the field of nineteenth-century European and American art—including, as Mr. Rosenblum puts it, the "resurrections of hundreds of nineteenth-century artists one thought dead and buried forever." The chapters on painting are by Mr. Rosenblum; the late H. W. Janson, whose "History of Art" is still the best one-volume introduction to Western art, did the chapters on sculpture. Both men write extremely well. They keep things moving briskly, and they are adept at placing works of art and artists in their historical setting: not only David and Ingres but also Pierre-Henri Révoil and Philipp Otto Runge; Manet and Degas *and* Hubert von Herkomer and Jean-François Raffaëlli. The established nineteenth-century masters are by no means diminished by this broadening of view; we simply have the sense that we are seeing them in greater depth. Mr. Rosenblum is particularly fine in his reëvaluation of Manet, whose "amazing spatial complexity . . . moves from the overt to the concealed."

As usual, some of the notable art books are catalogues of museum exhibitions. The two-volume catalogue of the recent exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art " 'Primitivism' in 20th Century Art" (The Museum of Modern Art and New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown; $80 cloth, $40 paper) includes a great many more objects and covers the subject far more extensively than the exhibition itself did. Essays by the exhibition's coörganizers, William Rubin and Kirk Varnedoe, and contributions from fourteen other scholars examine the pervasive influence of tribal objects on modern artists from Gauguin to Beuys (and beyond), and manage to shatter, or at least shake vigorously, any number of previously accepted theories. No exhibition (or catalogue) of the last few years has stirred up such controversy or made a more substantial contribution to art history.

"The Drawings of Henri Matisse" (Thames & Hudson/The Museum of Modern Art; $29.95 cloth, $17.50 paper), a book-length catalogue of a show that opens at MOMA on February 28th, has a superbly intelligent and eminently readable text by John Elderfield, the director of MOMA's Department of Drawings. Although Matisse is known as the century's greatest master of color, Mr. Elderfield's essay makes it clear that drawing was of primary importance to his art: Matisse saw drawing as "principally the record of feeling, with its aim to capture the vividness of emotional response that a subject aroused."

"Watteau: 1684-1721," by Margaret Morgan Grasselli and Pierre Rosenberg (National Gallery of Art; $24.95 paper), the catalogue of an international exhibition that appeared at the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C., last summer, contains as much solid information as we are ever likely to have regarding that profoundly mysterious genius. Nine authors, from three countries, have managed to come up with a good deal of new material on Watteau's virtually undocumented and woefully short life, and to establish for the first time a reasonable consensus for the dating of his key works. Even so, they do not always agree with one another about dates or interpretations. "Watteau's ambition is obvious, but we do not know what he meant," Mr. Rosenberg concludes. "Will we ever know?"

"À Toute Épreuve," one of the most exhilarating artists' books of the century, has been reproduced in a trade edition by Braziller ($75). The original, a series of lyric poems by Paul Éluard with woodcut illustrations by Joan Miró, was published in 1958 by the Swiss fine-art printer Gérald Cramer in an edition of a hundred and thirty copies. Miró worked for eleven years on the illustrations, and the reproduction of his extraordinarily complex woodcuts, many of which involved collage to obtain a rich variety of background textures, required incredible efforts by the printer. (The title, which Anne Hyde Greet, who wrote a separately bound introduction to the new edition, translates to mean "Ready for Anything," could have served as a warning to the technicians.) Braziller's version is probably as close to the original as offset printing can come to woodblock impression, which is not very close. The color looks washed out when compared with the Cramer original in the Museum of Modern Art, and many of the textured backgrounds have vanished entirely. Braziller, which took pains in its 1983 reproduction of Matisse's "Jazz" to make the page size slightly smaller than the 1947 original, has issued "À Toute Épreuve" in the exact dimensions of the Cramer edition. Ten years from now, an unwary or inexperienced rare-book collector could make a rather costly mistake.

My vote for the season's most delectable art book goes to another Braziller entry, "The Sketchbooks of Hiroshige" (two volumes, slipcased; $45). Hiroshige's pen-and-ink and water-color drawings of the Japanese landscape—and of peasants and courtesans, fish and animals, and characters in fairy tales and folk legends—are even more beguiling in their exquisite economy than the famous woodblock prints with which the artist made his reputation. Crosby Stuart Noyes, a collector of Oriental art, presented two albums of Hiroshige drawings (along with much other material) to the Library of Congress in 1905, and Braziller has reproduced the albums in two handsome and cleverly bound volumes. Sherman E. Lee, the former director of the Cleveland Museum of Art, provides a brief introduction, which is a model of its kind—shapely, evocative, and to the point. The artist whose landscape prints ("The Fifty-three Stations of the Tokaido") had such a strong influence on European art was an enormously hardworking craftsman, who never seems to have taken himself too seriously. Hiroshige's own "death poem," written shortly before he died, in 1858, has the same sort of lighthearted irony that marked his drawings:

I leave my brush to Azuma
I go to the land of the West on a journey
to view the famous sites there.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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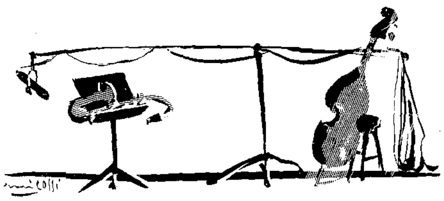
JAZZ

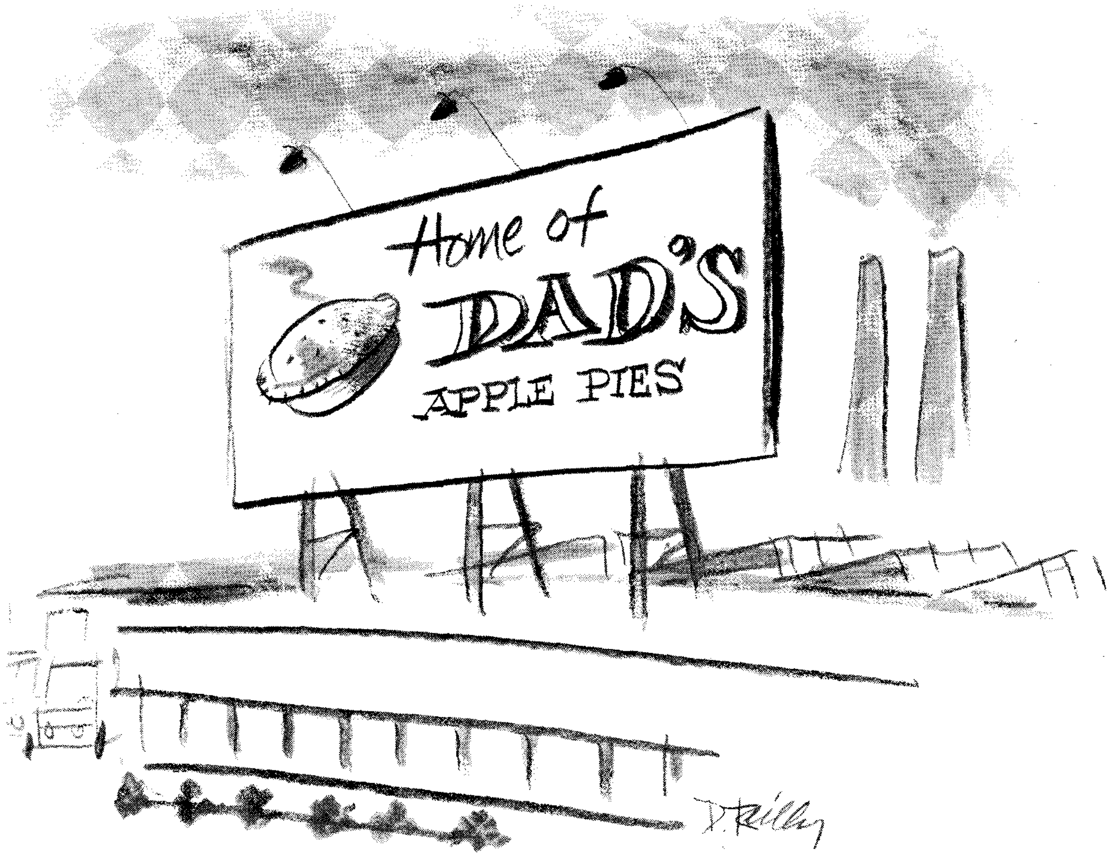
Foursome

DICK WELLSTOOD, Joe Muranyi, Marty Grosz, and Dick Sudhalter, who contain enough musical energy, intelligence, and savvy to drive ten expert jazz bands, have formed a group, and it had its first full run in the middle of January at Hanratty's. Muranyi, a gusty, ongoing man who held down the clarinet chair in the Louis Armstrong All-Stars for five years, talked at Hanratty's about the origins of the group: "We first played together at a party Hayes Kavanagh gave at his place in Westchester in the summer of 1983. He's a lawyer and a jazz fan, and he gave the party to raise money for an East Berlin Dixieland band that was on its way to a festival on the Coast. It was an eating-hot-dogs-in-the-sun kind of affair, and we played one set and liked each other very much. We talked about doing it again sometime, but nothing happened for six or eight months. Then we did some one-nighters, and a New Orleans promotion at Lord & Taylor—making gumbo on the third floor, that sort of thing—and Grosz and I went out for coffee and a hamburger and we both said 'Hey!' and that established it. We realized we had a bird in hand. We started writing material and rehearsing, and we made a record for George Buck's Audiophile label. We did Garrison Keillor's radio show. The group's a true coöperative. Everybody can yell at everybody else, and everybody writes for it. Grosz and Sud are fast, and Wellstood and I are slow. The band gives us a venue for our music, and as a musical entity it can do anything—it has great sweep. Sud is involved with the twenties, with Bix and Whiteman, and Grosz is into the thirties and swing, and Wellstood can be quite moderne. Nothing in our repertory suffers from a lack of attention. If anything, we analyze everything too much. Grosz came up with a name—the Bourgeois Scum—but we settled on the Classic Jazz Quartet. The group has no one personality, because it is made up of all of our personalities, which are very different. I think of Wellstood as gruff and tough, which is both genuine and a front. Sud is Mr. Prissy, and Grosz is an out-and-out comedian. Sud is the most compelled of all of us. Wellstood and Grosz and I have been around longer and are sluggards by comparison. I think we want to get on the concert and festival circuit, and we should be able to handle everything in New York from Condon's to the Carlyle."

The group is what one expected—fresh, tight, swinging, and witty. It's a shrewd summation and a daring reworking of the best small-band jazz from the twenties to the early fifties. (Bebop is still beyond its ken, if not altogether beyond its powers.) In the course of three sets on opening night, the group summoned up the Bechet-Spanier Big Four, the John Kirby Sextet, the Spirits of Rhythm, the Delta Four, Woody Herman's Woodchoppers (mid-forties version), the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, Joe Marsala's Delta Four, and Joe Venuti's Blue Four. The arrangements are inspiriting and neat. The ensembles are in unison or in harmony, and sometimes they are jammed. Wellstood and Grosz occasionally mix in harmonically, and Muranyi moves between clarinet and soprano saxophone, and Sudhalter between open horn and a variety of mutes. Solos are backed by piano and guitar, by just piano or guitar, by riffs and Ellington hums, by group singing (as in the Gerry Mulligan Quartet), and by nothing—a-cappella soloists are let loose over the abyss whole choruses at a time. These devices change constantly, and sometimes a little nervously, mockingbird fashion. The group keeps turning its materials in the sun of its sound, and the colors can be dazzling. Grosz is a good Fats Waller singer, and the quartet sings Paul Whiteman's "Mississippi Mud" in German. (Muranyi, who is of Hungarian descent, says he has little German but is boning up on it. He has also begun writing an account of his years with Louis Armstrong. The opening sentence goes, "I first met Louis Armstrong in the Bronx.") The repertory, so far, tends to be precious, and even campy. Sudhalter and Grosz like to resurrect songs of the twenties and thirties, so we get Harry Warren's "Cryin' for the Carolines;" James P. Johnson's "Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid;" DeSylva and Brown's "Turn On the Heat;" "My Gal Sal;" Jimmy Durante's "Inka Dinka Do;" "A Cabin in the Pines;" and McHugh and Fields' "Freeze and Melt." (Refurbishings of such excellent ancients as "That's a Plenty" and "Sweet Substitute" would not seem amiss, and neither would reworkings of such contemporary pieces as John Lewis's "2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West," Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk," and Benny Golson's "Whisper Not.") All four men are at their best. Wellstood's accompanying opening night was particularly brilliant; he rocked the group and gave it the bottom its generally treble sound needs. Grosz is a strong rhythm guitarist and a lilting chordal soloist. The horns set each other off nicely. Sudhalter is an elegant, if sometimes brittle, Beiderbecke admirer, and Muranyi soars and shouts in his Jimmy Noone–Sidney Bechet way.



DAVID MURRAY's Octet, now five years old, more or less takes up where Wellstood and company stop. It is investigating and redefining the jazz of the fifties and sixties and seventies, with occasional forays back into the forties, and even the thirties. It is a part of the avant-garde, if the avant-garde in jazz is avant anymore, having reached the great age of twenty-five. Like Air and the World Saxophone Quartet, of which Murray is also a member, the octet has been examining its roots. One hears John Coltrane and Albert Ayler and Archie Shepp and Ornette Coleman, but one also hears Ellington and Charles Mingus and Paul Gonsalves and Sonny Rollins and J. C. Higginbotham and Cootie Williams. Indeed, the octet rests largely on Mingus and Ellington; its chief differences are a fondness for playing outside the key system, a tendency to overblow (a prevalent sin among musical pioneers trying to prove themselves), and avoidance of a four-four beat. In its semitonal way, Murray's music has a cacophonous edge—a grating quality that is close to the sound of some of the earliest jazz performers, who sounded that way because they couldn't play any better. It is an uphill sound, but once the ear gets used to it, it becomes less rebellious; the ear likes to balance opposing sounds, just as the mind likes to hold opposing thoughts. Murray writes and arranges all his materials. He often keeps two or more themes going at once, he uses Ellington backgrounds, and he finishes pieces with what appear to be free-for-all ensembles. He admires Mingus's tempo changes, his textural variety, and his exultant approach to music. Murray's arrangements are dense. Very little daylight filters through, and sometimes the music is impenetrable. Murray is a good, and even eloquent, melodic composer ("Home" and "Lovers"), and he is an impassioned player who moves from Gonsalves runs to Ayler animal noises to Coltrane squeals to fat Buddy Tate notes. The octet was at Sweet Basil early in January, and on hand were John Purcell on reeds, the trumpeters Hugh Regan and Olu Dara, the trombonist Craig Harris, the pianist Adegoke Steve Colson, the bassist Wilbur Morris, and the drummer Steve McCall. (The hand of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians still lies heavy on the avant-garde.) Dara has an imposing tone, and Harris likes J. C. Higginbotham flights. He also likes to overblow. It would be enlightening to hear the octet and the Classic Jazz Quartet on the same bill—the one moving and gently bruising, the other making us laugh and rejoice.



ZOOT SIMS and Al Cohn have been working as a duo and in countless other combinations for nearly thirty years. Both admired Lester Young when they were starting out and have since become adjoining branches on Young's mighty tree. Both are emotional, even fervid, players, with Sims being the less heated. They have larger tones than Young; sometimes they match the big-house sounds of Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. They also have a predilection for high, bent notes—alto-saxophone notes—that suggest Stan Getz, who came up with them and may have influenced them, or been influenced by them, or been influenced by still another Young student, Herbie Steward, who may have influenced all three of them: such matters are now lost in the fogs of jazz time. Sims and Cohn breathe each other's stylistic air, and could probably, if the need arose, take each other's solos. They did a week at the Blue Note early in January, and they also gave a lovely concert at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, using as accompanist Dave McKenna, a pianist who encompasses in his playing a guitarist, a bassist, and a drummer. McKenna began the concert with five numbers, among them a loping "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me;" a fast, cleansing "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone;" and an "Alice Blue Gown" in which he doubled and halved the tempo and slid into a little accelerando. Then Sims joined McKenna for four numbers. Sims reached his customary high lyricism on a slow "My Old Flame," and surpassed himself on a very slow "Willow Weep for Me." This was full of his affecting, oddly turned legato phrases, which often materialize as he leaves a bridge or starts a new chorus. And it was full of a relentless agility, a double-timing attempt to find crannies in that famous and beautiful song which had never been exposed before. The house held its breath while he searched. He went backstage, and Cohn did four voluptuous selections—a fast "Them There Eyes," a slow "Embraceable You," a fast blues, and a slow "When Your Lover Has Gone." By this time, McKenna—almost fossilized by a steady job as a solo pianist at the Copley Plaza, in Boston—had caught fire and, his great hawk face loose with emotion, he played an exhilarating solo on "Them There Eyes" and chomping, tilting guitar accompaniment on "When Your Lover Has Gone." It was time for Sims to join Cohn, but Gerry Mulligan, who loves to sit in, came on with his baritone saxophone, and fashioned a beguiling, slow "Georgia." Sims and Cohn reappeared, and the three horns sailed through "Broadway" and "It's a Wonderful World," using riffs in their ensembles and unwittingly making one long for Mulligan's mid-fifties sextet, in which he and Sims and Bobby Brookmeyer and the trumpeter Jon Eardley developed an improvised collective music that hadn't been heard before and hasn't been heard since.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

Retired headmistress Miss Jennie Moston, 76, has donated her old post-war frilly nightie to the city museum at Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. A spokesman said their collection lacked such a representative sample.

THE THEATRE

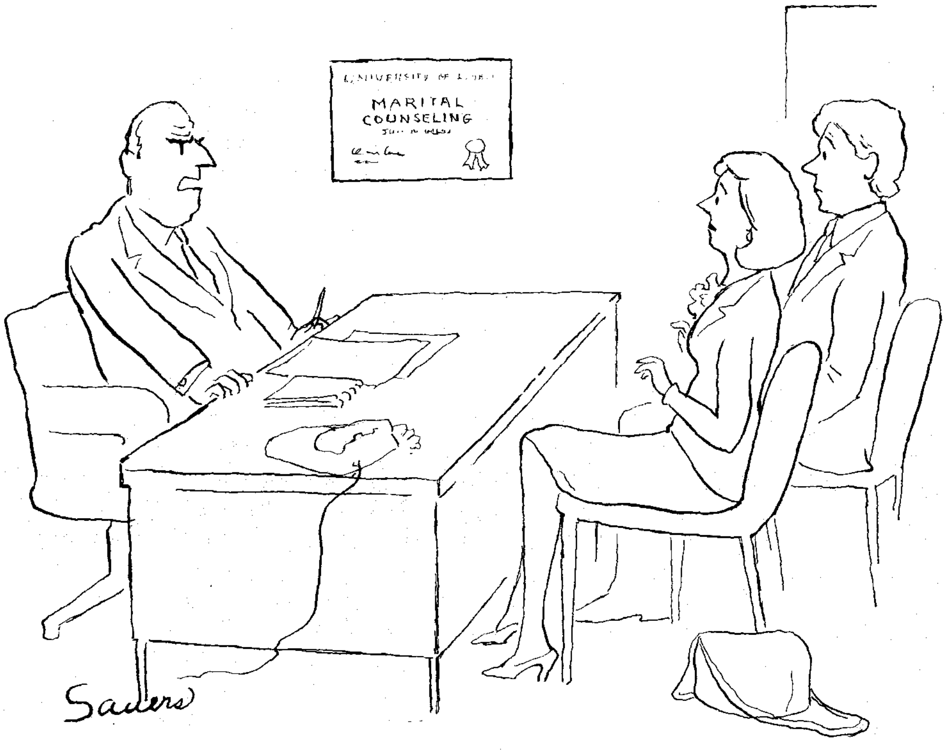
Burying the Dead

THE emotion aroused by "Harrigan 'n Hart," a musical that gave a handful of performances at the Longacre last week, was mostly one of sadness, tempting me to offer as a sufficient commentary on it the ceremonial condolence that used to be offered at all Irish wakes—"I'm sorry for your trouble." A frail and peculiar little vehicle, the show was valiantly enacted by a large cast of young folk whose hearts were in their work but whose talents and skills were all too plainly incapable of breathing life into lines (to say nothing of historical attitudes) that were totally foreign to them. The result amounted to a make-believe straining to imitate convincingly a much earlier form of make-believe and missing the target by a grotesquely wide margin. The setting was supposed to be the rowdy and brawling New York City of a hundred years ago, but the feverishly animated cast evoked not that place and time but the amateur ebullience of a contemporary class play at Scarsdale High. If Edward Harrigan and Tony Hart were two of the most popular performers ever to have played in America, by now the reasons for their popularity are for scholars to explore, in the papery precincts of libraries; the men themselves defy being reincarnated, except, to our embarrassment, as puppets, whom we recognize by the labels affixed to them.

We learned from the program that the book of the musical, by Michael Stewart, was based on "material compiled by Nedda Harrigan Logan"—the youngest of Harrigan's ten children—and on a biography, "The Merry Partners," by E. J. Kahn, Jr. Much of what we saw and heard was accurate as to the facts, and yet almost none of it rang true; how exasperating it was to learn of Harrigan's and Hart's accomplishments and to gain so scant a sense of who they were! Harrigan, born in New York, in 1845, must have possessed an extraordinarily high intelligence as well as great charm; like Noël Coward in our day, he invented himself, singing, dancing, acting, directing, and producing, and writing scores of sketches, thirty-five plays, and over two hundred songs. Born ten years later than Harrigan, Hart ran away from reform school and reached the stage by his middle teens; he was small, with delicate features, and he gained a reputation as the most convincingly feminine of female impersonators. Harrigan and Hart formed a partnership in 1872, which flourished until 1885; incessant bickering on the part of their two families was said to have caused the parting, which caught their public by surprise and was the occasion for strong men's breaking down in the street and sobbing like children. Hart died of tertiary syphilis, at the age of thirty-six; Harrigan, his vogue long past, died in his sixties, a worn-out old man.

Kahn's biography is well worth reading; there you will find Harrigan and Hart, as you would not have found them at the Longacre. For the record, let me note that Hart was played by Mark Hamill, Harrigan by Harry Groener, Mrs. Hart by Christine Ebersole (who sang admirably, looked very pretty, and played a bitch with understandable relish), and Mrs. Harrigan by Tudi Roche. The scenery was by David Mitchell, who provided a backdrop of New York that was a clever and touching pastiche of a backdrop commissioned by Harrigan for one of his plays; the costumes were by Ann Hould-Ward; and the lighting was by Richard Nelson. The music and the lyrics were by Max Showalter and Peter Walker, respectively. In seeking to pay homage to the Harrigan originals, they achieved only a courteous anonymity. It was not enough.

—BRENDAN GILL



"What! You want to break up the basic unit of society?"

OFF BROADWAY

The Madwoman Returns

JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S "The Madwoman of Chaillot," revived by the Mirror Repertory Company, at St. Peter's Church, is a gorgeous play, and Geraldine Page's performance in the title role is gorgeous, too. In 1949, when the show was done on Broadway, in Maurice Valency's English adaptation, Wolcott Gibbs described it in these pages as "a moral fantasy." It opens in the Chaillot section of Paris, at the café Chez Francis, where four men—the president of a multinational corporation, an idle baron, a prospector, and a stockbroker—are discussing their discovery of oil reserves under the city, and particularly under Chaillot. They plan to do whatever dynamiting of the neighborhood is necessary in order to drill a well, but they are thwarted by the Countess Aurelia, the celebrated Madwoman of Chaillot, who lives in an apartment below the street, with a back door that leads into the sewers of Paris. In a mock trial, with a local ragpicker standing in for all the greedy destroyers, the four are found guilty, and she eventually entices them, along with many of their rotten cronies, through the door, which she closes and locks behind them. So much for the plot, which, as many before me have noted, is the least of it. The play is rich in humor and imagination, and in characters—above all, the Madwoman herself. Miss Page, wearing a spectacular costume and in a white clown makeup, her eyes heavily lined, dominates the proceedings. Her Madwoman is truly mad, not merely eccentric, and she is determined to save her friends, the vagabonds and riffraff of the district. In this effort she is aided by three of her peers, the Madwomen of Passy, Saint-Sulpice, and La Concorde, who meet for tea in her basement home.

All the members of the supporting company are adequate, and a number of them are much better than that—among these, Carrie Nye, the Madwoman of Passy, in a ravishing white-and-pink dress, fussing and chattering away to her invisible dog (dead for some time); Madeleine Sherwood, the Madwoman of Saint-Sulpice, who hears voices; and Grayson Hall, the Madwoman of La Concorde, who is bossy but not especially crazy. Other good actors include Bryan Clark, as a shabby, sympathetic doctor; Frank Hamilton, as the ragpicker; Jess Osuna, as a police sergeant; Clark Middleton, as a deaf-mute; Clement Fowler, as a sewer worker; and Tom Brennan, W. B. Brydon, and David Cryer, as the prospector, the president, and the baron, respectively. In the Broadway production, all those years ago, Christian Bérard's settings and costumes were so magnificent that they all but swallowed the play; at St. Peter's, the scenery (by James Tilton) and the costumes (by Gail Cooper-Hecht) are, perforce, more modest, but they imply magnificence all the same. And the play, under the direction of Stephen Porter, is there. "The Madwoman" first opened in Paris in 1945—right after the war—to great enthusiasm and success, and I cannot help thinking of that French audience as it watched, at the end, all the evil men disappearing into the sewer. Did its members feel, perhaps, that they were seeing all Fascism flushed away before their eyes? —EDITH OLIVER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Lansing (Mich.) State Journal*]

"What goes on today is dog eat dog," he said. "They lay back and hold their cards close to their vests, waiting for the 11th hour to make a move. The defendant (Kroger) unfortunately, in this court's opinion, will have its cake and eat it, too."

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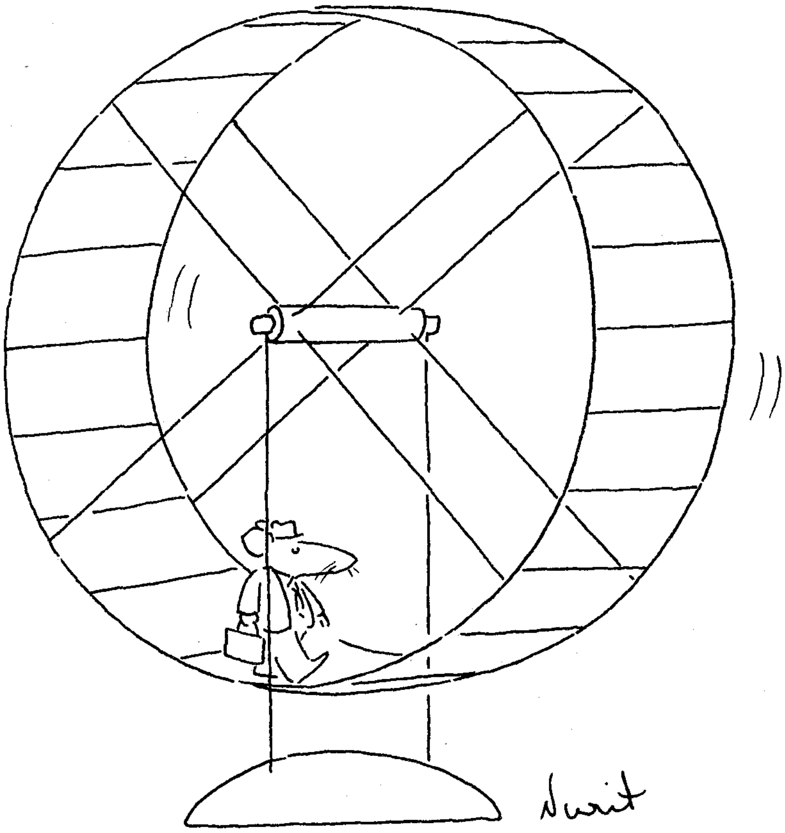
BOOKS

. . . But What You Can Do for Your Country

IN "The Reconstruction of Patriotism: Education for Civic Consciousness" (University of Chicago Press; $22.50), Morris Janowitz, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, places a national-service program on the national agenda. "Replaces" might be more exact: the concept has been discussed off and on since 1910, when William James published "The Moral Equivalent of War." Like James, Mr. Janowitz envisions government enrolling young people to work for a year or two at subsistence pay, doing jobs that benefit society—working with, say, "conservation, health, or old-age problems." He believes that we need a service program because since the end of the Second World War our citizens (and, indeed, citizens of almost all the advanced industrial nations) have become more keenly aware of their rights than of their obligations, and generations are growing up with little or no understanding that they are members of a national community and have responsibilities to it—that they must give as well as take. One example of lopsidedness which he cites comes from a 1979 survey of American high-school and college students. When asked to rank in order of importance the rights and obligations of American citizens, they rated their right to a trial by jury very high but placed their obligation to serve on a jury down among the scattered etceteras.



Mr. Janowitz' book is short and dense. It is crammed with history and sociology, and constantly raises perplexing questions. Here is one to which I had given little thought: Has the meaning of American citizenship been diluted by our having extended to aliens so many rights and entitlements (including, except for some sensitive jobs, the right to federal employment)? Mr. Janowitz does not argue in favor of a guest-worker policy but, instead, asks us to recognize and think about a multitude of changes that have made American citizenship less valuable—or perhaps only less highly prized—than it used to be. Paragraph after paragraph, page after page, he demands that we reflect on how we have arrived at what he regards as a serious imbalance in Americans' notion of citizenship. He is not a felicitous writer. One reason for the lumps in his language is his effort to substitute neutral new terms for old ones that have misleading connotations. "Nationalism," for example, implies xenophobia, and "patriotism," though less aggressive, has often suggested the abdication of criticism; hence his use of the phrase "civic consciousness." He wants it to include "realistic world citizenship" as well as a citizen's understanding of his "set of rights and obligations to his nation-state." His book seeks to revive and deepen allegiance and service to the United States without stimulating feelings of superiority or hostility to other nations, and certainly without inhibiting international coöperation. His effort at rational persuasion rules out brass bands in favor of footnotes. Even so, a reader can distinguish Mr. Janowitz' passionate convictions, among them that the well-being of a society and its citizens cannot be expressed—or even conceived of—solely in monetary terms, and that we must engage Americans in their public duties by methods that avoid compulsion and authoritarianism.

Mr. Janowitz opens with a review of the idea of the citizen, which we owe to classical Greece. Aristotle defined a citizen as "one who permanently shares in the administration of justice and the holding of office." Mr. Janowitz finds that in the American past military service and public schooling were two consistent sources of education in civic consciousness, and he critically traces the evolution of both. The ideal of the citizen-soldier, another inheritance from classical Greece, prevailed from the American Revolution until the end of the draft in 1973. For nearly two centuries, the presence of so many civilians in our armed forces enhanced civilian control of the military. Mr. Janowitz thinks that the combination of the National Guard, the Reserves, and conscription was educational in two ways: citizen-soldiers learned obligation, coöperation, and tolerance, and the professional military benefitted from a variety of civilian perspectives. The last have all but vanished from our volunteer services; Mr. Janowitz particularly regrets the shortage of college or college-bound students, who used to provide informal leadership and mitigate authoritarianism. He mentions that the ideal of the citizen-soldier has faded elsewhere, and, by way of comparison, he describes how other countries have responded to the phenomenon. France and Sweden have insisted on maintaining the military obligation, and, to emphasize its egalitarian implications, have made conscription as inclusive as possible; West Germany offers conscripts the alternative of civilian service. The latter, I think, is

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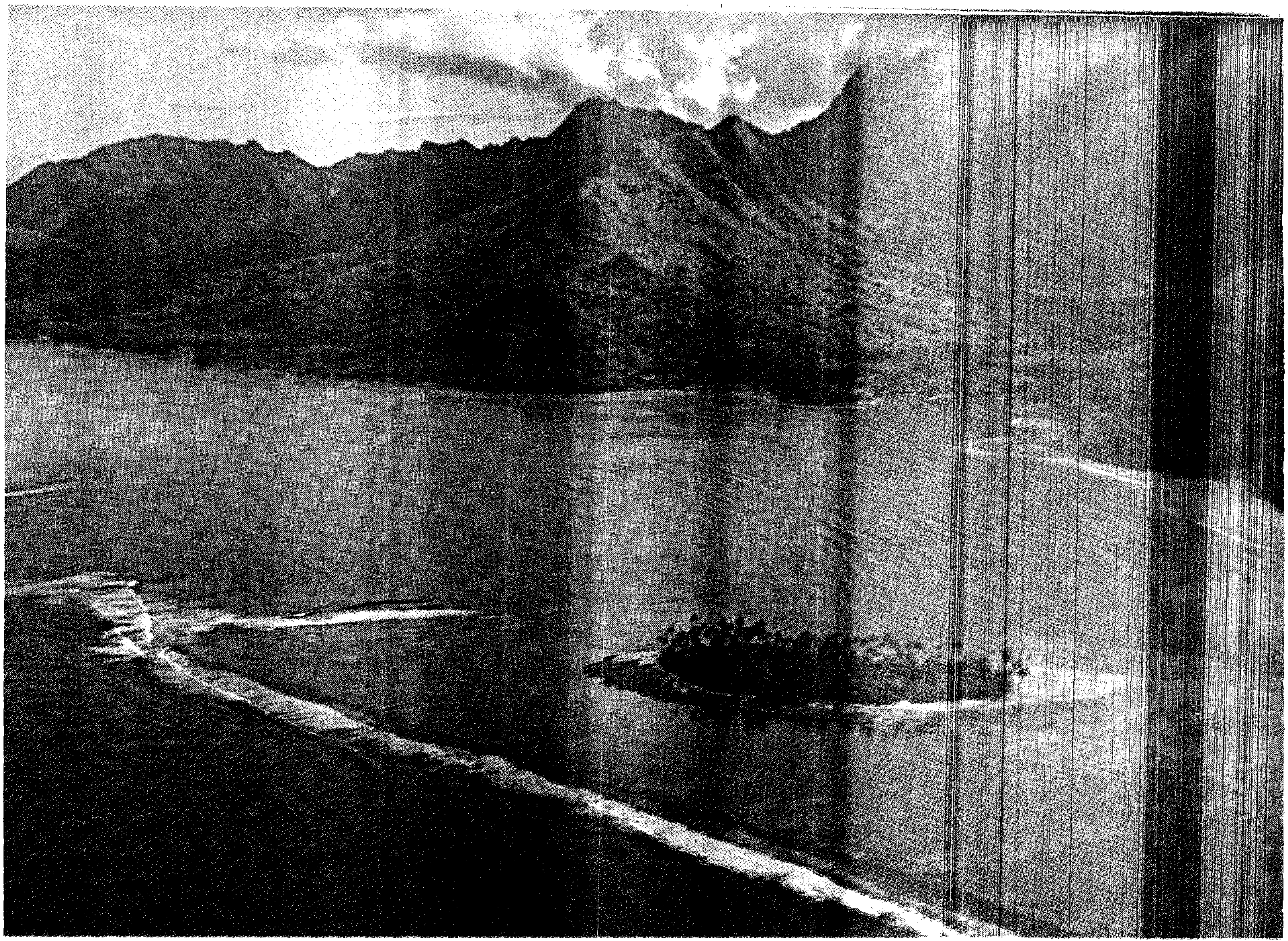

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Mr. Janowitz' preference for America in the long run. While he would not like to see our armed forces swollen with conscripts wasting time, he is unhappy about our volunteer forces. One of his objections is ethical: he does not think it right to let the market allocate sacrifice and make the poor defend the rich. The other is prudential: armed forces that are not representative of the general population can easily develop their cohesiveness, their esprit de corps, around a set of values different from—and more authoritarian than—those of the rest of the nation.

There are, of course, other obligations of citizenship besides military service, and Mr. Janowitz believes that since the end of the Second World War schools have not been teaching them. His account of the evolution of today's social-studies curriculum explains how the present hodgepodge of "behavioral science" replaced the earlier courses called civics—how it came about that our schools no longer teach what he calls "the strengths and weaknesses of legitimate systems of political problem solving." That criticism seems painfully plausible when one recalls the procession of young men who testified during the Watergate hearings and were singularly ignorant of American notions of constitutional legitimacy. As in his discussion of the military, Mr. Janowitz' occasional comparisons of American and European schooling illuminate our own choices and traditions. European schools, particularly before the First World War, indoctrinated nationalism more intensely and pervasively than Americans have ever contemplated doing; American schools have always been far more open than European schools to influence by outside groups with diverse ideas about what young people should learn.

Mr. Janowitz also points out that although the United States continues to accept more immigrants than any other nation, we are doing less to help acculturate them than we did at the turn of the century, when public schools and settlement houses rallied to teach newcomers and their children how their new country worked, and to improve their English. He is disturbed by bilingualism, which he believes "must of necessity weaken democratic political institutions." Bilingualism seems to have come about in response to local political pressures and without much national discussion. I can discriminate three approaches: a belief in the equal worth of all subcultures and

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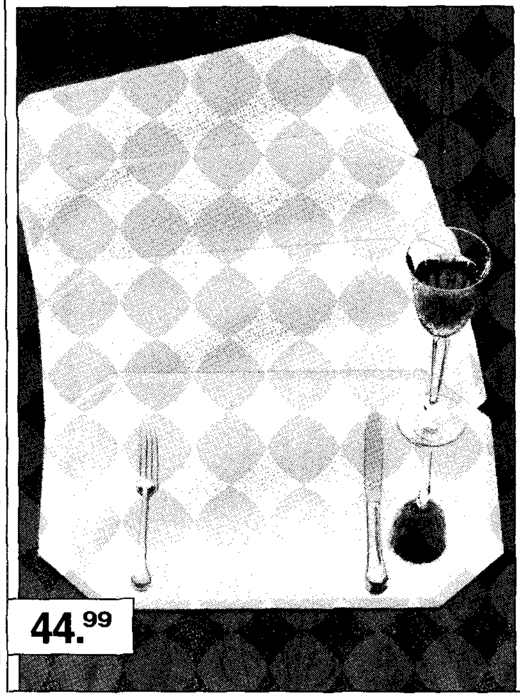

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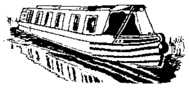

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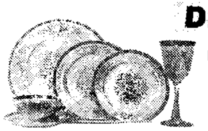

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dialects, which supports bilingualism; Mr. Janowitz' concern for attachment to the national community, which he feels is injured by communalism; and my own interest, which is in the individual. Since it is unlikely that the United States will become genuinely bilingual within the next generation or so, the acceptance implied by bilingualism is really disguised cruelty or indifference, for anyone without competence in standard English has limited opportunities. I do think, though, that in stressing or promoting the language of the majority we must be gentle, for enforced linguistic unity is no guarantee of cultural assent. Frantz Fanon wrote his diatribes against France, French culture, colonialism, and the white race in excellent French.

Toward the end of the book, Mr. Janowitz reviews the relatively few civilian-service programs in our history. Most have been intended to help the poor. During the Depression, there were two federal programs: the National Youth Administration, a work-study scheme that allowed students to earn enough money to finish their education; and the Civilian Conservation Corps, which hired young men to plant trees, build roads, and reclaim eroded soil under the guidance of the Forest Service and the National Park Service. Mr. Janowitz, who is not alone in judging the C.C.C. the most successful civilian-service program in our history, notes that although conservation work was a stepchild of all the war-on-poverty bureaucracies of the nineteen-sixties and seventies, it again proved the most successful of youth programs. He suggests that one reason for the success of conservation programs is that, unlike job-training programs, which have tended to assume that trainees are useless until trained, the C.C.C. and the more recent Youth Conservation Corps have assumed that everybody who turns up can do something worthwhile—a self-fulfilling prophecy that increases the young people's self-confidence and prepares them to do well after they leave.

Mr. Janowitz tells us that in 1983 the federal government offered only about ten thousand places for young people in voluntary service in the Peace Corps, the National Health Service Corps, and VISTA. The children of the well-to-do—the group that William James felt most needed to learn labor and obligation in national service—have very few opportunities for it. Lack of opportunity—and hence lack of example—may be one reason

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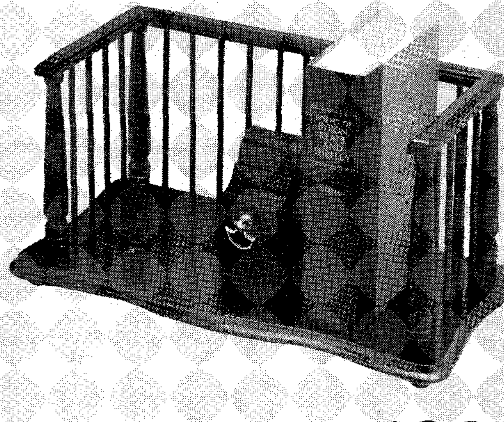
Mr. Janowitz' surveys show that college students, who often assent in principle to a national-service program, just as often express reluctance, doubt, or fear about joining one. Although Mr. Janowitz believes that "there can be no reconstruction of patriotism without a system of national service," he feels that our young people are not ready for it and neither is the federal government. He suggests that we begin not with a large national program but with loose, local, voluntary projects that try to attract a variety of workers.

I am not certain whether Mr. Janowitz will persuade his readers that we should aim at a national-service program. Provided we could afford it and could learn how to manage it (the second is harder than the first), it could offer all American young people benefits that are now mostly available to the rich: boarding school, adventure camp, travel, and a taste of cosmopolitanism, or, anyhow, of American diversity. But perhaps the value of this book is less in its solution than in its historical delineation of the uncertain feelings of the peoples of the West toward their nations. The political right portrays government as wrecking the economy; the left portrays it as an engine of war. Do these views promote—or do they only reflect—estrangement from the nation-state and from political democracy itself?

Mr. Janowitz insists that the nation-state will continue to matter even if supranational agencies continue to grow. As a parallel, he points out that industrialization changed the functions of the family but did not make it less important. Yet his repeated emphasis on the international as well as the national aspect of civic consciousness requires, as he knows, a wholly new kind of patriotism, for though people have managed to love their own families without belittling everybody else, group loyalties—tribal, racial, ethnic, religious, national—have usually devalued other groups. People have loved their own country in proportion as they scorned every other. William James was seeking to avoid war and yet elicit war's virtues—loyalty, endurance, unselfishness. The advanced industrial nations expect to avoid war, if not squabbles, and the question is whether we can learn to serve our countries without the spur of those vague and vicious abstractions "them" and "us." In seeking to improve Americans' performance as citizens, Mr. Janowitz is asking us to



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improve our quality as human beings as well, and that is a time-tested chicken-and-egg puzzle. The scarcity of dedicated adults, of which Mr. Janowitz is aware, makes it difficult to rear dedicated children—a reason, perhaps, that it is realistic to propose starting with small, voluntary service programs. Finding selfless adult leaders will not be easy. Mr. Janowitz' book is also asking us to begin to think through the changed and changing nature of obligation in the second half of the twentieth century. The welfare state, he points out, has affected personal as well as political obligations, but although obligations shift, they do not vanish. Women's liberation, for example, implies that husbands no longer owe working wives financial support, but it also implies that families owe their daughters enough education to become self-supporting. We seem to have postponed a discussion of obligation, taking refuge sometimes in computation (in talk of "the bottom line," which makes us sound crasser than we really are) and sometimes in slogans (such as President Reagan's oft-invoked triad of family, work, neighborhood—a set of obligations that strikes me as unduly narrow, more appropriate to a peasantry than to a modern public). Because it reopens discussion of our wider obligations and how to fulfill them, Mr. Janowitz' thoughtful book is in itself a national service. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN, by William Dieter (Atheneum; $13.95). A wild melodrama set in South Park in the Rocky Mountains, near Denver, around 1920. Mr. Dieter writes in a manner reminiscent of Faulkner, but the story he tells recalls O'Neill or John Webster or the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles. Brook Hartman returns to his family's ranch from a spree in Denver to find his father missing and presumed dead after a presumed fall from a mountaintop. The cast that Mr. Dieter confronts us with includes Brook's mother, a woman who has always treated him with contempt; his favorite uncle, Caleb, a one-armed veteran of the Great War; a young woman, the wife of a clergyman, come from Kansas to visit his mother; an ancient Basque retainer; and a couple of hired hands. Everything is dark and savage here. The characters, though nicely realized, move as if on a stage, as if well aware that they are involved in heavy drama—in a period drama—as indeed they are.

MAIA, by Richard Adams (Knopf; $19.95). A mammoth saga about an adolescent concubine in a vaguely Greco-Byzantine empire that, having reached the bow-and-arrow stage of interstate rivalry, is going through growing pains of its own. This is the empire where Mr. Adams' "Shardik" was set, but "Maia" is not so far from his "Watership Down," in a way, since the empire's economy features breeding farms that supply a major market in proto-Playboy Bunnies, of which the eponymous heroine is one for most of the first five hundred and thirty pages (out of twice that many). Maia's natural affinity turns out to be with fish, however, and her tendency to leap into the nearest body of water changes the course of much more than her career. Mr. Adams' artistry distinguishes his work from those didactic fantasies which border on science fiction; entertainment is his motive in concocting real estate that would make Hugh Hefner's spread look like Mr. McGregor's garden shed, and in concocting a vocabulary that allows adults to leave the book within reach of children. The reader reads on for the same reason that rabbits and fish do what they do: for lack of any reason to stop. A Literary Guild selection.

NOTE: Peter Taylor's "The Old Forest and Other Stories" has been published by Dial ($16.95). Many of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

THE DARK BRAIN OF PIRANESI, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated from the French by Richard Howard in collaboration with the author (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95). These essays are about art and history and the sense of time. The first of them, "Faces of History in the 'Historia Augusta,' " explores historians' misunderstanding of their past. The Roman writers and compilers of the "Historia Augusta" could not comprehend their subject—the Roman Empire's palmy period—because the Empire's decline was so far advanced in their time. Miss Yourcenar suggests that the symptom of social decadence may be not cruelty

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and sexual license but intellectual incoherence. In the next essay, on the Huguenot poet Agrippa d'Aubigné's epic of the French religious wars, "Les Tragiques," she demonstrates that our own sense of the past is defective when we assume that the people of bygone eras were tougher than we are, and regarded atrocities as normal: d'Aubigné's text, she points out, reflects an indignation as keen—and, unfortunately, as ineffectual—as twentieth-century objections to Nazism. In the title essay, she reminds us how little the vast interiors of Piranesi's "Imaginary Prisons" resemble prisons; down to Piranesi's time, the terror of imprisonment was constriction—the dungeon cell without room to stand, rather than the haunting spaciousness that came to Piranesi in the delirium of a fever. She pursues Piranesi's sources and meanings as well as his influence on the Romantics a century later. Her thoughts on Lagerlöf, Cavafy, and Mann are also illuminating. The translation is distinguished.

WITH OPEN EYES: CONVERSATIONS WITH MATTHIEU GALEY, by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated from the French by Arthur Goldhammer (Beacon; $19.95). Miss Yourcenar has lived for the last forty years in Maine, on Mount Desert Island (which was named, she reminds her French interviewer, by Samuel de Champlain), but she is not Americanized. She seems beyond nationality—a personality forceful, unique, almost self-created. In conversations extending over several years, she freely answers questions about her past, flays her juvenilia, describes the sources of her best-known works, recalls her travels and the writers who have influenced her, and comments (critically, for the most part) on the world today. Her talk has a gleaming trenchancy.

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTES: THE STORIES OF JAMES PATTIE, by Richard Batman (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $24.95). In 1825, James Pattie, a twenty-one-year-old American, and his father, Sylvester, forty-two, started west from Council Bluffs. After five years of journeying, which took them all the way to California, where Sylvester died, James returned to the United States exhausted and penniless, with a fund of tales about the dangers of the Western wilderness and the temptations and disappointments of

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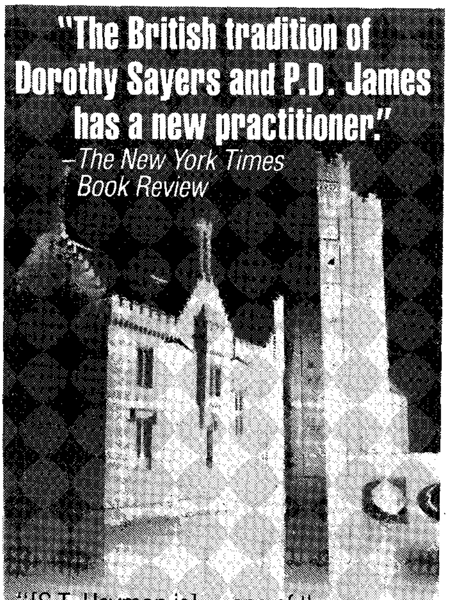

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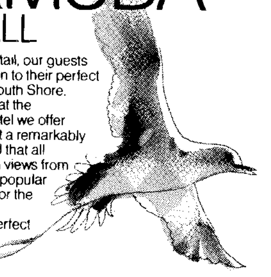

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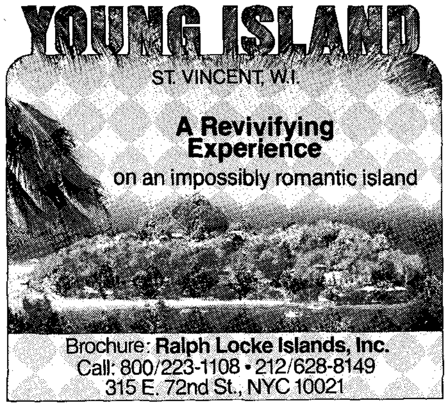

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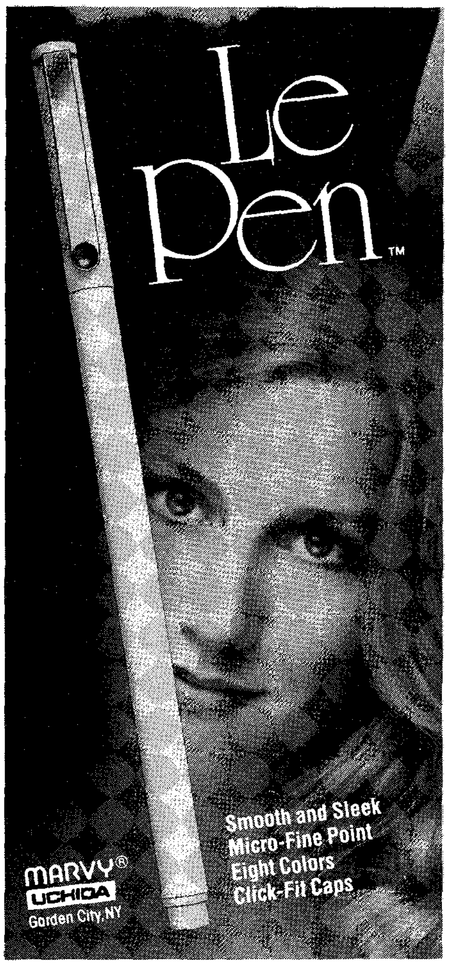
Mexican civilization. A Cincinnati writer and editor helped him work the stories up into a book, "The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie." At its first appearance, its only extended review was published in Paris, but Mr. Batman, a professor of history at San Francisco State University, reports that the work has been revived a number of times, as a picaresque story of a naïve and headstrong youngster among Indians and trappers. Mr. Batman retells Pattie's stories without exaggerating or belittling the knife-edge riskiness of his ventures and adventures.

TIME'S ARROWS: SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDES TOWARD TIME, by Richard Morris (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). Some sixteen hundred years ago, having asked himself "What, then, is time?," St. Augustine answered, "If no one asks me, I know what it is. If I wish to explain it to him who asks, I do not know." It is not clear that philosophy has got much beyond this. The "science" of time goes back at least to Newton, who thought that time was "absolute," the same for all observers—an idea that Einstein overthrew with his 1905 special theory of relativity. For the purposes of relativity, time is something that is measured by a "clock"—any physical system whose motion is periodic. That is all very well until one comes to the general theory of relativity, in which space and time get mixed up together. These questions—and the cosmology that suggests that time was created with the Big Bang—are lucidly explained in Dr. Morris's fine book. The treatment is entirely nonmathematical, and is readily accessible to the layman.

FRANZ KAFKA: PICTURES OF A LIFE, by Klaus Wagenbach, translated from the German by Arthur S. Wensinger (Pantheon; $29.95 cloth, $17.95 paper). This large collection of photographs was amassed by the author over thirty years. Readers whose impression of Kafka, derived from his fiction, is of a sort of human abstraction may be surprised to discover what a solid bourgeois world he inhabited and what an ardent role he played in it. He was something of a dandy in dress, a traveller and theatregoer, a health-food and fresh-air enthusiast, who liked to swim and to ride the newfangled motorcycles. There are pho-



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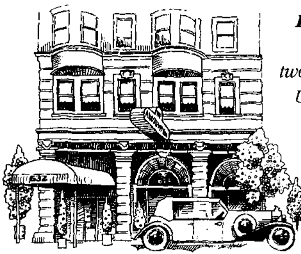

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tographs of Prague, Vienna, and Berlin; of the Bohemian countryside Kafka loved; of good friends, like Max Brod; of Kafka's parents; and of his three sisters, all of whom died in Lodz or Auschwitz. Kafka himself appears as an infant, as a schoolboy, as a young doctor of laws, as a diligent inspector for an insurance company, as a swain, as a fiancé. The fixed stare in his last photograph is unsettling. Mr. Wagenbach has written good captions for the pictures and an excellent précis of Kafka's life, with quotations from his writings. A fascinating volume.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BEETHOVEN CONSPIRACY, by Thomas Hauser (Macmillan; $14.95). Judith Darr, a gifted young New York violist, is recruited by a courtly German for a fee of ten thousand dollars (and a pledge of total secrecy) to practice a mysterious symphonic score to perfection and then, upon command, play it in ensemble some months later at some as yet undesignated place. But she, it soon turns out, is not the only such recruit. Three others, two men and a woman, are found shot to death near Lincoln Center not long after their recruitment. What in the world is going on? Detective Lieutenant Richard Marritt (forty-four, married, two children) is assigned to answer that question. Which he does by way of a study of Beethoven's music and of his last hours; a visit to Vienna; and a shootout in a madman's castle in Salzburg. Judith and Richard are both attractive people; Mr. Hauser handles his tricky and extremely provocative story very well; and "The Beethoven Conspiracy," despite its unfortunate title, is first-class entertainment.

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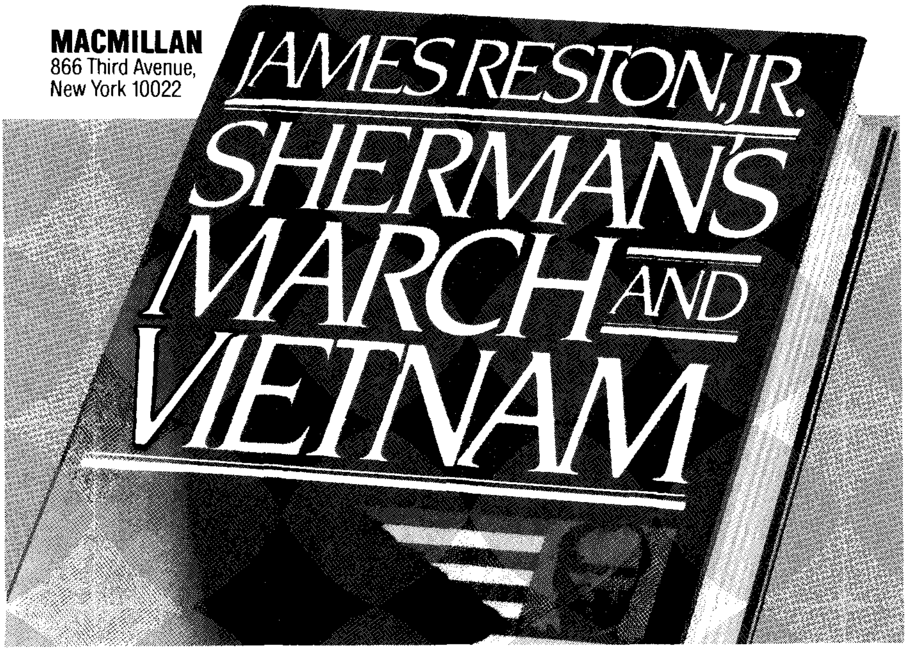

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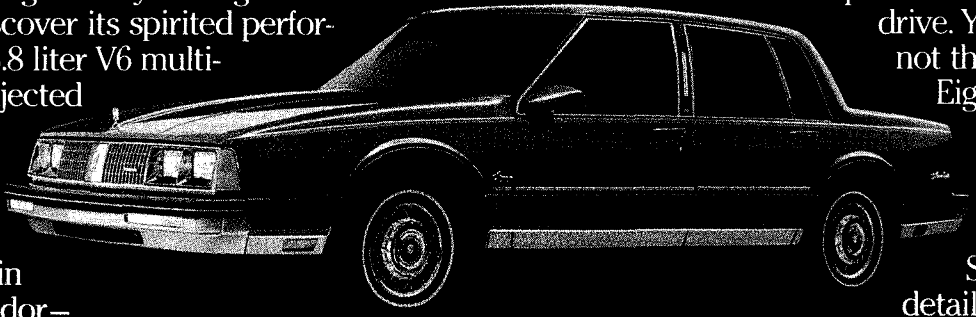

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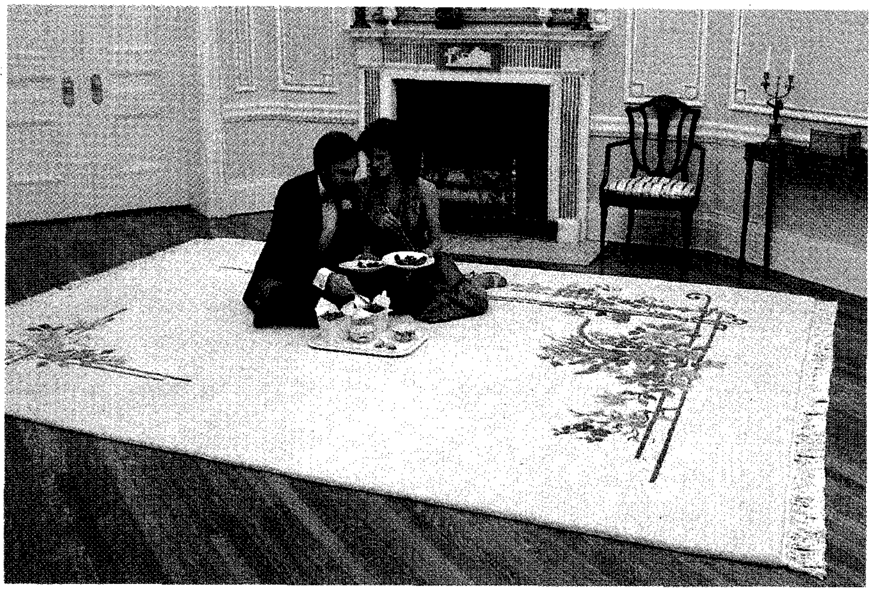

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